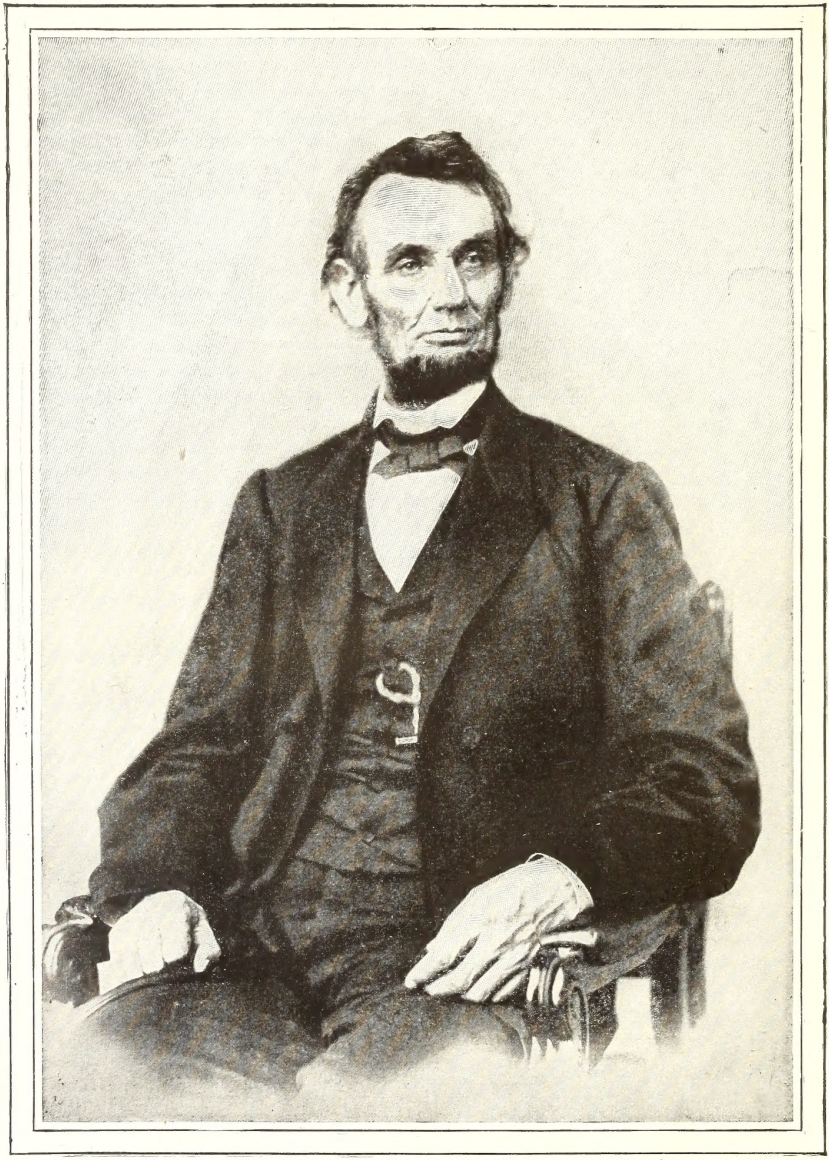




From *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, Ida M. Tarbell.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

From a favorite photograph taken by Brady in 1864.

THE STORY-LIFE OF LINCOLN

A Biography Composed of

FIVE HUNDRED TRUE STORIES

Told by Abraham Lincoln and his Friends

selected from all authentic sources, and
fitted together in order, forming

HIS COMPLETE LIFE HISTORY

by

WAYNE WHIPPLE

Author of

"The Story of the White House and Its Home Life,"
"The Minute Man," "The Story of
Plymouth Rock," etc.

MEMORIAL EDITION
Issued to Commemorate the 100th
Anniversary of Lincoln's Birth

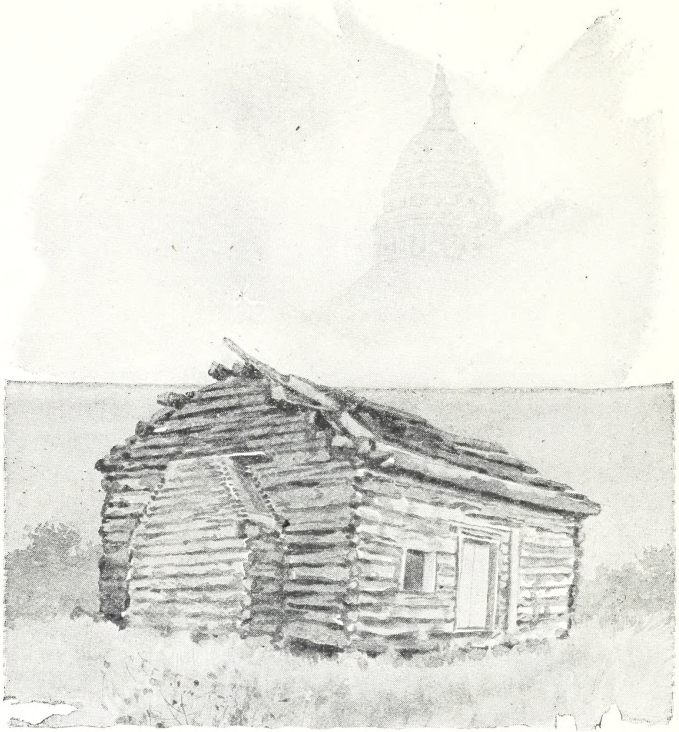
ILLUSTRATED

With 150 engravings from Photographs, Paintings, Drawings and Manuscripts,
some of which have not before been published

Copyright 1908
By Wayne Whipple

TO THE MEMORY OF

MY FATHER



And so he came.
From prairie cabin up to Capitol,
One fair ideal led our chieftain on.
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the step of earthquake shook the house,
Wresting the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridge-pole up and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place--
Held the long purpose like a growing tree--
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise,
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Lincoln and Other Poems, Edwin Markham.

INTRODUCTION

The Lincoln Story and What It Has Done

The life-story of Abraham Lincoln is told in many lands like a favorite Bible story. His career is as familiar among the nations as that of his ancient prototype, Moses. No man's life in all the history of the world shines out with so many story-gems as the every-day life of Abraham Lincoln. No incident in which he figured, even during the barren days of his boyhood, was too homely or too trivial to be invested with the quaint charm of his striking personality. The Lincoln Story has its own original flavor—easy to enjoy, yet impossible to describe.

His wonderful career abounds in the strong contrasts which appeal to every one. He was born in a rude cabin which is now radiant in reflected light from the White House. Other Presidents began their lives in humble log cabins, but the fact is not universally known. While it is true that Lincoln suffered many privations, the accounts of his extreme poverty have been exaggerated by political friends and foes. His enemies tried to make out that the Lincoln family belonged to the weak and lazy class known in the South as "poor white trash"—they even attempted to cast a stigma upon his birth. But Abraham Lincoln was descended on both sides from long lines of honest, thrifty and respected English and American ancestors, of whom his immediate family, with the true pioneer's indifference to pedigree, knew little and cared less. The poverty in which Lincoln grew up was like that of most of the early settlers of the western wilds in which he lived. Even the wealthier pioneers endured greater hardships than the poorest laborers in the United States of the present day.

Lincoln's life was steeped in pathos. Long before his

assassination, he showed the true martyr spirit. The humor which people saw in him was like the rare comedy that relieves the majestic tragedies of Shakespeare. He bubbled over with funny stories because, beneath the surface, his soul was seething with the sorrows of every-day life. He went about trying to do good to every creature—from cutting wood for a neighboring widow to climbing trees in patient search for the bird's-nest from which two fledglings had fallen. When his lawyer-companions laughed at him for wasting his time in such a childish pursuit, he exclaimed, with deep feeling:

"I could not have slept if I had not restored those little birds to their mother."

Lincoln's friends assert that his face, in repose, was the saddest they ever saw. "Just to gaze upon his unconscious expression," they said, "would make you cry." He never could see suffering without doing all he could to relieve it. With all his jokes and stories, his great, hungering heart was full of sympathy for the troubles of others. During his sorrowing years in the White House a new network of wrinkles and seams harrowed his homely face, and his sunken eyes appeared to deepen and sadden in their sockets. His kindly countenance soon became a sensitive map of the Civil War, where Bull Run and Chancellorsville left their wavering lines and indelible marks. The loss of the soldiers' lives, the privations of the prisoners, the agonies of the wounded, the anguish of the bereaved—all traced their furrows in the rugged features of the all-friendly face of "Father Abraham."

Especially during the heart-sickening years of the War, President Lincoln manifested a feverish fondness for "something funny." On a number of occasions he took from a drawer in the long table, around which his Cabinet sat in solemn conclave, "the latest thing" by "Artemus Ward," or "Petroleum V. Nasby," the best known humorists of that day. Several of the Secretaries, deficient in the sense of humor, expressed their disapproval of such trifling in the midst of their dignified deliberations. A Congressman once took the President to task, claiming that such stories were inconsistent with true concern for the country's welfare. Lincoln replied with fervor:

"You can not be more anxious than I am constantly; and I say to you now that if it were not for this occasional vent I should die."

This saving sense of humor was like daily dew to the drooping spirits of the careworn President, and its sustaining freshness must have had an inestimable influence in the final preservation of the Union. Indeed, it is fair to question whether Abraham Lincoln did not achieve more for humanity by his shining example—teaching all the people to look on the bright side during the darkest hours of calamity and defeat—than by penning the Emancipation Proclamation itself. It is at least true that the White House, through Lincoln's administration, with its sublime sorrows and sufferings, became the headquarters for the kind of fun-making that is now recognized all over the world as "American humor." As the wise saws of "Poor Richard" and other quaint conceits of Franklin, did much to gain foreign recognition for the United States of America in the early days of her independence, so the homely stories and illustrations of Lincoln again demonstrated that "one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." That subtle play of humor and common-sense, radiating from the White House, as its center, has projected itself all around the globe and into the Twentieth Century, lubricating the wheels of American commerce, diplomacy and progress, and establishing the United States to-day in the highest among the "Seats of the Mighty" as an acknowledged world power.

Lincoln used to protest against calling his commonplace illustrations "Lincoln stories."

"I am not a manufacturer," he explained, "but a *retailer* of stories."

Yet his genius made the stories of others his own. They were pat, pithy and to the point. He usually told a story to enforce a truth, to save the time and temper so often lost in arguing. Lincoln's stories rank about midway between Æsop's fables and the caricatures of the present day.

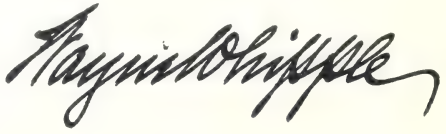
Lincoln and his friends have repeatedly stated that he never told a story for the mere sake of telling a story, but to illustrate an idea or impress a truth. Therefore a great in-

justice has unintentionally been done to Lincoln's memory by wrenching his stories from their settings and printing them indiscriminately, as in the common collections of Lincoln stories and "yarns." Like a specimen of sea-life torn from its shell, the beauty and charm of the Lincoln story is lost by separating it from the occasion which produced it. Therefore Lincoln stories cannot be true without the Lincoln settings. Like uncut and unmounted gems, the collections of detached stories lose their Lincoln luster and become dull, "stale, flat and unprofitable." It is the endeavor of this Story-Life to preserve the real Lincoln charm and flavor, and to illustrate—as he was so fond of doing—the life-growth of the master story-teller himself.

From almost inexhaustible mines of Lincoln material, five hundred of the shortest and best narratives have been gathered from about a hundred different sources, and strung, like a necklace of precious stones, on the thread of Lincoln's life, forming a connected and complete biography of the greatest of the Presidents. These authentic stories have been chosen to illustrate the real life and characteristics, as well as the genius, of Abraham Lincoln. Some of them are brimming over with fun; others, with tears. Many of them have never before been published in any life of Lincoln, and some are here presented for the first time in print. Many of the finest passages from the great Lives of Lincoln are repeated herein with the ready permissions of their authors and publishers. Full credit is given in connection with each excerpt and anecdote.

Specific acknowledgment of all these kindnesses is made on another page, also of the courtesies of a number of the great collectors of Lincoln relics.

Therefore, The Story-Life of Lincoln is his life-story, breathing, true and coherent, as told by his friends, his relatives, his acquaintances—a few of his enemies—but best of all—by Abraham Lincoln himself.



PLAN OF THE BOOK

Lincoln was the Master Story Teller. Every "Lincoln story" has a special bearing on his life. His personality was so strong and peculiar that every event or incident in his life has been the subject of a story—told by some friend or writer of his life or of observations concerning him. A thousand books have been written about Abraham Lincoln. Every person who knew or ever saw him has written about it in books and magazines. Lincoln himself has told innumerable stories which are repeated everywhere, like Æsop's fables, because every story illustrates or impresses some truth or idea. Indeed, they cannot be *true Lincoln stories* unless seen with all their bearings on Lincoln's life or the events of his time.

There are many collections of so-called Lincoln stories and "yarns" in which the tales are torn from their surroundings and all the Lincoln flavor is gone. They seem dull, flat and pointless.

Every true Lincoln story is a gem, but it must be shown only with the Lincoln setting.

Wayne Whipple has at last combined the Lincoln story with Lincoln's life. He has spent years in hunting out everything that has ever been said and written about Abraham Lincoln, especially everything which Lincoln ever told of himself or that would shed light upon his own life and character.

He has collected the best stories from all the great Lives of Lincoln; the best of the reminiscences of public men and friends of Lincoln. He has interviewed those who knew Lincoln, and he has chosen the best stories Lincoln himself told —with a special bearing on his own life and the history of his time.

The five hundred stories composing *The Story-Life of Lincoln* are connected with about as many events or incidents

as they happened in his life. They are the cream of all the Lincoln literature. They cannot help making the best Life of Lincoln ever published because they are the choicest of everything that has been written or told about him.

In reading these stories, entertaining, sad and laughable, you follow Abraham Lincoln in a connected, continuous life-story, through the hardships of his backwoods boyhood; the struggles of his early manhood; his debates with Douglas; his contest against slavery, his trials as War President, his mastery of Stanton; his tenderness for the "Boys in Blue;" and his final triumph and martyrdom. Never has his life-history been so vividly told. It is all so graphic that it paints a mental panorama of the great events before and during the Civil War. You see it all as you never expected to see it, and it makes such an indelible impression upon you that you could not forget it even if you would.

The current events of Lincoln's time are given separately side by side with the thrilling story-narrative to aid in making *The Story-Life of Lincoln* of real historical and educational value. The history of the time is thus hung upon Lincoln's unique personality as a peg. Lincoln's life-story thus becomes your country's history during that most important epoch through which Lincoln lived.

The 150 illustrations are selected in the same manner. They are from the best of all that Art affords concerning Abraham Lincoln. Many photographs and *facsimiles* which have never before been reproduced are here added. While the object of this great book is to amuse and entertain, the highest aim is to make it of great and permanent value.

For all these reasons *The Story-Life of Lincoln* marks a new era in fascinating biography.

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From *The Century Book of Famous Americans*, Elbridge S. Brooks.

KILLING OF LINCOLN'S PIONEER GRANDFATHER, ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A shot from the brush killed the father. Mordecai, reaching the cabin, seized the rifle, took deliberate aim at a white ornament on the breast of the savage and brought him down.

The Story-Life of Lincoln

CHAPTER I

Lincoln's Immediate Ancestors

Abraham Lincoln, the President's Grandfather, the Friend of Daniel Boone

In the year 1780, Abraham Lincoln, a member of a respectable and well-to-do family in Rockingham County, Virginia, started westward to establish himself in the newly-explored country of Kentucky. He entered several large tracts of fertile land, and returning to Virginia disposed of his property there, and with his wife and five children went back to Kentucky and settled in Jefferson County. . . . . There is little doubt that it was on account of his association with the famous Daniel Boone that Abraham Lincoln went to Kentucky. The families had for a century been closely allied. There were frequent intermarriages among them—both being of Quaker lineage. . . . . .

The life of the pioneer Abraham Lincoln soon came to a disastrous close. He had settled in Jefferson County, in the land he had bought from the Government, and cleared a small farm in the forest. One morning, in the year 1784, he started with his three sons, Mordecai, Josiah, and Thomas, to the edge of the clearing and began the day's work. A shot from the brush killed the father; Mordecai, the eldest son, ran instinctively to the house, Josiah to the neighboring fort for assistance, and Thomas, the youngest, a child of six, was left with the corpse of his father. Mordecai, reaching the cabin, seized the rifle, and saw through the loop-hole an Indian in his war-paint stooping to raise the child from the ground. He took deliberate aim at a white ornament on the breast of the savage and brought him down. The little boy, thus released, ran to the cabin, and Mordecai, from the loft, renewed his fire upon the

savages, who began to show themselves from the thicket, until Josiah returned with assistance from the stockade, and the assailants fled. This tragedy made an indelible impression on the mind of Mordecai. Either a spirit of revenge for his murdered father, or a sportsmanlike pleasure in his successful shot, made him a determined Indian stalker, and he rarely stopped to inquire whether the red man who came within range of his rifle was friendly or hostile.

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. I, pages 16 to 21.

Uncle Mordecai

So far as they are known, the Lincolns were all marked characters. Some reminiscences related of Mordecai, after he had reached manhood, give a welcome glimpse of the boy who exhibited such coolness and daring on the occasion that cost his father's life. "He was naturally a man of considerable genius," says one who knew him. "He was a man of great drollery, and it would almost make you laugh to look at him. I never saw but one other man whose quiet, droll look excited in me the same disposition to laugh, and that was Artemus Ward. Mordecai was quite a story-teller, and in this Abe resembled his 'Uncle Mord' as we called him. He was an honest man, as tender-hearted as a woman, and to the last degree charitable and benevolent. . . . . Abe Lincoln had a very high opinion of his uncle, and on one occasion remarked, 'I have often said that Uncle Mord had run off with all the talents of the family.' "

The Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln, F. F. Browne, page 40.

Boyhood of Lincoln's Father

From circumstantial evidence we must infer that Anna Lincoln was a poor manager, or perhaps she suffered from some misfortune. All we know is that she abandoned the farm in Jefferson County and moved south into the neighboring county of Washington, when she disappears from human knowledge. Her eldest son, Mordecai, appears to have inherited his father's money, as the rules of primogeniture prevailed in those days. He was sheriff of Washington County, a member of the Kentucky Legislature, and tradition gives him the reputation of an honorable and influential citizen. . . . .

Explanations are wanting for the circumstance that Thomas, the youngest son and brother of this prosperous family, whose

father was slain before his eyes when he was only six years old, was turned adrift, without home or care, for at ten years of age we find him "a wandering laboring boy" who was left uneducated and supported himself by farm work and other menial employment, and learned the trades of carpenter and cabinet-maker. But he must have had good stuff in him, for when he was twenty-five years old he had saved enough from his wages to buy a farm in Hardin County. Local tradition, which, however, cannot always be trusted, represents him to have been "an easy-going man, and slow to anger, but when roused a formidable adversary." He was above the medium height, had a powerful frame, and, like his immortal son, had a wide local reputation as a wrestler.

The True Abraham Lincoln, William Eleroy Curtis, page 17.

Nancy Hanks, Lincoln's Mother

At the time of her marriage to Thomas Lincoln, Nancy was in her twenty-third year. She was above the ordinary height in stature, weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds, was slenderly built, and had much the appearance of one inclined to consumption. Her skin was dark; hair dark brown; eyes gray and small; forehead prominent; face sharp and angular, with a marked expression of melancholy which fixed itself in the memory of everyone who ever saw or knew her. Though her life was seemingly beclouded by a spirit of sadness, she was in disposition amiable and generally cheerful. Mr. Lincoln himself said to me in 1851, on receiving the news of his father's death, that whatever might be said of his parents, and however unpromising the early surroundings of his mother may have been, she was highly intellectual by nature, had a strong memory, acute judgment, and was cool and heroic. From a mental standpoint she no doubt rose above her surroundings, and had she lived, the stimulus of her nature would have accelerated her son's success, and she would have been a much more ambitious prompter than his father ever was.

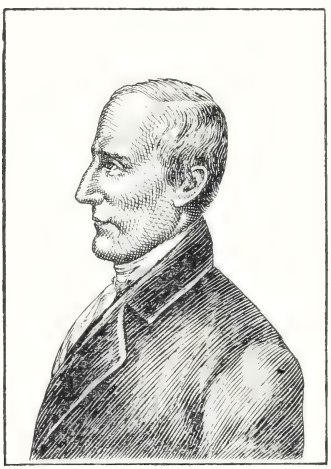
Daniel Boone enters Kentucky	1769
Great emigration to Kentucky began	1783
Indian uprising there against whites	1786
Washington's first inauguration and adoption of the Constitution	1789
Population of U. S., 3,380,000 1st Census; number of slaves... 700,000	1790
Kentucky admitted as a State	1792
Cotton-gin invented by Eli Whitney	1793
Great increase in producing cotton, and consequent growth of slavery	1795
John Adams inaugurated President	1797
Removal of U. S. Capital to Washington	1800

Herndon's Lincoln William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. I, page 10

Marriage of Lincoln's Father and Mother

I, Christopher Columbus Graham, now in my hundredth year, and visiting the Southern Exposition in Louisville, where I live, tell this. . . I am one of the two living men who can prove that Abraham Lincoln, or Linkhorn, as the family was miscalled, was born in lawful wedlock, for I saw Thomas Lincoln marry Nancy Hanks on the twelfth day of June, 1806. . . . I was hunting roots for my medicines, and just went to the wedding to get a good supper, and got it. . . . .

Tom Lincoln was a carpenter, and a good one for those days, when a cabin was built mainly with the ax, and not a nail or bolt or hinge in it, only leathers and pins to the door, and no glass, except in watches and spectacles and bottles. Tom had the best set of tools in what was then and now Washington County. . . . .



Jesse Head, the good Methodist minister that married them.

Jesse Head, the good Methodist minister that married them, was also a carpenter or cabinet-maker by trade, and as he was then a neighbor, they were good friends. . . .

While you pin me down to facts, I will say that I saw Nancy Hanks Lincoln at her wedding, a fresh-looking girl, I should say over twenty. Tom was a respectable mechanic and could choose, and she was treated with respect.

I was at the infare, too, given by John H. Parrott, her guardian, and only girls with money had guardians appointed by the court. We had bear-meat; . . . . venison; wild turkey and ducks' eggs, wild and tame—so common that you could buy them at two bits a bushel; maple sugar, swung on a string, to bite off for coffee or whiskey; syrup in big gourds; peach-and-honey; a sheep that the two families barbecued whole over coals of wood burned in a pit, and covered with green boughs to keep the juices in; and a race for

the whiskey bottle. . . Our table was of the puncheons cut from solid logs, and on the next day they were the floor of the new cabin.

Signed Statement of Dr. Christopher Columbus Graham, of Louisville, Kentucky, in 1884. Appended to *The Early Life of Abraham Lincoln*, Ida M. Tarbell.

How Tom and Nancy Lincoln Began Life Together

"Looks didn't count them days, nohow. It was stren'th an' work an' daredevil. A lazy man or a coward was jist pizen, an' a spindlin' feller had to stay in the settlemints. The clearin's hadn't no use fur him. Tom was strong, an' he wasn't lazy nor afeerd o' nothin', but he was kind o' shif'less—couldn't git nothin' ahead, an' didn't keer putickalar. Lots o' them kind o' fellers in arly days, 'druther hunt an' fish, an' I reckon they had their use. They killed off the varmints an' made it safe fur other fellers to go into the woods with an ax.

"When Nancy married Tom he was workin' in a carpenter shop. It wasn't Tom's fault he couldn't make a livin' by his trade. Thar was sca'cely any money in that kentry. Every man had to do his own tinkerin', an' keep everlastin'ly at work to git enough to eat. So Tom tuk up some land. It was mighty ornery land, but it was the best Tom could git, when he hadn't much to trade fur it.

"Pore? We was all pore, them days, but the Lincolns was porer than anybody. Choppin' trees an' grubbin' roots an' splittin' rails an' huntin' an' trappin' didn't leave Tom no time. . . . . It was all he could do to git his fambly enough to eat and to kiver 'em. Nancy was turrible ashamed o' the way they lived, but she knowed Tom was doin' his best, an' she wasn't the pesterin' kind. She was purty as a pictur an' smart as you'd find 'em anywhere. She could read an' write. The Hankses was some smarter'n the Lincolns. Tom thought a heap o' Nancy, an' he was as good to her as he knowed how. He didn't drink or swear or play cyards or fight, an' them was drinkin', cussin,' quarrelsome days. Tom was popylar, an' he could lick a bully if he had to. He jist couldn't git ahead, somehow."

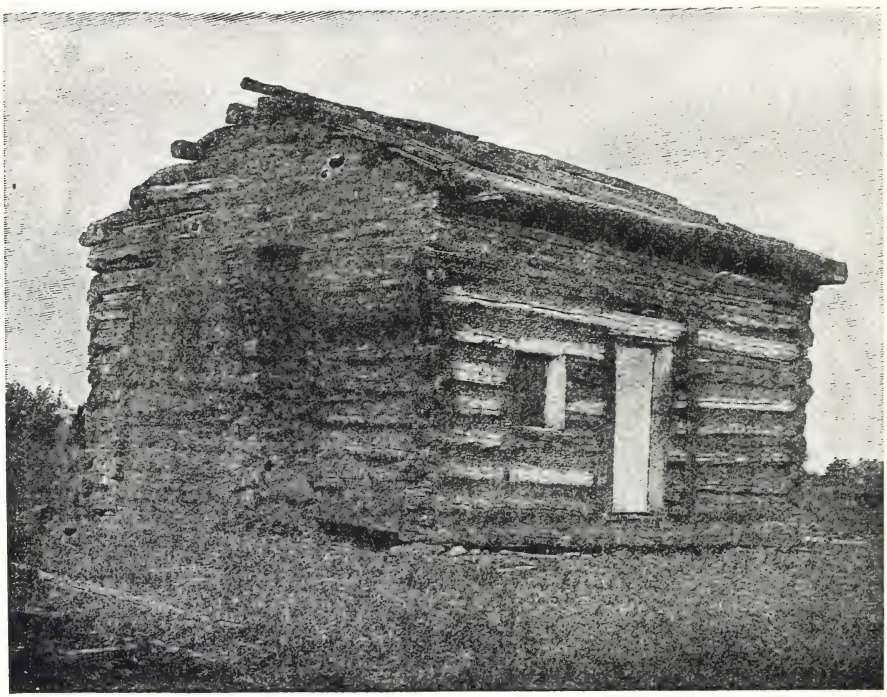
Reminiscences of Lincoln's Cousin and Play-mate, Dennis Hanks, written down by Mrs. Eleanor Atkinson, in 1889. *The American Magazine*, Vol. LXV, February, 1908, page 361.

CHAPTER II

First Seven Years in Kentucky

Birth of Abraham Lincoln

Thomas Lincoln took his wife to a little log cabin in a hamlet called Elizabethtown, probably because he thought it would be



In this cabin Abraham Lincoln was born on February 12, 1809, and here he spent the first four years of his childhood.

more congenial for her than his lonely farm in Hardin County, which was fourteen miles away; and perhaps he thought that he could earn a better living by carpenter work than by farming. Here their first child, Sarah, was born about a year after the marriage.

Thomas Lincoln either failed to earn sufficient money to meet his household expenses or grew tired of his carpenter work, for, two years later, he left Elizabethtown and moved his family to his farm near Hodgensville, on the Big South Fork of Nolen Creek. It was a miserable place, of thin, unproductive soil and only partly cleared. Its only attraction was a fine spring of water, shaded by a little grove, which caused it to be called "Rock Spring Farm." The cabin was of the rudest sort, with a single room, a single window, a big fireplace and a huge outside chimney.

In this cabin Abraham Lincoln was born on February 12, 1809, and here he spent the first four years of his childhood. It was a far reach to the White House. Soon after his nomination for the Presidency he furnished a brief autobiography to Mr. Hicks, an artist who was painting his portrait, in which he said:

I was born February 12, 1809, in then Hardin County, Kentucky, at a point within the now County of Larue, a mile or a mile and a half from where Hodgen's mill now is. My parents being dead, and my own memory not serving, I know no means of identifying the precise locality. It was on Nolen Creek.

June 14, 1860. A. LINCOLN.

The precise spot has since been clearly identified, and the cabin was still standing after his death.

The True Abraham Lincoln, William Eleroy Curtis, page 19.

Cousin Dennis Hanks Tells About "Nancy's Boy Baby"

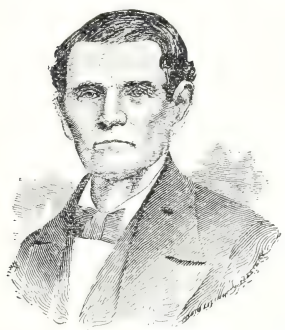
"Tom an' Nancy lived on a farm about two miles from us, when Abe was born. I ricollect Tom comin' over to our house one cold mornin' in Feb'uary an' sayin' kind o' slow, 'Nancy's got a boy baby.'

"Mother got flustered an' hurried up 'er work to go over to look after the little feller, but I didn't have nothin' to wait fur, so I cut an' run the hull two mile to see my new cousin.

"You bet I was tickled to death. Babies wasn't as common as blackberries in the woods o' Kaintucky. Mother come over and washed him an' put a yaller flannen petticoat on him, an' cooked some dried berries with wild honey fur Nancy, an' slicked things up an' went home. An' that's all the nuss'n either of 'em got. . .

"I rolled up in a b'ar skin an' slep' by the fire-place that night, so's I could see the little feller when he cried and Tom had to get up an' tend to him. Nancy let me hold him purty soon. Folks often ask me if Abe was a good-lookin' baby. Well, now, he looked just like any other baby, at fust—like red cherry pulp squeezed dry. An' he didn't improve none as he growed older. Abe never was much fur looks. I ricollect how Tom joked about Abe's long legs when he was toddlin' round the cabin. He growed out o' his clothes faster'n Nancy could make 'em.

"But he was mighty good comp'ny, solemn as a papoose, but interested in everything. An' he always did have fits o' cuttin' up. I've seen him when he was a little feller, settin' on a stool, starin' at a visitor. All of a sudden he'd bust out laughin' fit to kill. If he told us what he was laughin' at, half the time we couldn't see no joke. . . . .



Dennis Hanks, Lincoln's cousin and playmate.

"Abe never give Nancy no trouble after he could walk excep' to keep him in clothes. Most o' the time we went bar'foot. Ever wear a wet buckskin glove? Them moccasins wasn't no putection ag'inst the wet. Birch bark with hickory bark soles, strapped on over yarn socks, beat buckskin all holler, fur snow. Abe 'n' me got purty handy contrivin' things that way. An' Abe was right out in the woods, about as soon's he was weaned, fishin' in the crick, settin' traps fur rabbits an' muskrats, goin' on coon-hunts with Tom an' me an' the dogs, follerin' up bees to find bee trees, an' drappin' corn fur his pappy. Mighty interestin' life fur a boy, but thar was a good many chances he wouldn't live to grow up."

Lincoln's Boyhood, Eleanor Atkinson. *The American Magazine*, Vol. LXV, February, 1908, page 360.

The Little Boy's First Teachers

When the little boy was about four years old the first real excitement of his life occurred. His father moved from the farm on Nolen Creek to another some fifteen miles northeast on Knob Creek, and here the child began to go to school. At that day the schools in the West were usually accidental, depending upon the coming of

some poor and ambitious young man who was willing to teach a few terms while he looked for an opening to something better. The terms were irregular, their length being decided by the time the settlers felt able to board the master and pay his small salary. The chief qualifications for a schoolmaster seem to have been enough strength to keep the "big boys" in order, though one high in authority affirms that pluck went "for a heap sight more'n sinnoo with boys." . . . .

Lincoln's first teacher, Zachariah Riney, was a Catholic. Of his second teacher, Caleb Hazel, we know even less than of Riney. Mr. Gollaher says that Abraham Lincoln, in those days when he was his schoolmate, was "an unusually bright boy at school, and made splendid progress in his studies. Indeed, he learned faster than any of his schoolmates. Though so young, he studied very hard. He would get spicewood bushes, hack them up on a log, and burn them two or three together, for the purpose of giving light by which he might pursue his studies."

Probably the boy's mother had something to do with the spicewood illuminations. Tradition has it that Mrs. Lincoln took great pains to teach her children what she knew, and that at her knee they heard all the Bible lore, fairy tales, and country legends that she had been able to gather in her poor life.

Besides the "A B C schools," as Lincoln called them, the only other medium of education in the country districts of Kentucky in those days was "preaching." Itinerants like the schoolmasters, the preachers, of whatever denomination, were generally uncouth and illiterate; the code of morals they taught was mainly a healthy one, and they, no doubt, did much to keep the consciences of the pioneers awake. It is difficult to believe that they ever did much for the moral training of young Lincoln, though he certainly got his first notion of public speaking from them; and for years in his boyhood one of his chief delights was to gather his playmates about him, and preach and thump until he had his auditors frightened or in tears.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 15.

Little Abe's Narrow Escape from Drowning

The only one of young Lincoln's playmates now living is an old man nearly a hundred years old, named Austin Gollaher, whose mind is bright and clear, and who never tires of telling of the days

Lincoln and he were "little tikes" and played together. This old man, who yet lives [1884] in the log house in which he has always lived, a few miles from the old Lincoln place, tells entertaining stories about the President's boyhood.

"I once saved Lincoln's life," relates Mr. Gollaher. "We had been going to school together one year; but the next year we had no school, because there were so few scholars to attend, there being only about twenty in the school the year before.

"Consequently Abe and I had not much to do; but, as we did not go to school and our mothers were strict with us, we did not get to see each other very often. One Sunday morning my mother waked me up early, saying she was going to see Mrs. Lincoln, and that I could go along. Glad of the chance, I was soon dressed and ready to go. After my mother and I got there, Abe and I played all through the day.

"While we were wandering up and down the little stream called Knob Creek, Abe said: 'Right up there'—pointing to the east—'we saw a covey of partridges yesterday. Let's go over.' The stream was too wide for us to jump across. Finally we saw a foot-log, and we concluded to try it. It was narrow, but Abe said, 'Let's coon it.'

"I went first and reached the other side all right. Abe went about half-way across, when he got scared and began trembling. I hollered to him, 'Don't look down nor up nor sideways, but look right at me and hold on tight!' But he fell off into the creek, and, as the water was about seven or eight feet deep (I could not swim, and neither could Abe), I knew it would do no good for me to go in after him.

"So I got a stick—a long water sprout—and held it out to him. He came up, grabbing with both hands, and I put the stick into his hands. He clung to it, and I pulled him out on the bank, almost dead. I got him by the arms and shook him well, and then I rolled him on the ground, when the water poured out of his mouth.

"He was all right very soon. We promised each other that we would never tell anybody about it, and never did for years. I never told any one of it until after Lincoln was killed."

Best Lincoln Stories, J. E. Gallaher, page 16.

The Boy Meets a Soldier

Of all these years of Abraham Lincoln's early childhood we know almost nothing. He lived a solitary life in the woods, returning from his lonesome little games to his cheerless home. He never talked of those days to his most intimate friends. Once, when asked what he remembered about the war [of 1812] with Great Britain, he replied:

"Nothing but this. I had been fishing one day and caught a little fish which I was taking home. I met a soldier on the road, and, having been always told at home that we must be good to the soldiers, I gave him my fish."

This is only a faint glimpse, but what it shows is rather pleasant—the generous child and the patriotic household. But there is no question that these first years of his life had their lasting effect upon the temperament of this great mirthful and melancholy man.

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. I, page 25.

Abe Goes to Mill and Thrashes Three Boys

"A mere spindle of a boy," as one old gentleman describes the little Abraham giving a good account of himself in possibly his first impact with opposing strength. The lads of the neighborhood, so runs the story, were sent after school hours to the mill with corn to be ground. While awaiting their turn, they passed the time, as at the noon recesses, with frolics and fights. In these Lincoln did not participate.

"He was," says Major Alexander Sympson, who tells the tale, "the shyest, most reticent, most uncouth and awkward-appearing, homeliest and worst dressed of any in the entire crowd." So superlatively wretched a butt could not hope to look on long unmolested. He was attacked one day, as he stood near a tree, by a larger boy with others at his back. "But," said the Major, "the very acme of astonishment was experienced by the eagerly expectant crowd. For Lincoln soundly thrashed the first, second, and third boy, in succession; and then placed his back against the tree, defied the whole crowd, and taunted them with cowardice."

Lincoln, Master of Men, Alonzo Rothschild, page 2.

First Work on the Farm

As soon as the child was strong enough to follow his father in the fields, he was put to work at simple tasks; bringing tools, carrying water, picking berries, dropping seeds. He learned to know his father's farm from line to line, and years after, when President of the United States, he recalled in a conversation at the White House, in the presence of Dr. J. J. Wright of Emporia, Kansas, the arrangement of the fields and an incident of his own childish experience as a farmer's son. "Mr. President," one of the visitors had asked, "how would you like when the War is over to visit your old home in Kentucky?" "I would like it very much," Mr. Lincoln replied. "I remember that old home very well. Our farm was composed of three fields. It lay in the valley surrounded by high hills and deep gorges. Sometimes when there came a big rain in the hills the water would come down through the gorges and spread all over the farm. The last thing that I remember of doing there was one Saturday afternoon; the other boys planted the corn in what we called the big field; it contained seven acres —and I dropped the pumpkin seed. I dropped two seeds in every other hill and every other row. The next Sunday morning there came a big rain in the hills; it did not rain a drop in the valley, but the water coming through the gorges washed ground, corn, pumpkin seeds and all clear off the field."

Jefferson made President	1801
Ohio admitted as a State	1802
Importing of slaves forbidden	1808
Birth of Abraham Lincoln	1809
Madison made President	1809
First steamboat on the Ohio River	1811
War declared against Great Britain	1812
Jackson's victory at New Orleans	
End of War of 1812	1815

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 17.

Leaving "Old Kentucky"

Almost his earliest recollections were of sitting with his sister at his mother's feet, listening as she read from a book or told tales of imagination or experience. Here his education began, and when still quite young he eagerly read Robinson Crusoe, Æsop's Fables, Pilgrim's Progress, and other books common at plain firesides in the older States, but then rare in Kentucky. . . . He was not yet eight years old when he left Kentucky. One of the last incidents he recalled of his life there was accompanying his mother

on her parting visit to the grave of her youngest child, a son who died in infancy.

Hard times came with the war of 1812, and lasted long. As some relief, the Government offered its wild lands north of the Ohio to new settlers on credit. There were serious troubles, too, about land titles in Kentucky; nor was its labor system kind to people who labored. Slavery was now firmly established there, and the man of small means had less chance of rising than of lapsing into the scorned class of "poor whites." Thomas Lincoln chose to live in a free State. That this was one of his motives for a change was explicitly declared by his son.

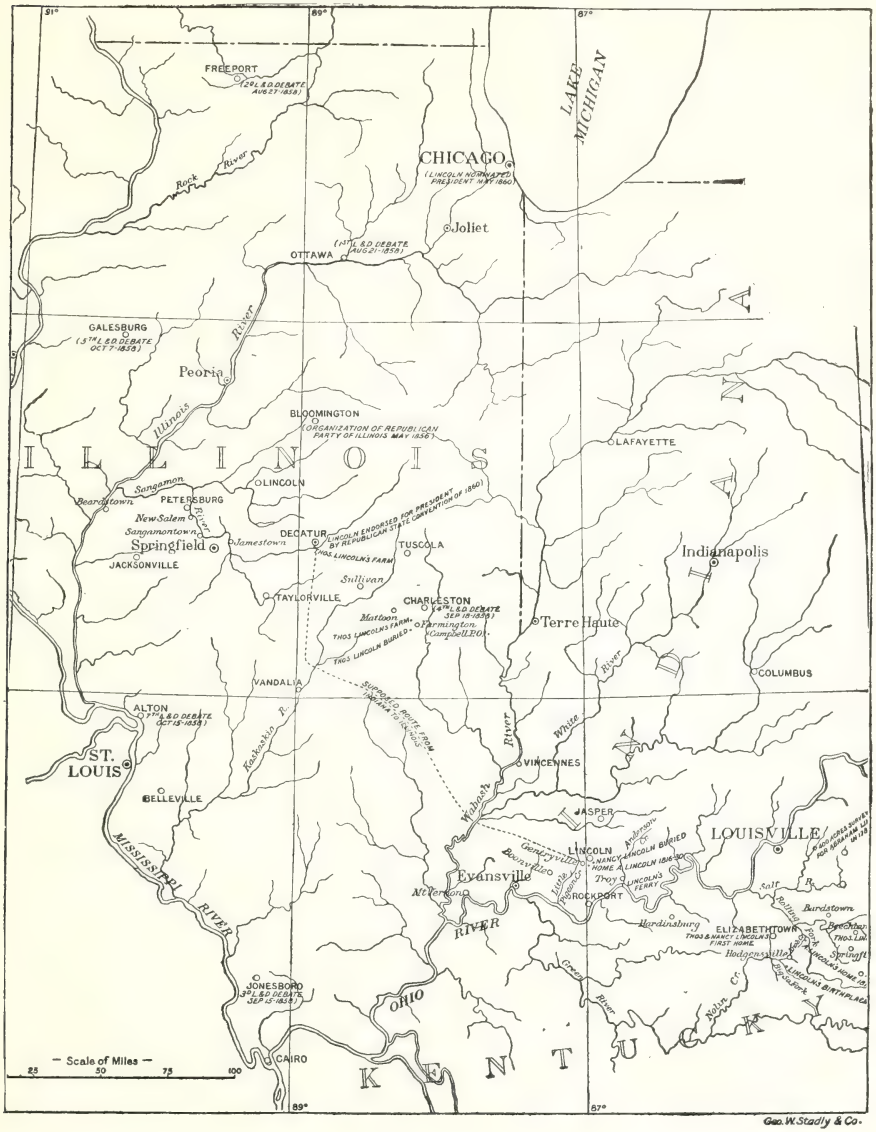
Abraham Lincoln and His Presidency, Joseph H. Barrett, Vol. I, page 10.

CHAPTER III

Fourteen Years in Indiana

Moving to Indiana

Thomas Lincoln was something of a waterman. In the frequent changes of occupation, which had hitherto made his life so barren of good results, he could not resist the temptation to the career of a flatboatman. He had accordingly made one, or perhaps two trips to New Orleans, in the company and employment of Isaac Bush, who was probably a near relative of Sally Bush. It was therefore very natural that when, in the fall of 1816, he finally determined to emigrate, he should attempt to transport his goods by water. He built himself a boat, which seems to have been none of the best, and launched it on the Rolling Fork, at the mouth of Knob Creek, a half-mile from his cabin. Some of his personal property, including carpenter's tools, he put on board, and the rest he traded for four hundred gallons of whiskey. With this crazy boat and this singular cargo, he put out into the stream alone, and floating with the current down the Rolling Fork, and then down Salt River, reached the Ohio without any mishap. Here his craft proved somewhat rickety when contending with the difficulties of the larger stream, or perhaps there was a lack of force in the management of her, or perhaps the single navigator had consoled himself during the lonely voyage by too frequent applications to a portion of his cargo; at all events, the boat capsized and the lading went to the bottom. He fished up a few of the tools "and most of the whiskey," and, righting the little boat, again floated down to a landing at Thompson's Ferry, two and a half miles west of Troy, in Perry County, Indiana. Here he sold his treacherous boat, and, leaving his remaining property in the care of a settler named Posey, trudged off on foot to select "a location" in the wilderness. He did not go far, but found a place that he thought would suit him, only sixteen miles distant from the river. He then turned about, and walked all the way back to Knob Creek, in Kentucky, where he took a fresh start with his wife and her children. Of the latter



MAP SHOWING THE REMOVALS OF THOMAS LINCOLN WITH HIS FAMILY

there were only two,—Nancy (or Sarah), nine years of age, and Abraham, seven. Mrs. Lincoln had given birth to another son some years before, but he had died when only three days old. After leaving Kentucky she had no more children.

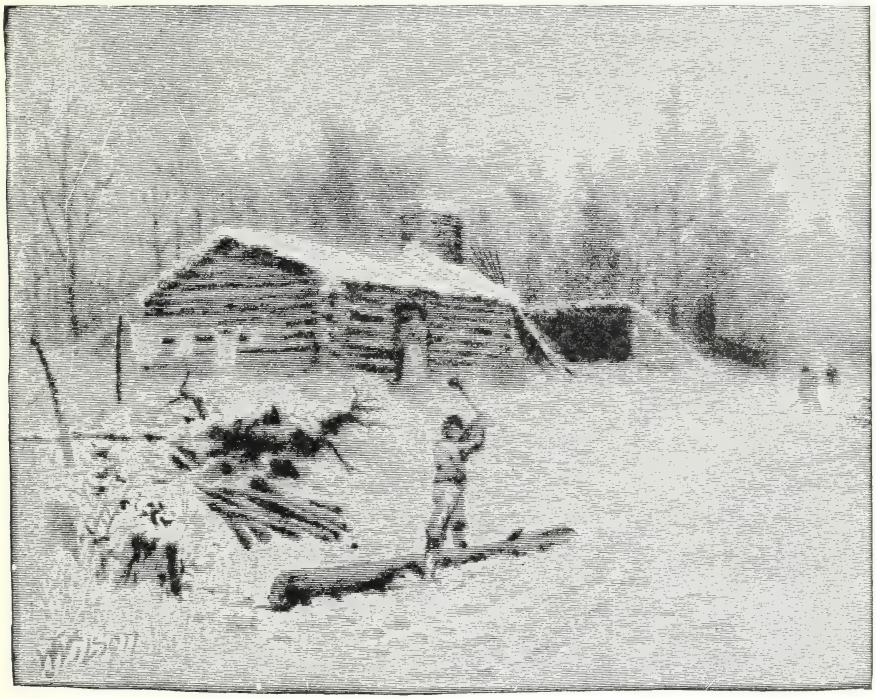
This time Thomas Lincoln loaded what little he had left upon two horses, and "packed through to Posey's." Besides clothing and bedding, they carried such cooking utensils as would be needed by the way, and would be indispensable when they reached their destination. The stock was not large. It consisted of "one oven and lid, one skillet and lid, and some tin-ware." They camped out during the nights, and, of course, cooked their own food. [Thomas] Lincoln's skill as a hunter must now have stood him in good stead. . . . .

When they got to Posey's, Lincoln hired a wagon, and loading on it the whiskey and other things he had stored there, went on toward the place which has since become famous as the "Lincoln Farm." He was now making his way through an almost untrodden wilderness. There was no road, and for part of the distance not even a foot-trail. He was slightly assisted by a path of a few miles in length, which had been "blazed out" by an earlier settler named Hoskins. But he was obliged to suffer long delays, and cut out a passage for the wagon with his ax. At length, after many detentions and difficulties, he reached the point where he intended to make his future home. It was situated between the forks of Big Pigeon and Little Pigeon Creeks, a mile and a half east of Gentryville, a village which grew up afterwards, and now numbers about three hundred inhabitants. The whole country was covered with a dense forest of oaks, beeches, walnuts, sugar-maples, and nearly all the varieties of trees that flourish in North America. The woods were usually open, and devoid of underbrush; the trees were of the largest growth, and beneath the deep shade they afforded was spread out a rich greensward. The natural grazing was very good, and hogs found abundant sustenance in the prodigious quantity of mast. There was occasionally a little glade or prairie set down in the midst of this vast expanse of forest. One of these, not far from the Lincoln place, was a famous resort for the deer, and the hunters knew it well for its numerous "licks." Upon this prairie the militia "musters" were had at a later day, and from it the south fork of the Pigeon came finally to be known as the "Prairie Fork."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 19.

The Home in Indiana

[Thomas] Lincoln laid off his curtilage on a gentle hillock having a slope on every side. The spot was very beautiful, and the soil was excellent. The selection was wise in every respect but one. There was no water near, except what was collected in holes in the ground after a rain; but it was very foul, and had to be strained before using. At a later period we find Abraham and his



Lincoln's second house was a "rough, rough log" one.

sister carrying water from a spring situated a mile away. Dennis Hanks asserts that Tom Lincoln "riddled his land like a honeycomb," in search of good water, and was at last sorely tempted to employ a Yankee, who came around with a divining-rod, and declared that for the small consideration of five dollars in cash, he would make his rod point to a cool, flowing spring beneath the surface.

Here [Thomas] Lincoln built "a half-faced camp,"—a cabin enclosed on three sides and open on the fourth. It was built, not

of logs, but of poles, and was therefore denominated a "camp," to distinguish it from a "cabin." It was about fourteen feet square, and had no floor. It was no larger than the first house he lived in at Elizabethtown, and on the whole not as good a shelter. . . . .

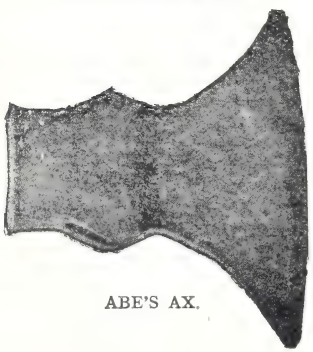
In the fall of 1817, Thomas and Betsy Sparrow came out from Kentucky, and took up their abode in the old camp which the Lincolns had just deserted for the cabin. Betsy was the aunt who had raised Nancy Hanks. She had done the same in part for our friend Dennis Hanks, who was the offspring of another sister, and she now brought him with her. Dennis thus became the constant companion of young Abraham; and all the other members of that family, as originally settled in Indiana, being dead, Dennis remains a most important witness as to this period of Mr. Lincoln's life.

Lincoln's second house was a "rough, rough log" one; the timbers were not hewed; and until after the arrival of Sally Bush, in 1819, it had neither floor, door, nor window. It stood about forty yards from what Dennis Hanks calls that "darned little half-faced camp," which was now the dwelling of the Sparrows. It was "right in the bush,"—in the heart of a virgin wilderness. There were only seven or eight older settlers in the neighborhood of the two Pigeon Creeks. Lincoln had had some previous acquaintance with one of them, a Mr. Thomas Carter; and it is highly probable that nothing but this trivial circumstance induced him to settle here.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 21.

A Seven-Year-Old Woodman

On arriving at the new farm an ax was put into the boy's hands, and he was set to work to aid in clearing a field for corn, and to help build the "half-face camp" which for a year was the home of the Lincolns. There were few more primitive homes in the wilderness of Indiana in 1816 than this of young Lincoln's, and there were few families, even in that day, who were forced to practise more make-shifts to get a living. The cabin which took the place of the "half-face camp" had but



ABE'S AX.

one room, with a loft above. For a long time there was no window, door or floor, not even the traditional deer-skin hung before the exit; there was no oiled paper over the opening for light; there was no puncheon covering on the ground.

The furniture was of their own manufacture. The table and chairs were of the rudest sort—rough slabs of wood in which holes were bored and legs fitted in. Their bedstead, or, rather, bedframe, was made of poles held up by two outer posts, and the ends made firm by inserting the poles in auger-holes that had been bored in a log which was part of the wall of the cabin; skins were its chief covering. Little Abraham's bed was even more primitive. He slept on a heap of dry leaves in the corner of the loft, to which he mounted by pegs driven into the wall.

Their food, if coarse, was usually abundant; the chief difficulty in supplying the larder was to secure any variety. Of game there was plenty—deer, bear, pheasants, wild turkeys, ducks, birds of all kinds. There were fish in the streams, and wild fruits of many kinds in the woods in the summer, and these were dried for winter use; but the difficulty of raising and milling corn and wheat was very great. Indeed, in many places in the West the first flour cake was an historical event. Corn dodger was the every-day bread of the Lincoln household, the wheat cake being a dainty reserved for Sunday mornings.

Potatoes were the only vegetables raised in any quantity, and there were times in the Lincoln family when they were the only food on the table; a fact proved to posterity by the oft-quoted remark of Abraham to his father after the latter had asked a blessing over a dish of roasted potatoes—that they were "mighty poor blessings."

The Early Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, page 54.

Death of Lincoln's Own Mother

In the fall of 1818, the scantily settled region in the vicinity of Pigeon Creek—where the Lincolns were then living—suffered a visitation of that dread disease common in the West in early days, and known in the vernacular of the frontier as "the milk-sick." . .

Early in October of that year, Thomas and Besty Sparrow fell ill of the disease and died within a few days of each other. Thomas Lincoln performed the services of undertaker. With his whip-

saw he cut out the lumber, and with commendable promptness he nailed together the rude coffins to enclose the forms of the dead. The bodies were borne to a scantily cleared knoll in the midst of the forest, and there, without ceremony, quietly let down into the grave. Meanwhile Abe's mother had also fallen a victim to the insidious disease. Her sufferings, however, were destined to be of brief duration. Within a week she too rested from her labors. "She struggled on, day by day," says one of the household, "a good Christian woman, and died on the seventh day after she was taken sick. Abe and his sister Sarah waited on their mother, and did the little jobs and errands required of them. There was no physician nearer than thirty-five miles. The mother knew she was going to die, and called the children to her bedside. She was very weak, and the children leaned over her while she gave her last message. Placing her feeble hand on little Abe's head she told him to be kind and good to his father and sister; to both she said, 'Be good to one another,' expressing a hope that they might live, as they had been taught by her, to love their kindred and worship God." Amid the miserable surroundings of a home in the wilderness Nancy Hanks passed across the dark river. Though of lowly birth, the victim of poverty and hard usage, she takes a place in history as the mother of a son who liberated a race of men.

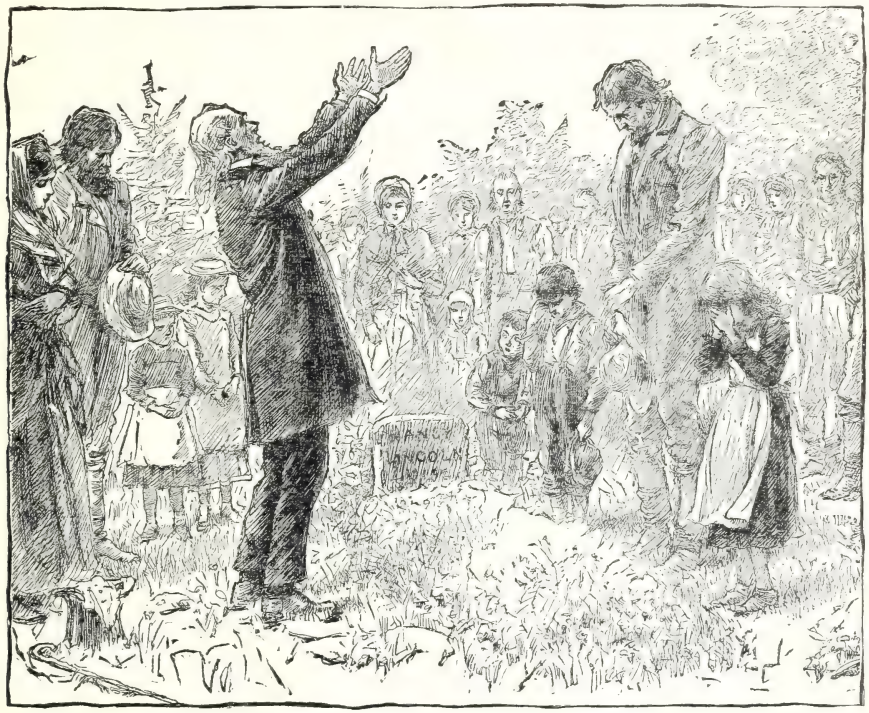
Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. I, page 22.

The Delayed Funeral Services

It was the custom of those days, and of that country, to have a funeral sermon preached by way of memorial, any time within the year following the death of a person. So, as soon as the good mother was buried, Abraham Lincoln composed what he used to say was his first letter, and addressed it to Parson Elkin, the Kentucky Baptist preacher who had sometimes tarried with the Lincolns in their humble home in Kentucky. It was a great favor to ask of the good man; for his journey to preach a sermon over the grave of Nancy Lincoln would take him one hundred miles or more, far from his customary "stamping ground." But, in due time, Abraham received an answer to his letter, and the parson promised to come when his calls of duty led him near the Indiana line.

Early in the following summer, when the trees were the greenest and the forest was most beautiful, the preacher came on

his errand of kindness. It was a bright and sunny Sabbath morning, when, due notice having been sent around through all the region, men, women and children gathered from far and near to hear the funeral sermon of Nancy Lincoln. There was the hardy forest ranger, come from his far-wandering quests to hear. There were farmers and their families, borne hither in rude and home-



THE BELATED FUNERAL SERMON

The good preacher told of the virtues and the patiently borne sufferings of the departed mother of Abraham Lincoln.

made carts, new-comers, some of them, and homesick for their distant birthplaces. Two hundred of them, all told, some on foot and some on horseback, and others drawn in ox-carts. All were intent on the great event of the season—the preaching of Nancy Lincoln's funeral sermon.

The waiting congregation was grouped around on "down trees,"

stumps and knots of bunch-grass, or on wagon tongues, waiting for the coming of the little procession. The preacher led the way from the Lincoln cabin, followed by Thomas Lincoln, his son Abraham, his daughter Sarah and . . . Dennis Hanks, bereft of father and mother, and now a member of the Lincoln household. Tears shone on the sun-browned cheeks of the silent settlers as the good preacher told of the virtues and the patiently borne sufferings of the departed mother of Abraham Lincoln. And every head was bowed in reverential solemnity as he lifted up his voice in prayer for the motherless children and the widowed man. To Abraham, listening as he did to the last words that should be said over the grave of his mother, this was a very memorable occasion. He had fulfilled a pious duty in bringing the preacher to the place where she was laid, and as the words, wonderful to him, dropped from the speaker's lips, he felt that this was the end, at least, of a lovely and gentle life. He might be drawn into busy and trying scenes hereafter, and he might have many and mighty cares laid on him, but that scene in the forest by the lonely grave of his mother was never to be forgotten.

Abraham Lincoln and the Downfall of American Slavery, Noah Brooks, page 21.

"What is Home without a Mother?"

The loss of his mother was the first great grief of young Abraham, then not quite ten years old. The love of reading acquired through her inspiration and help was of itself enough, in his condition, to justify his saying:

"I owe all that I am or hope to be to my sainted mother."

His recollection of her seemed always to be quite clear and vivid, and he ever spoke of her with tenderness and reverence.

What could be done as housekeeper by a girl of twelve, Sarah did for more than a year; but a matron's care was too visibly lacking, and the father decided to ask the help and hand of one he had early known as Sally Bush, now living in widowhood at Elizabethtown. She had married Daniel Johnston, the jailer, who died, leaving three children and a little property. . . . .

"His widow continued to live here until the second of December, 1819. Thomas Lincoln returned to this place on the first day of December, and inquired for the residence of Widow Johnston. She lived near the clerk's office. I was the clerk, and informed him

how to find her. He was not slow to present himself before her, when the following courtship occurred. He said to her:

" 'I am a lone man, and you are a lone woman. I have knowed you from a girl, and you have knowed me from a boy; and I have come all the way from Indiana to ask if you'll marry me right off, as I've no time to lose.'

"To which she replied: 'Tommy Lincoln, I have no objection to marrying you, but I cannot do it right off, for I owe several little debts which must first be paid.'

"The gallant man promptly said: 'Give me a list of your debts.'

"The list was furnished, and the debts were paid the same evening. The next morning, December 2, 1819, I issued the license, and the same day they were married, bundled up, and started for home."

By the Court Clerk in *Abraham Lincoln and His Presidency*, Joseph H. Barrett, Vol. I, page 16.

The Coming of the New Mother

Mrs. Johnston has been denominated a "poor widow," but she possessed goods which, in the eyes of Tom Lincoln, were almost of unparalleled magnificence. Among other things, she had a bureau that cost forty dollars; and he informed her, on their arrival in Indiana, that, in his deliberate opinion, it was little less than sinful to be the owner of such a thing. He demanded that she should turn it into cash, which she positively refused to do. She had quite a lot of other articles, however, which he thought well enough in their way, and some of which were sadly needed in his miserable cabin in the wilds of Indiana. Dennis Hanks speaks with great rapture of the "large supply of household goods" which she brought out with her. There was "one fine bureau, one table, one set of chairs, one large clothes-chest, cooking utensils, knives, forks, bedding and other articles." It was a glorious day for little Abe and Sarah and Dennis when this wondrous collection of rich furniture arrived in the Pigeon Creek settlement. But all this wealth required extraordinary means of transportation; and Lincoln had recourse to his brother-in-law, Ralph Krume, who lived just over the line, in Breckinridge County. Krume came with a four-horse team, and moved Mrs. Johnston, now Mrs. Lincoln, with her family and effects, to the home of her new husband in Indiana. . . . . Her own goods furnished the cabin with tolerable decency. She made Lincoln put down a floor, and hang

windows and doors. It was in the depth of winter; and the children, as they nestled in the warm beds she provided them, enjoying the strange luxury of security from the cold winds of December, must have thanked her from the bottoms of their newly-comforted hearts. She had brought a son and two daughters of her own —John, Sarah, and Matilda; but little Abe and his sister Nancy— (whose name was speedily changed to Sarah), the ragged and hapless little strangers to her brood, were given an equal place in her affections. They were half naked, and she clad them from the stores of clothing she had laid up for her own. They were dirty, and she washed them; they had been ill-used, and she treated them with motherly tenderness. In her own modest language, she "made them look a little more human." "In fact," says Dennis Hanks, "in a few weeks all had changed; and where everything was wanting, now all was snug and comfortable. She was a woman of great energy, of remarkable good sense, very industrious and saving, and also very neat and tidy in her person and manners, and knew exactly how to manage children. She took an especial liking to young Abe. Her love for him was warmly returned, and continued to the day of his death. But few children love their parents as he loved his stepmother. She soon dressed him up in entire new clothes, and from that time on he appeared to lead a new life. He was encouraged by her to study, and any wish on his part was gratified when it could be done. The two sets of children got along finely together, as if they had all been the children of the same parents."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 30.

"Corn Dodgers and Common Doings"

The family consisted now of his father and stepmother, his sister Sarah, sometimes called Nancy, the three children of his stepmother, and himself. The name of Mrs. Johnston's children were John, Sarah and Matilda. They all went to school together, sometimes walking four or five miles, and taking with them, for their dinner, cakes made of the coarse meal of the Indian corn (maize) and known as "corn dodgers." The settlers used the phrase "corn dodgers and common doings," to indicate ordinary fare, as distinguished from the luxury of "white bread and chicken fixings." In these years Abe wore a cap made from the skin of the

coon or squirrel, buckskin breeches, a hunting shirt of deerskin, or a linsey-woolsey shirt, and very coarse cowhide shoes. His food was the "corn dodger" and the game of the forests and prairies. The tools he most constantly used were the ax, the maul, the hoe and the plough. His life was one of constant and hard manual labor.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Isaac N. Arnold, page 22.

Turkey-Buzzard Pens, Briar-Root Ink, and Webster's Speller

As to the material with which the boy learned to write, "Uncle" Dennis says: "Sometimes he would write with a piece of charcoal, or the p'int of a burnt stick, on the fence or floor. We got a little paper at the country town, and I made ink out of blackberry briar-root and a little copperas in it. It was black, but the copperas would eat the paper after a while. I made his first pen out of a turkey-buzzard feather. We had no geese them days. After he learned to write he was scratchin' his name everywhere; sometimes he would write it on the white sand down by the crick bank, and leave it till the waves would blot it out.

"His first reading book was Webster's Speller. Then he got hold of a book—I can't rikkilect the name. It told a yarn about a feller, a nigger or suthin', that sailed a flatboat up to a rock, and the rock was magnetized and drawed the nails out of his boat, an' he got a duckin,' or drownded, or suthin', I forget now." (It was the "Arabian Nights.") "Abe would lay on the floor with a chair under his head, and laugh over them stories by the hour. I told him they was likely lies from end to end; but he learned to read right well in them."

The Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln, F. F. Browne, page 52.

At Hazel Dorsey's School

Hazel Dorsey was Abe's first teacher in Indiana. He held forth a mile and a half from the Lincoln farm. The school-house was built of round logs, and was just high enough for a man to stand erect under the loft. The floor was of split logs, or what were called puncheons. The chimney was made of poles and clay; and the windows were made by cutting out parts of two logs, placing pieces of split boards a proper distance apart, and over the aperture thus formed pasting pieces of greased paper to admit light. At school Abe evinced ability enough to gain him a prominent place in

the respect of the teacher and the affections of his fellow-scholars. Elements of leadership in him seem to have manifested themselves already. Nathaniel Grigsby—whose brother, Aaron, afterwards married Abe's sister Sarah—attended the same school. He certifies to Abe's proficiency and worth in glowing terms.

"He was always at school early," writes Grigsby, "and attended to his studies. He was always at the head of his class, and passed us rapidly in his studies. He lost no time at home, and when he was not at work was at his books. He kept up his studies on Sunday, and carried his books with him to work, so that he might read when he rested from labor." Now and then, the family exchequer running low, it would be found necessary for the young rail-splitter to stop school, and either work with his father on the farm, or render like service for the neighbors. These periods of work occurred so often and continued so long, that all his school days added together would not make a year.

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, page 31.

"No Common Boy"

Nearly a year more passed. The sermon by Parson Elkins ceased to be a theme of conversation among the settlers. Abraham had continued to assist his father, and devote his leisure moments to reading and writing. Time that other boys would spend in play he employed in poring over books. If he had no new ones to peruse he read old ones.

The long period of loneliness that had elapsed since his mother's death served to make him doubly value the presence of one who would fill her place well. He did not receive her as a stranger. He did not cherish the least suspicion that she would prove otherwise than a loving parent. He gave her his confidence at once, and she bestowed on him such care and tender regard as only a thoughtful, pious and faithful mother would. A mutual good understanding and affection sprang up between them, and it was never interrupted. . . . .

His new mother saw at once that he was no common boy. She was struck with his intelligence, knowledge and uprightness. She had never seen his like. . . . .

About this time, among the families that came into that region to settle, was that of Mr. Andrew Crawford. He was a man of

more culture than most of the settlers, and was able to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic as far as the "rule of three." His abilities becoming known, he was urged to open a school. . . . .

"Another chance for you to go to school."

"Where?"

"That man Crawford, that moved in a while ago, will begin school next week, ... and two miles will be just far enough for you to walk to keep your legs limber." . . . .

Thus was the way opened for Abraham to attend school again.

The Pioneer Boy, William M. Thayer, page 154.

"Manners" and Spelling

Abraham began his irregular attendance at the nearest school very soon after he fell under the care of the second Mrs. Lincoln. It was probably in the winter of 1819–20, she having come out in December, 1819. It has been seen that she was as much impressed by his mental precocity as by the good qualities of his heart. . . .



Sarah Bush Lincoln, Abraham's stepmother.

The next teacher was Andrew Crawford. Mrs. Gentry says he began as pedagogue in the neighborhood in the winter of 1822–3, whilst most of his other scholars are unable to fix the exact date. He "kept" in the same little schoolhouse which had been the scene of Dorsey's labors, and the windows were still adorned with the greased leaves of old copybooks that had come down from Dorsey's time. Abe was now in his fifteenth year, and began to exhibit symptoms of gallantry toward the weaker sex, as we shall presently discover. He was growing at a tremendous rate, and two years later attained his full height of six feet four inches. He was long, wiry and strong; while his big feet and hands, and the length of his legs and arms, were out of all proportion to his small trunk and head. His com-

plexion was very swarthy, and Mrs. Gentry says that his skin was shriveled and yellow even then. He wore low shoes, buckskin breeches, linsey-woolsey shirt, and a cap made of the skin of an opossum or a coon. The breeches clung close to his thighs and legs, but failed by a large space to meet the top of his shoes. Twelve inches remained uncovered, and exposed that much of "shin-bone, sharp, blue and narrow." "He would always come to school thus, good-humoredly and laughing," says his old friend, Nat Grigsby. "He was always in good health, never was sick, had an excellent constitution."

Crawford taught "manners." This was a feature of backwoods education to which Dorsey had not aspired, and Crawford had doubtless introduced it as a refinement which would put to shame the humbler efforts of his predecessor. One of the scholars was required to retire, and re-enter as a polite gentleman is supposed to enter a drawing-room. He was received at the door by another scholar, and conducted from bench to bench, until he had been introduced to all the "young ladies and gentlemen" in the room. Abe went through the ordeal countless times. If he took a serious view of the business, it must have put him to exquisite torture; for he was conscious that he was not a perfect type of manly beauty, with his long legs and blue shins, his small head, his great ears, and shriveled skin. If, however, it struck him as at all funny, it must have filled him with unspeakable mirth, and given rise to many antics, tricks and sly jokes, as he was gravely led about, shamefaced and gawky, under the very eye of the precise Crawford, to be introduced to the boys and girls of his most ancient acquaintance.

But, though Crawford inculcated manners, he by no means neglected spelling. Abe was a good speller, and liked to use his knowledge, not only to secure honors for himself, but to help his less fortunate schoolmates out of their troubles, and he was exceedingly ingenious in the selection of expedients for conveying prohibited hints. One day Crawford gave out the difficult word *defied*. A large class was on the floor, but they all provokingly failed to spell it. D-e-f-i-d-e, said one; d-e-f-y-d-e, said another; d-e-f-y-d, d-e-f-y-e-d, cried another and another. But it was all wrong; it was shameful, that, among all these big boys and girls, nobody could spell "defied;" and Crawford's wrath gathered in clouds

over his terrible brow. He made the helpless culprits shake with fear. He declared he would keep the whole class in all day and all night, if "*defied*" was not spelled. There was among them a Miss Roby, a girl fifteen years of age, whom we must suppose to have been pretty, for Abe was evidently half in love with her. "I saw Lincoln at the window," says she. "He had his finger in his eye, and a smile on his face; I instantly took the hint, that I must change the letter *y* into an *i*. Hence I spelled the word,—the class let out. I felt grateful to Lincoln for this simple thing."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 33.

"I Hung on It and It Broke"

In 1823 Abraham Lincoln went briefly to Crawford's school, a log house, pleasing the teacher by his attention to the simple course. The boy had read but a small library, principally "Weems' Life of Washington," which had impressed him deeply. This is shown by Andrew Crawford, the Spencer County pedagogue. The latter saw that a buck's head, nailed on the schoolhouse, was broken in one horn, and asked the scholars who among them broke it.

"I did it," answered young Lincoln promptly. "I did not mean to do it, but I hung on it"—he was very tall and reached it too easily—"and it broke!" Though lean, he weighed fairly. "I wouldn't have done it if I had thought it would break."

Other boys of that class would have tried to conceal what they did and would not have owned up until obliged to do so.

The Lincoln Story Book, Henry L. Williams, page 9.

Some Schoolboy Rhymes

While at school it is doubtful if he was able to own an arithmetic. His stepmother was unable to remember his ever having owned one. She gave me, however, a few leaves from a book made and bound by Abe, in which he had entered, in a large, bold hand, the tables of weights and measures, and the "sums" to be worked out in illustration of each table. Where the arithmetic was obtained I could not learn. On one of the pages which the old lady gave me,



A leaf from Abe's exercise book showing the "four lines of schoolboy doggerel."

and just underneath the table which tells how many pints there are in a bushel, the facetious young student had scrawled these four lines of schoolboy doggerel:

Abraham Lincoln,
His hand and pen,
He will be good,
But God knows when.

On another page were found, in his own hand, a few lines which it is also said he composed. Nothing indicates that they were borrowed, and I have always, therefore, believed that they were original with him. Although a little irregular in metre, the sentiment would, I think, do credit to an older head:

Time, what an empty vapor 'tis,
And days how swift they are :
Swift as an Indian arrow—
Fly on like a shooting star.
The present moment just is here,
Then slides away in haste,
That we can never say they're ours,
But only say they're past.

His penmanship, after some practice, became so regular in form that it excited the admiration of other and younger boys. One of the latter, Joseph C. Richardson, said that "Abe Lincoln was the best penman in the neighborhood." At Richardson's request he made some copies for practice. During my visit to Indiana I met Richardson, who showed these two lines, which Abe had prepared for him:

Good boys who to their books apply
Will all be great men by and by.

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. I, page 37.

Writes and "Preaches" Against Cruelty to Animals

While in Crawford's school, the lad made his first essay in writing compositions. The exercise was not required by the teacher, but "he took it up on his own account," as Nat Grigsby has said. He first wrote short sentences against "cruelty to animals," and at last came forward with a regular composition on the subject. He was very much annoyed and pained by the conduct of the boys, who were in the habit of catching terrapins and putting coals of fire on their backs. "He would chide us," says Nat, "tell us it was wrong, and would write against it." . . . .

One day his stepbrother, John Johnston, "caught a terrapin, and brought it to the place where Abe was 'preaching,' threw it against the tree, and crushed the shell. It suffered much, quivered all over. Abe then preached against cruelty to animals, contending that an ant's life was as sweet to it as ours to us."

Nat Grigsby and Matilda Johnston, as quoted by F. F. Browne, *The Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln*, pages 65 and 72.

"Abe Was a 'Mother's Boy'"

As far as food and clothing were concerned, the boy had plenty —"such as it was—corn dodgers, bacon, and game, some fish and

wild fruits. . . . We had very little wheat flour. The nearest mill was eighteen miles. A boss mill it was, with a plug [old horse] pullin' a beam around; and Abe used to say his dog could stand and eat the flour as fast as it was made, and then be ready for supper. For clothing he had jeans. He was grown before he wore all-wool pants. It was a new country, and he was a raw boy, rather a bright and likely lad; but the big world seemed far ahead of him. We were all slow-goin' folks. But he had the stuff of greatness in him. He got his rare sense and sterling principles from both parents. . . . But Abe's kindliness, humor, love of humanity, hatred of slavery, all came from his mother. I am free to say Abe was a 'mother's boy.'"

Dennis Hanks, as quoted by F. F. Browne, *The Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln*, page 54.

"The Best Boy I Ever Saw"

His voracity for anything printed was insatiable. He would sit in the twilight and read a dictionary as long as he could see. He used to go to David Turnham's, the town constable, and devour the "Revised Statutes of Indiana," as boys in our day do the "Three Guardsmen." Of the books he did not own he took voluminous notes, filling his copy-book with choice extracts, and poring over them until they were fixed in his memory. . . . . He wrought his appointed tasks ungrudgingly, though without enthusiasm, but when his employer's day was over, his own began.

John Hanks says: "When Abe and I returned to the house from work he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn-bread, take down a book, sit down, cock his legs up as high as his head, and read." The picture may be lacking in grace, but its truthfulness is beyond question. The habit remained with him always. Some of his greatest work in later years was done in this grotesque Western fashion,—"sitting on his shoulder-blades." . . . .

Mrs. Lincoln, not long before her death, gave striking testimony of his winning and loyal character. She said to Mr. Herndon: "I can say, what scarcely one mother in a thousand can say, Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused in fact or appearance to do anything I asked him. His mind and mine—what little I had—seemed to run together. . . . . I had a son John, who was raised with Abe. Both were good boys, but I must

say, both now being dead, that Abe was the best boy I ever saw or expect to see."

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. I, page 35.

How, What and When He Read

With all his hard living and hard work, Lincoln was getting, in this period, a desultory kind of education. Not that he received much schooling. He went to school "by littles," he says; "in all it did not amount to more than a year." And, if we accept his own description of the teachers, it was, perhaps, just as well that it was only "by littles." No qualification was required of a teacher beyond "readin', writin', and ciphering to the rule of three." If a straggler supposed to know Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a "wizard." But more or less of a schoolroom is a matter of small importance if a boy has learned to read and to think of what he reads. And that, this boy had learned. His stock of books was small, but he knew them thoroughly, and they were good books to know: the Bible, "Æsop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," a "History of the United States," Weems's "Life of Washington," and the "Statutes of Indiana." . . . .

Besides these books he borrowed many others. He once told a friend that he "read through every book he had ever heard of in that country, for a circuit of fifty miles." From everything he read he made long extracts, with his turkey-buzzard pen and briar-root ink. When he had no paper he would write on a board, and thus preserve his selections until he secured a copybook. The wooden fire-shovel was his usual slate, and on its back he ciphered with a charred stick, shaving it off when it became too grimy for use. The logs and boards in his vicinity he covered with his figures and quotations. By night he read and worked as long as there was light, and he kept a book in a crack of the logs in his loft, to have it at hand at peep of day. When acting as ferryman on the Ohio, in his nineteenth year, anxious, no doubt, to get through the books of the house where he boarded, before he left the place, he read every night until midnight.

Every lull in his daily labor he used for reading, rarely going to his work without a book. When ploughing or cultivating the rough

fields of Spencer County, he found frequently a half hour for reading, for at the end of every long row the horse was allowed to rest, and Lincoln had his book out and was perched on stump or fence, almost as soon as the plough had come to a standstill. One of the few people still left in Gentryville, who remembers Lincoln, Captain John Lamar, tells to this day of riding to mill with his father, and seeing, as they drove along, a boy sitting on the top rail of an old-fashioned stake-and-rider or worm fence, reading so intently that he did not notice their approach. His father turning to him, said: "John, look at that boy yonder, and mark my words, he will make a smart man out of himself. I may not see it, but you'll see if my words don't come true." "That boy was Abraham Lincoln," adds Mr. Lamar impressively.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 29.

Lincoln Tells of His First Love Story

"Did you ever write out a story in your mind? I did when I was a little codger. One day a wagon with a lady and two girls and a man broke down near us, and while they were fixing up, they cooked in our kitchen. The woman had books and read us stories, and they were the first of the kind I ever had heard. I took a great fancy to one of the girls; and when they were gone I thought of her a great deal, and one day when I was sitting out in the sun by the house I wrote out a story in my mind. I thought I took my father's horse and followed the wagon, and finally I found it, and they were surprised to see me. I talked with the girl and persuaded her to elope with me; and that night I put her on my horse, and we started off across the prairie. After several hours we came to a camp; and when we rode up we found it was the one we left a few hours before, and we went in. The next night we tried again, and the same thing happened—the horse came back to the same place; and then we concluded that we ought not to elope. I stayed until I had persuaded her father to give her to me. I always meant to write that story out and publish it, and I began once; but I concluded it was not much of a story. But I think that was the beginning of love with me."

From an old Scrap-book.

Pioneer Superstitions

The minds of these people were filled with superstition. . . . If a dog ran directly across a man's path while he was hunting, it was terrible "luck," unless he hooked his two little fingers together, and pulled with all his might, until the dog was out of sight. There were wizards who took charmed twigs in their hands, and made them point to springs of water, and all kinds of treasure, beneath the earth's surface. There were "faith doctors," who cured diseases by performing mysterious ceremonies and muttering cabalistic words. If a bird alighted in a window, one of the family would speedily die. If a horse breathed on a child, the child would have the whooping-cough. Everything must be done at certain times and seasons, else it would be attended with "bad luck." They must cut trees for rails in the early part of the day, and in "the light of the moon;" otherwise the fence would sink. Potatoes and other roots were to be planted in the "dark of the moon," but trees and plants which bore their fruits above ground, must be "put out in the light of the moon." . . . . It was even required to make soap "in the light of the moon," and, moreover, it must be stirred only one way, and by one person. Nothing of importance was to be begun on Friday . . . . and animals treated otherwise than "according to the signs in the almanac" were nearly sure to die.

Such were the people among whom Abe grew to manhood.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 44.

How He Came to Own Weems's "Washington"

Among those whom Lincoln served in Indiana as "hired boy" was Josiah Crawford, a well-to-do farmer living near Gentryville. Mr. Crawford owned a copy of Weems's "Life of Washington," a precious book in those days, and Lincoln borrowed it to read. "Late in the night, before going to bed, he placed the borrowed book in his only bookcase, the opening between two logs of the walls of the cabin, and retired to dream of its contents. During the night it rained; the water dripping over the 'mud-daubing' on to the book, stained the leaves and warped the binding. Abe valued the book in proportion to the interest he had in the hero, and felt that the owner must value it beyond his ability to pay.

It was with the greatest trepidation he took the book home and told the story, and asked how he might hope to make restitution. Mr. Crawford answered: 'Being as it is you, Abe, I won't be hard on you. Come over and shuck corn three days, and the book is yours.' Shuck corn three days and receive a hero's life! He felt that the owner was giving him a magnificent present. After reading the book he used to tell the Crawfords: 'I do not always intend to delve, grub, shuck corn, split rails, and the like.' His whole mind was devoted to books, and he declared he was 'going to fit himself for a profession.' These declarations were often made to Mrs. Crawford, who took almost a mother's interest in him, and she would ask: 'What do you want to be now?' His answer was invariably: 'I'll be President.' As he was generally playing a joke on someone, she would answer: 'You'd make a purty President with all your tricks and jokes, now, wouldn't you?' He would then declare: 'Oh, I'll study and get ready, and then the chance will come.'"



JOSIAH CRAWFORD
("Old Blue-Nose")
With whom Abe and his sister lived as hired man and maid-of-all-work.

"A Hoosier" in *The Early Life of Abraham Lincoln*, Ida M. Tarbell, page 62.

"Bounding" an Idea—"North, South, East and West"

All of his comrades remembered his stories and his clearness in argument. "When he appeared in company," says Nat Grigsby, "the boys would gather and cluster around him to hear him talk. Mr. Lincoln was figurative in his speech, talks and conversation. He argued much from analogy, and explained things hard for us to understand, by stories, maxims, tales and figures. He would almost always point his lesson or idea by some story that was plain and near us, that we might instantly see the force and bearing of what he said." This ability to explain clearly and to illustrate by simple figures of speech must be counted as the great mental acquirement of Lincoln's boyhood. It was a power which he gained by hard labor. Years later he related his experience to an acquaintance who had been surprised by the lucidity and simplicity of his speeches and who had asked where he was educated.

"I never went to school more than six months in my life," he said, "but I can say this: that among my earliest recollections I remember how, when a mere child, I used to get irritated when anybody talked to me in a way I could not understand. I do not think I ever got angry at anything else in my life; but that always disturbed my temper; and has ever since. I can remember going to my little bedroom, after hearing the neighbors talk of an evening with my father, and spending no small part of the night walking up and down and trying to make out what was the exact meaning of some of their, to me, dark sayings.

"I could not sleep, although I tried to, when I got on such a hunt for an idea until I had caught it; and when I thought I had got it, I was not satisfied until I had repeated it over and over; until I had put it in language plain enough, as I thought, for any boy I knew to comprehend. This was a kind of passion with me, and it has stuck by me; for I am never easy now, when I am handling a thought, till I have bounded it north, and bounded it south, and bounded it east, and bounded it west."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 43.

Knocked Down for Being "Forward"

Thomas Lincoln loved his children, but he had a Spartan way of concealing the fact—especially toward his son. He considered the time wasted that Abe spent in study. It was a sign of "laziness." It was through the stepmother's influence with his father that Abe was permitted to read as much as he did. The boy had such a thirst for knowledge that it is doubtful if his father could have prevented Abe's reading if he had tried harder to stop it.

Though bashful with women, Abraham was free and easy with those of his own sex. Dennis Hanks tells that Abe was always ready with an answer, whether addressed or not. Sometimes he would engage in long discussions with passing strangers. His father had doubtless heard of his wasting his employers' time and hindering the other help by telling stories and making speeches. Thomas Lincoln naturally felt called upon to discourage this "forward" spirit, for Dennis relates that his father once knocked Abe down off the fence which he had mounted to answer the question

of a passer-by. Thomas Lincoln did not live to see his son achieve much more than local renown.

Part of a Clipping from a Scrap-book.

Sports and Amusements

Of course the boys hunted. Not that Abraham ever became a true sportsman; indeed, he seems to have lacked the genuine sporting instinct. In a curious autobiography, written entirely in the third person, which Mr. Lincoln prepared at the request of a friend in 1860, he says of his exploits as a hunter:

"A few days before the completion of his eighth year, in the absence of his father, a flock of wild turkeys approached the new log cabin; and Abraham, with a rifle gun, standing inside, shot through a crack and killed one of them. He has never since pulled the trigger on any larger game." . . . . . .

But there were many other country sports which he enjoyed to the full. He went swimming in the evenings, fished with the other boys in Pigeon Creek, and caught chubs and suckers enough to delight any boy; he wrestled and jumped and ran races at the noon rests. He was present at every country horse-race and fox-chase. The sports he preferred were those that brought men together: the spelling-school, the husking-bee, the "raising;" and of all these he was the life by his wit, his stories, his good nature, his doggerel verses, his practical jokes, and by a rough kind of politeness. . . . Mrs. Crawford, at whose home he worked some time, declared that he always lifted his hat and bowed when he made his appearance.

There was, of course, a rough gallantry among the young people; and Lincoln's old friends in Indiana have left many tales of how he "went to see the girls," of how he brought in the biggest backlog and made the brightest fire; then of how the young people, sitting around it, watching the way the sparks flew, told their fortunes. He helped pare apples, shell corn, and crack nuts. He took the girls to meeting and to spelling-school, though he was not often allowed to take part in the spelling match, for the one who "chose first" always chose "Abe Lincoln," and that was equivalent to winning, as the others knew that "he would stand up the longest."

The Early Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, page 89.

An Interrupted Sentence

No feature of his backwoods life pleased Abe so well as going to mill. It released him from a day's work in the woods, besides affording him a much desired opportunity to watch the movement of the mill's primitive and cumbersome machinery. It was on many of these trips that David Turnham accompanied him. In later years Mr. Lincoln related the following reminiscence of his experience as a miller in Indiana. One day, taking a bag of corn, he mounted the old flea-bitten gray mare and rode leisurely to Gordon's mill. Arriving somewhat late, his turn did not come till almost sundown. In obedience to the usual custom requiring each man to furnish his own power he hitched the old mare to the arm, and as the animal moved around, the machinery responded with equal speed. Abe was mounted on the arm, and at frequent intervals made use of his whip to urge the animal on to better speed. With a careless "Get up, you old hussy," he applied the lash at each revolution of the arm. In the midst of the exclamation, or just as half of it had escaped through his teeth, the old jade, resenting the continued use of the goad, elevated her shoeless hoof and, striking the young engineer in the forehead, sent him sprawling to the earth. Miller Gordon hurried in, picked up the bleeding, senseless boy, whom he took for dead, and at once sent for his father. Old Thomas Lincoln came—came as soon as embodied listlessness could move—loaded the lifeless boy in a wagon and drove home. Abe lay unconscious all night, but towards break of day the attendants noticed signs of returning consciousness. The blood beginning to flow normally, his tongue struggled to loose itself, his frame jerked for an instant, and he awoke, blurting out the words, "*you old hussy!*" or the latter half of the sentence interrupted by the mare's heel at the mill.

Mr. Lincoln considered this one of the remarkable incidents of his life. He often referred to it, and we had many discussions in our law office over the psychological phenomena involved in the operation. Without expressing my own views I may say that his idea was that the latter half of the expression, "Get up, you old hussy," was cut off by a suspension of the normal flow of his mental energy, and that as soon as life's forces returned he unconsciously ended the sentence; or, as he in plainer figure put it: "Just

before I struck the old mare my will through the mind had set the muscles of my tongue to utter the expression, and when her heels came in contact with my head the whole thing stopped half-cocked, as it were, and was only fired off when mental energy or force returned."

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. I, page 50.

Influences and Impressions

The only outside influence which directed and stimulated him in these ambitions was that coming first from his mother, then from his stepmother. These two women, both of them of unusual earnestness and sweetness of spirit, were one or the other of them at his side throughout his youth and young manhood. The ideal they held before him was the simple ideal of the early American, that if a boy is upright and industrious he may aspire to any place within the gift of the country. The boy's instinct told him they were right. Everything he read confirmed their teachings, and he cultivated, in every way open to him, his passion to know and be something. His zeal in study, his ambition to excel made their impression on his acquaintances. Even then they pointed him out as a boy who would "make something" of himself. In 1865, thirty-five years after he left Gentryville, Wm. H. Herndon, for many years a law partner of Lincoln, anxious to save all that was known of Lincoln in Indiana, went among his old associates, and with a sincerity and thoroughness worthy of grateful respect, interviewed them. At that time there were still living numbers of the people with whom Lincoln had been brought up. They all remembered something of him. It is curious to note that all these people tell of his doing something different from what other boys did, something sufficiently superior to have made a keen impression upon them. In almost every case each person had his own special reason for admiring Lincoln. A facility in making rhymes and writing essays was the admiration of many, who considered it the more remarkable because "essays and poetry were not taught in school." . . . .

Many others were struck by the clever application he made of this gift for expression. At one period he was employed as a "hand" by a farmer who treated him unfairly. Lincoln took a revenge unheard of in Gentryville. He wrote doggerel rhymes about his employer's nose—a long and crooked feature about which

the owner was very sensitive. The wit he showed in taking revenge for a social slight by a satire on the Grigsbys, who had failed to invite him to a wedding, made a lasting impression in Gentryville. That he should write so well as to be able to humiliate his enemies more deeply than if he had resorted to the method of taking revenge current in the country, and thrashed them, seemed to his friends a mark of surprising superiority. . . . .

Very many of his old neighbors recalled his reading habits and how well stored his mind was with information. His explanations of natural phenomena were so familiar to his companions that he sometimes was jeered at for them, though as a rule his listeners were sympathetic, taking a certain pride in the fact that one of their number knew as much as Lincoln did. "He was better read than the world knows or is likely to know exactly," said one old acquaintance. "He often and often commented or talked to me about what he had read—seemed to read it out of the book as he went along—did so with others. He was the learned boy among us unlearned folks. He took great pains to explain; could do it so simply. He was diffident, then, too."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 40.

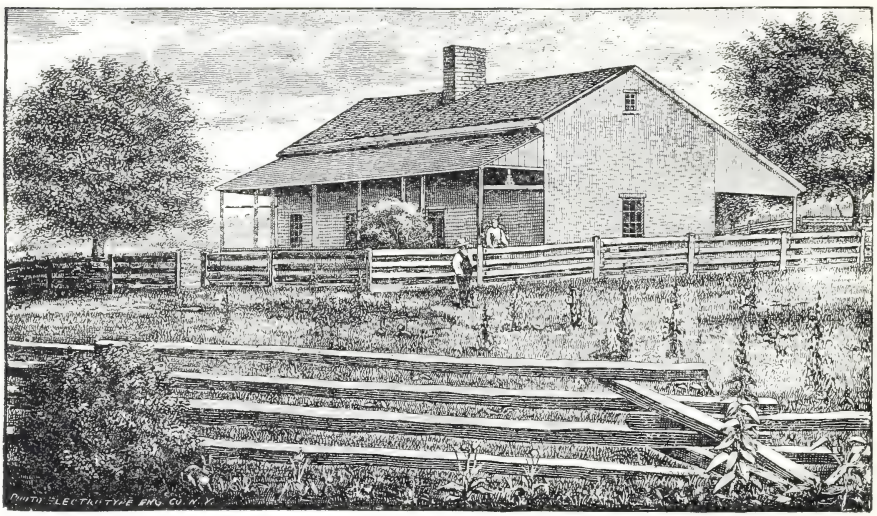
Hired Man Where His Sister Was Maid-of-All-Work

The Crawford family was rich in the possession of several books, which Abe read through time and again, according to his usual custom. One of them was the "Kentucky Preceptor," from which Mrs. Crawford insists that he "learned his school orations, speeches, and pieces to write." She tells us also that "Abe was a sensitive lad, never coming where he was not wanted;" . . . . . and that "he was tender and kind," like his sister, who was at the same time her maid-of-all-work. . . . .

It is likely that Abe was reconciled to his situation in this family by the presence of his sister, and the opportunity it gave him of being in the company of Mrs. Crawford, for whom he had a genuine attachment. . . . . After meals he "hung about," lingered long to gossip and joke with the women; and these pleasant, stolen confidences were generally broken up with the exclamation, "Well, this won't buy the child a coat!" and the long-legged hired boy would stride away to join his master.

In the meantime Abe had become, not only the longest, but

the strongest, man in the settlement. Some of his feats almost surpass belief, and those who beheld them with their own eyes stood literally amazed. Richardson, a neighbor, declares that he could carry a load to which the strength of "three ordinary men" would scarcely be equal. He saw him quietly pick up and walk away with "a chicken house, made up of poles pinned together, and covered, that weighed at least six hundred, if not much more." At another time the Richardsons were building a corn-crib; Abe was there, and, seeing three or four men preparing "sticks" upon which to carry some huge posts, he relieved them of all further trouble by



THE CRAWFORD FARM-HOUSE

Abe did not like Josiah Crawford, ("Old Blue Nose,") but he "was reconciled to his situation in this family by the presence of his sister."

shouldering the posts, single-handed, and walking away with them to the place where they were wanted. "He could strike with a maul," says old Mr. Wood, "a heavier blow than any man. . . . He could sink an ax deeper into wood than any man I ever saw."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 50.

From Ferryman to Butcher

In 1825 Abraham was employed by James Taylor, who lived at the mouth of Anderson's Creek. He was paid six dollars a month,

and remained for nine months. His principal business was the management of a ferry-boat which Mr. Taylor had plying across the Ohio, as well as Anderson's Creek. But, in addition to this, he was required to do all sorts of farm-work, and even to perform some menial services about the house. He was hostler, ploughman and ferryman out of doors, and man-of-all-work within doors. He ground corn with a hand-mill, or "grated" it when too young to be ground; rose early, built fires, put on the water in the kitchen, "fixed around generally," and had things prepared for cooking before the mistress of the house was stirring. He slept upstairs with young Green Taylor, who says that he usually read "till near midnight," notwithstanding the necessity for being out of his bed before day. Green was somewhat disposed to ill-use the poor hired boy, and once struck him with an ear of hard corn, and cut a deep gash over his eye. He makes no comment upon this ungenerous act, except that "Abe got mad," but did not thrash him.

Abe was a hand much in demand in "hog-killing time."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 49.

One day, on being asked to kill a hog, he replied like the Irishman with the violin, "that he had never done it, but he would try."

"If you will risk the hog," he said, "I will risk myself!"

Becoming hog-slaughterer added this branch occupation to the many of "the man-of-all-work." Taylor sub-let him out in this capacity for thirty cents a day, saying:

"Abe will do one thing about as well as another."

The Lincoln Story Book, Henry L. Williams, page 12.

A Feat of Mercy and Strength

John Baldwin, the blacksmith, was one of Abe's special friends from his boyhood onward. Baldwin was a story-teller and a joker of rare accomplishments; and Abe, when a . . . . little fellow, would slip off to his shop and sit and listen to him by the hour. As he grew up, the practice continued as of old, except that Abe soon began to exchange anecdotes with his clever friend at the anvil. Dennis Hanks says Baldwin was his "*particular* friend," and that "Abe spent a great deal of his leisure time with him." Statesmen, plenipotentiaries, famous commanders, have many times made the White House at Washington ring with their laughter over the quaint

tales of John Baldwin, the blacksmith, delivered second-hand by his inimitable friend Lincoln.

Abe and Dave Turnham had one day been threshing wheat,—probably for Turnham's father,—and concluded to spend the evening at Gentryville. They lingered there until late in the night, when, wending their way along the road toward Lincoln's cabin, they espied something resembling a man lying dead or insensible by the side of a mud-puddle. They rolled the sleeper over, and found in him an old and quite respectable acquaintance, hopelessly drunk. All efforts failed to rouse him to any exertion on his own behalf. Abe's companions were disposed to let him lie in the bed he had made for himself; but, as the night was cold and dreary, he must have frozen to death had this inhuman proposition been equally agreeable to everybody present. To Abe it seemed utterly monstrous; and, seeing he was to have no help, he bent his mighty frame, and, taking the big man in his long arms, carried him a great distance to Dennis Hanks's cabin. There he built a fire, warmed, rubbed, and nursed him through the entire night,—his companions of the road having left him alone in his merciful task. The man often told John Hanks that it was "mighty clever in Abe to tote me to a warm fire that cold night," and was very sure that Abe's strength and benevolence had saved his life.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 57.

How the Lad Worked and Studied

It will always be a matter of wonder. . . . that, from such restricted and unpromising opportunities in early life, Mr. Lincoln grew into the great man he was. The foundation of his education was laid in Indiana . . . [where] he gave evidence of a nature and characteristics that distinguished him from every associate and surrounding he had. He was not peculiar or eccentric, and yet a shrewd observer would have seen that he was decidedly unique and original. Although imbued with a marked dislike for manual labor, it cannot be truthfully said of him that he was indolent. From a mental standpoint he was one of the most energetic young men of his day. He dwelt altogether in the land of thought. His deep meditation and abstraction easily induced the belief among his horny-handed companions that he was lazy. In fact, a neighbor, John Romine, makes that charge.

"He worked for me," testifies the latter, "but was always reading and thinking. I used to get mad at him for it. I say he was awful lazy. He would laugh and talk—crack his jokes and tell stories all the time; didn't love work half as much as his pay. He said to me one day that his father taught him to work; but he never taught him to love it."

His chief delight during the day, if unmolested, was to lie down under the shade of some inviting tree to read and study. At night,



Lying on his stomach in front of the open fireplace.

lying on his stomach in front of the open fireplace, with a piece of charcoal he would cipher on a broad wooden shovel. When the latter was covered over on both sides he would take his father's drawing-knife or plane and shave it off clean, ready for a fresh supply of inscriptions the next day. He often moved about the cabin with a piece of chalk, writing and ciphering on boards and the flat sides

of hewn logs. When every bare wooden surface had been filled with his letters and ciphers he would erase them and begin anew. Thus it was always; and the boy whom dull old Thomas Lincoln and rustic John Romine conceived to be lazy was in reality the most tireless worker in all the region around Gentryville. His stepmother told me he devoured everything in the book line within his reach. If in his reading he came across anything that pleased his fancy, he entered it down in a copy-book—a sort of repository in which he was wont to store everything worthy of preservation.

"Frequently," relates his stepmother, "he had no paper to write his pieces down on. Then he would put them in chalk on a board or plank, sometimes only making a few signs of what he intended to write. When he got paper he would copy them, always bringing them to me and reading them. He would ask my opinion to what he had read, and often explained things to me in his plain language."

He kept the Bible and "Æsop's Fables" always within reach, and read them over and over again. These two volumes furnished him with the many figures of speech and parables which he used with such happy effect in his later and public utterances. . . . .

No one had a more retentive memory. If he read or heard a good thing it never escaped him. His powers of concentration were intense. . . . His thoughtful and investigating mind dug down after ideas, and never stopped till bottom facts were reached. With such a mental equipment the day was destined to come when the world would need the services of his intellect and heart. That he was equal to the great task when the demand came is but another striking proof of the grandeur of his character.

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. I, page 38.

President Lincoln's Story of His First Dollar

NOTE.—This oft-told story can not be exactly as Lincoln related it, for the family never raised produce enough to take down the river to sell.—W. W.

"Seward," he said, "did you ever hear how I earned my first dollar?"

"No," I replied.

"Well," replied he, "I was about eighteen years of age, and belonged, as you know, to what they called down South the 'scrubs'; people who do not own land and slaves, and are nobody there; but we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce,

as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell. After much persuasion I had got the consent of my mother to go, and had constructed a flatboat large enough to take the few barrels of things we had gathered to New Orleans. A steamer was going down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the western streams, and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings they were to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping, and taking them on board. I was contemplating my new boat, and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any part, when two men with trunks came down to the shore in carriages, and looking at the different boats, singled out mine, and asked, 'Who owns this?' I answered modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something, and supposed that both of them would give me a couple of 'bits.' The trunks were put in my boat, the passengers seated themselves on them, and I sculled them out to the steamer. They got on board, and I lifted the trunks and put them on the deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out, 'You have forgotten to pay me.' Each of them took from his pocket a silver half-dollar and threw it on the bottom of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. You may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me like a trifle, but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, the poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day: that by honest work I had earned a dollar. I was a more hopeful and thoughtful boy from that time."

Abraham Lincoln, His Life and Public Services, Mrs. P. A. Hanaford, page 156.

Early Death of Lincoln's Sister

Abraham's sister Nancy, or Sarah, as she was sometimes called, was warmly attached to her brother. "It is said that her face somewhat resembled his. In repose it had the gravity which they both, perhaps, inherited from their mother, but it was capable of being lighted almost into beauty by one of Abe's ridiculous stories or rapturous sallies of humor. She was a modest, plain, industrious girl, and is kindly remembered by all who knew her. She was married to Aaron Grigsby at eighteen, and died a year after. Like Abe, she occasionally worked out at the houses of the

neighbors. She lies buried, not with her mother, but in the yard of the old Pigeon Creek Meeting-house."

The Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln, F. F. Browne, page 71.

Once When Abe Didn't Allow Fair Play

One quarrel, however, waxed so hot that, by common consent, nothing would cool the fevered situation but blood-letting. And this is how it happened. Abraham's only sister had died shortly after marriage to Aaron Grigsby. Thereupon arose between the Grigsbys and the Lincolns a feeling of ill-will, the cause of which is not clear, nor is it material now. It was important enough then to result in the exclusion of the tall young brother-in-law from the joint wedding celebration of Aaron's two brothers—a memorable entertainment, full to overflowing with feasting, dancing, and merry-making. Such a frolic was not to be had every day, and Abraham's regret that he was not present to lead the fun, as was his wont, must have been keen. The slight vexed him even more than did the disappointment, for the Grigsbys constituted "the leading family" in the community. To punish them, he forthwith wrote "The First Chronicles of Reuben," a narration in mock-scriptural phrase, of an indelicate prank that is said to have been played upon the young wedded couples, at his instigation. The public ridicule which this brought down upon the family failed to appease the satirist's wounded self-love; and he followed it, in rhyme, with an onslaught even more stinging. The outraged honor of the Grigsbys demanded satisfaction according to the Pigeon Creek code; so the eldest son, William, throwing discretion to the winds, issued a challenge for a fight, which their tormentor readily accepted.

When the combatants were about to enter the ring, Abraham chivalrously announced that as his antagonist was confessedly his inferior in every respect, he would forego the pleasure of thrashing him, and would let his stepbrother, John, do battle in his stead. This offer, having, together with other magnanimous declarations, been applauded by the spectators, was accepted by Grigsby. The fight then began; but, alas! for Abraham's good resolutions. They were not proof against his champion's defeat. By a singular co-incidence, moreover, Lincoln's biographers, as well as he, deviate just a trifle, at this point, from the straight course, that is to say, all of them save Mr. Lamon, who sticks to his text, and, in the face of

popular disapproval, describes the unworthy scene which ensued. "John started out with fine pluck and spirit," says he, "but in a little while Billy got in some clever hits, and Abe began to exhibit symptoms of great uneasiness. Another pass or two, and John flagged quite decidedly, and it became evident that Abe was anxiously casting about for some pretext to break the ring. At length, when John was fairly down and Billy on top, and all the spectators cheering, swearing, and pressing up to the very edge of the ring, Abe cried out that Bill Boland showed foul play, and bursting out of the crowd, seized Grigsby by the heels, and flung him off. Having righted John and cleared the battle-ground of all opponents, he swung a whiskey bottle over his head, and swore that he was 'the big buck of the lick.' It seems that nobody of the Grigsby faction, not one in that large assembly of bullies, cared to encounter the sweep of Abe's tremendously long and muscular arms, and so he remained master of 'the lick.' He was not content, however, with a naked triumph, but vaunted himself in the most offensive manner. He singled out the victorious but cheated Billy and, making sundry hostile demonstrations, declared that he could whip him then and there. Billy meekly said he did not doubt that, but that if Abe would make things even between them by fighting with pistols, he would not be slow to grant him a meeting. But Abe replied that he was not going to fool away his life on a single shot; and so Billy was fain to put up with the poor satisfaction he had already received." The question naturally suggested, as to whether Abraham was justified in his behavior, may be disregarded here. Not so the account of the incident itself, which, irrespective of ethics or good taste, is essential to an understanding of what may be termed the aggressive side of his character, during these formative days.

Lincoln, Master of Men, Alonzo Rothschild, page 15.

In Jones's Grocery Store and on the Stump

No newspaper ever escaped him. One man in Gentryville, Mr. Jones, the storekeeper, took a Louisville paper, and here Lincoln went regularly to read and discuss its contents. All the men and boys of the neighborhood gathered there, and everything which the paper related was subjected to their keen, shrewd common sense. It was not long before young Lincoln became the favorite member of the group, the one listened to most respectfully. Politics were

warmly discussed by these Gentryville citizens, and it may be that sitting on the counter of Jones's grocery Lincoln even argued on slavery. It certainly was one of the live questions in Indiana at that date. . . . . .

Lincoln was not only winning in these days in the Jones grocery store a reputation as a talker and story-teller; he was becoming known as a backwoods orator. He could repeat with effect all the poems and speeches in his various school-readers, he could imitate to perfection the wandering preachers who came to Gentryville, and he could make a political speech so stirring that he drew a crowd about him every time he mounted a stump. The applause he won was sweet; and frequently he indulged his gifts when he ought to have been at work—so thought his employers and Thomas his father. It was trying, no doubt, to the hard-pushed farmers, to see the men who ought to have been cutting grass or chopping wood throw down their sickles or axes and group around a boy, whenever he mounted a stump to develop a pet theory or repeat with variations yesterday's sermon. In his fondness for speech-making he attended all the trials of the neighborhood, and frequently walked fifteen miles to Boonville to attend court.

He wrote as well as spoke, and some of his productions were even printed, through the influence of his admiring neighbors. Thus a local Baptist preacher was so struck with one of Abraham's essays on temperance that he sent it to Ohio, where it appeared in some paper. Another article, on "National Politics," so pleased a lawyer of the vicinity that he declared the "world couldn't beat it."

The Early Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, page 72.

A Murder-Case at Boonville

One day a man was on trial for murder, and had secured for his defense a lawyer of more than common ability named John Breckenridge. Abraham Lincoln had been exceedingly interested in the case from the beginning; but when the time came for the prisoner's counsel to speak in his defense, there was a surprise prepared for the young Gentryville debater. He had never, until that day, listened to a really good argument, delivered by a man of learning and eloquence, but he had prepared himself to know and profit by such an experience when it came to him. He listened as if he had him-

self been the prisoner whose life depended upon the success of Mr. Breckenridge in persuading the jury of his innocence. . . . .

Abraham Lincoln learned much from the great speech; but he had yet a deep and bitter lesson to receive that day. The lines of social caste were somewhat rigidly drawn at that time. A leading lawyer of good family like Mr. Breckenridge was a "gentleman," and a species of great man not to be carelessly addressed by half-clad boors from the new settlements.

Abe forgot all that; perhaps not knowing it very well. He could not repress his enthusiasm over that magnificent appeal to the judge and jury. The last sentence of the speech had hardly died away before he was pushing through the throng towards the gifted orator. Mr. Breckenridge was walking grandly out of the court-room, when there stood in his path a gigantic, solemn-visaged, beardless clodhopper, reaching out a long coatless arm, with an immense hard hand at the end of it, while an agitated voice expressed the heartiest commendation of the ability and eloquence of his plea for his client.

Breckenridge was a small-souled man in spite of his mental power and his training, for he did but glance in proud amazement at the shabby, presumptuous boy, and then pass stupidly on without speaking. He had imparted priceless instruction to a fellow who had yet but a faint perception of the artificial barriers before him.

The two met again, at the city of Washington, in the year 1862, under other circumstances, and then the President of the United States again complimented Mr. Breckenridge upon the excellence of his speech in the Indiana murder-case.

Abraham Lincoln: The True Story of a Great Life, William O. Stoddard, page 57.

"Tell Us How Many Short Breaths He Drew!"

There are many proofs that he was an authority on all subjects, even the country jockeys bringing him their stories and seeking to inspire his enthusiasm. Captain John Lamar, of Gentryville, who was a small boy in the neighborhood when Lincoln was a young man, is still fond of describing a scene he witnessed once, which shows with what care even the "heroes" of the country tried to impress young Lincoln. "Uncle Jimmy Larkins, as everybody called him," says Mr. Lamar, "was a great hero in my childish eyes. Why, I

cannot now say, without it was his manners. There had been a big fox-chase, and Uncle Jimmy was telling about it. Of course he was the hero. I was only a little shaver, and I stood in front of Uncle Jimmy, looking up into his eyes; but he never noticed me. He looked at Abraham Lincoln and said: 'Abe, I've got the best horse in the world; he won the race and never drew a long breath.' But Abe paid no attention to Uncle Jimmy, and I got mad at the big overgrown fellow, and wanted him to listen to my hero's story. Uncle Jimmy was determined that Abe should hear, and repeated the story. 'I say, Abe, I have got the best horse in the world; after all that running he never drew a long breath.' Then Abe, looking down at my little dancing hero, said:

" 'Well, Larkins, why don't you tell us how many *short* breaths he drew?' "

This raised a laugh on Uncle Jimmy, and he got mad, and declared he'd fight Abe if he wasn't so big. He jumped around until Abe quietly said:

" 'Now, Larkins, if you don't shut up I'll throw you in that water.' "

"I was very uneasy and angry at the way my hero was treated, but I lived to change my views about *heroes*."

The Early Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, page 85.

Abe Teaches Astronomy

Miss Roby, whom he had known at Crawford's school, and through whom he had saved the spelling-class from disaster, was deeply interested. . . . .

"Abe," she said, late one afternoon, "the sun's going down."

"Reckon not," said Abe. "We're coming up, that's all."

"Don't you s'pose I've got eyes?"

"Reckon so; but it's the earth that goes round. The sun keeps as still as a tree. When we're swung around so we can't see him any more, all the shine's cut off and we call it night?"

"Abe, what a fool you are!"

It was all in vain to explain the matter any further. The science of astronomy had not been taught at Crawford's, and was not at all popular in Indiana. Whatever sprinkling of it Abe had found among his books, there was no use in trying to spread its

wild vagaries along the banks of the Ohio River. He knew altogether too much for his time.

Abraham Lincoln: The True Story of a Great Life, William O. Stoddard, page 61

How They Were "Treated" at Church

Mrs. Elizabeth Crawford, a neighbor of the Lincolns, tells how they used to go to meeting: "At that time we thought it nothing to go eight or ten miles. The old ladies did not stop for the want of a shawl, or riding-dress, or two horses in the winter-time; but they would put on their husbands' old overcoats, wrap up their little ones, and take one or two of them on their beasts, while their husbands would walk. . . . .

"In winter-time they would hold church in some of the neighbors' houses. At such times they were always treated with the utmost kindness; a bottle of whiskey, a pitcher of water, sugar and a glass were set out, or a basket of apples, or turnips. . . . . Apples were scarce them times. Sometimes potatoes were used for a 'treat.' . . . . In old Mr. Linkhern's (Lincoln's) house a plate of potatoes, washed and pared nicely, was handed round."

Abraham Lincoln, the Backwoods Boy, Horatio Alger, Jr., page 47.

The Little Yellow Dog Masquerades as a Coon

Mr. Lincoln used to relate the following "coon" story: His father had at home a little yellow house-dog, which invariably gave the alarm if the boys undertook to slip away unobserved after night had set in—as they oftentimes did—to go coon hunting. One evening Abe and his stepbrother, John Johnston, with the usual complement of boys required in a successful coon hunt, took the insignificant little cur with them. They located the coveted coon, killed him, and then, in a sportive vein, sewed the hide on the diminutive yellow dog. The latter struggled vigorously during the operation of sewing on, and, being released from the hands of his captors, made a bee-line for home. Some larger and more important canines on the way, scenting coon, tracked the little animal home, and, possibly mistaking him for real coon, speedily demolished him. The next morning old Thomas Lincoln discovered lying in his yard the lifeless remains of yellow "Joe," with a strong proof of coon-skin accompaniment.

"Father was much incensed at his death," observed Mr. Lin-

coln in relating the story, "but as John and I, scantily protected from the morning wind, stood shivering in the doorway, we felt assured that little yellow Joe would never be able again to sound the alarm of another coon hunt."

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. I, page 19. (Foot-note.)

"Tell the Whole Truth, 'Tilda"

While still living near Gentryville, one morning when Lincoln was going to work in the woods, with his ax over his shoulder, his stepsister, Matilda Johnston, who had been forbidden by her mother to follow him, slyly, and unknown to her mother, crept out of the house and ran after him. Lincoln was already quite a long distance from the house, among the trees, following a deer path, and whistling as he walked along.

He, of course, did not know the girl was coming after him, and Matilda ran so softly that she made no noise to attract his attention. When she came up close behind him she made a quick spring and jumped upon his shoulders, holding on with both hands and pressing her knees into his back, thus pulling him quickly down to the ground. In falling, the sharp ax which Lincoln was carrying fell also and cut her ankle very badly; as the blood ran out the mischievous Matilda screamed with pain; Lincoln at once tore off some cloth to stop the blood from flowing, and bound up the wound as well as he could. Then taking a long breath, he said:

"'Tilda, I am astonished. How could you disobey mother so?"

'Tilda only cried in reply, and Lincoln continued: "What are you going to tell mother about getting hurt?"

"Tell her I did it with the ax," she sobbed. "That will be the truth, won't it?" To which Lincoln replied manfully:

"Yes, that's the truth; but it's not *all* the truth. You tell the whole truth, 'Tilda, and trust your good mother for the rest."

So 'Tilda went limping home and told her mother all the truth; and the good woman felt so sorry for her that she did not even scold her.

Lincoln in Story, Silas G. Pratt, page 11.

Bow-Hand on a Flatboat—Abe's First Trip to New Orleans

Abe had long since given up the idea of earning a living behind the counter of Jones's store, or any other that he knew of. He was

under bonds to his father, but he made an attempt to obtain employment as a boat-hand on the river. His age was against him in his first effort, but his opportunity was coming to him. In the month of March, 1828, he hired himself to Mr. Gentry, the great man of Gentryville. His duties were to be mainly performed at Gentry's Landing, near Rockport, on the Ohio River. There was a great enterprise on foot, or rather in the water, at Gentry's Landing, for a flatboat belonging to the proprietor was loading with bacon and other produce for a trading trip down the Mississippi to New Orleans. She was to be under the command of young Allen Gentry, but would never return to the Ohio, for flatboats are built to go down with the stream and not for pulling against it. . . . .

The flatboat was cast loose from her moorings in April, and swept away down the river, with Abraham Lincoln as manager of the forward oar. No such craft ever had a longer or stronger pair of arms pledged to keep her blunt nose well directed. . . . .

At the plantation of Madame Duchesne, six miles below Baton Rouge, the flatboat was moored for the night against the landing, and the keepers were sound asleep in their little kennel of a cabin. They slept until the sound of stealthy footsteps on the deck aroused Allen Gentry, and he sprang to his feet. There could be no doubt as to the cause of the disturbance. A gang of negroes had boarded the boat for plunder, and they would think lightly enough, now they were discovered, of knocking the two traders on the head and throwing them into the river.

"Bring the guns, Abe!" shouted Allen. "Shoot them!"

The intruders were not to be scared away by even so alarming an outcry; and in an instant more Abe was among them, not with a gun but with a serviceable club. They fought well, and one of them gave their tall enemy a wound, the scar of which he carried with him to his grave; but his strength and agility were too much for them. He beat them all off the boat, not killing any one man, but convincing the entire party that they had boarded the wrong "broad-horn."

The trip lasted about three months, going and coming, and in June the two adventurers were at home again, well satisfied with their success.

Abraham Lincoln: The True Story of a Great Life, William O. Stoddard, page 60.

CHAPTER IV

Removal to Illinois

Starting for Illinois

The next autumn, John Hanks, the steadiest and most trustworthy of his family, went to Illinois. Though an illiterate and rather dull man, he had a good deal of solidity of character and consequently some influence and consideration in the household. He settled in Macon County, and was so well pleased with the country, and especially with its admirable distribution into prairie and timber, that he sent repeated messages to his friends in Indiana to come out and join him. Thomas Lincoln was always ready to move. He had probably by this time despaired of ever owning any unencumbered real estate in Indiana, and the younger members of the family had little to bind them to the place where they saw nothing in the future but hard work and poor living. Thomas Lincoln handed over his farm to Mr. Gentry, sold his crop of corn and hogs, packed his household goods and those of his children and sons-in-law into a single wagon, drawn by two yoke of oxen, the combined wealth of himself and Dennis Hanks, and started for the new State. His daughter Sarah, or Nancy, for she was called by both names, who married Aaron Grigsby a few years before, had died in childbirth. The emigrating family consisted of the Lincolns, John Johnston, Mrs. Lincoln's son, and her daughters, Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Hanks, with their husbands.



JOHN HANKS
The steadiest and most trustworthy of his family.

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. I, page 45.

As a Traveling Peddler

Abe drove one of the teams, he tells us, and, according to a story current in Gentryville, he succeeded in doing a fair peddler's business on the route. Captain William Jones, in whose father's store Lincoln had spent so many hours in discussion and in story-telling, and for whom he had worked the last winter in Indiana, says that before leaving the State Abraham invested all his money, some thirty-odd dollars, in notions. Though all the country through which they expected to pass was but sparsely settled, he believed he could dispose of them. "A set of knives and forks was the largest item entered on the bill," says Captain Jones; "the other items were needles, pins, thread, buttons, and other little domestic necessities. When the Lincolns reached their new home near Decatur, Illinois, Abraham wrote back to my father, stating that he had doubled his money on his purchases by selling them along the road. Unfortunately we did not keep that letter, not thinking how highly we would have prized it in years afterwards."

The pioneers were a fortnight on their journey. All we know of the route they took is from a few chance remarks of Lincoln's to his friends to the effect that they passed through Vincennes, where he saw a printing-press for the first time, and through Palestine, where he saw a juggler performing sleight-of-hand tricks. They reached Macon County, their new home, from the south. Mr. H. C. Whitney says that once in Decatur, when he and Lincoln were passing the court-house together, "Lincoln walked out a few feet in front, and, after shifting his position two or three times, said, partly to himself and partly to me, as he looked up at the building: 'Here is the exact spot where I stood by our wagon when we moved from Indiana, twenty-six years ago; this isn't six feet from the exact spot.' . . . . He then told me he had frequently thereafter tried to locate the route by which they had come, and that he had decided that it was near the main line of the Illinois Central railroad."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 49.

Wades Icy Waters to Rescue a Dog

Mr. Lincoln once described this journey to me. He said the grounds had not yet yielded up the frosts of winter; that during

the day the roads would thaw out on the surface and at night freeze over again, thus making traveling, especially with oxen, painfully slow and tiresome. There were, of course, no bridges, and the party were consequently driven to ford the streams, unless by a circuitous route they could avoid them. In the early part of the day the latter were also frozen slightly, and the oxen would break through a square yard of thin ice at every step. Among other things which the party brought with them was a pet dog, which trotted along after the wagon. One day the little fellow fell behind and failed to catch up until after they had crossed the stream. Missing him they looked back, and there on the opposite bank he stood, whining and jumping about in great distress. The water was running over the broken edges of the ice, and the poor animal was afraid to cross. It would not pay to turn the oxen and wagon back to ford the stream again in order to recover a dog, so the majority in their anxiety to move forward, decided to go on without him.

"But I could not endure the idea of abandoning even a dog," relates Lincoln. "Pulling off shoes and socks I waded across the stream and triumphantly returned with the shivering animal under my arm. His frantic leaps of joy and other evidences of a dog's gratitude amply repaid me for all the exposure I had undergone."

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. I, page 59. (Foot-note.)

Splitting Historic Rails to Surround the Illinois Home

Two weeks of weary tramping over forest roads and muddy prairie, and the dangerous fording of streams swollen by the February thaws, brought the party to John Hanks's place near Decatur. He met them with a frank and energetic welcome. He had already selected a piece of ground for them, a few miles from his own, and had the logs ready for their house. They numbered men enough to build without calling in their neighbors, and immediately put up a cabin on the north fork of the Sangamon River. The family thus housed and sheltered, one more bit of filial work remained for Abraham before his assuming his virile independence. With the assistance of John Hanks he plowed fifteen acres, and split, from the

Indiana admitted as a State	1816
Monroe made President	1817
Illinois admitted as a State	1818
The Missouri Compromise	1820
Missouri admitted as a State	1821
J. Q. Adams made President	1825
Webster's Dictionary first published	1828
Jackson made President	1829
Opening of the first steam railroad in the United States, at Baltimore	1830

tall walnut-trees of the primeval forest, enough rails to surround them with a fence. Little did either dream, while engaged in this work, that the day would come when the appearance of John Hanks in a public meeting, with two of these rails on his shoulder, would



From *The Life of Lincoln*, Ida M. Tarbell.

FIRST HOME IN ILLINOIS

Abe and John Hanks split the historic rails to surround this house and fifteen acres of ploughed land.

electrify a State convention, and kindle throughout the country a contagious and passionate enthusiasm, whose results would reach to endless generations.

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. I, page 45.

Abe Starts Out for Himself

If they were far from being his "first and only rails," they certainly were the most famous ones he or anybody else ever split. This was the last work he did for his father, for in the summer of

that year (1830) he exercised the right of majority and started out to shift for himself. When he left his home he went empty-handed. He was already some months over twenty-one years of age, but he had nothing in the world, not even a suit of respectable clothes. . . . . He had no trade, no profession, no spot of land, no patron, no influence. Two things recommended him to his neighbors—he was strong, and he was a good fellow.

His strength made him a valuable laborer. Not that he was fond of hard labor. Mrs. Crawford says: "Abe was no hand to pitch into work like killing snakes;" but when he did work it was with an ease and effectiveness which compensated his employer for the time he spent in practical jokes and extemporaneous speeches. He would lift as much as three ordinary men, and "My, how he would chop!" says Dennis Hanks. "His ax would flash and bite into a sugar tree, or sycamore, and down it would come. If you heard him fellin' trees in a clearin' you would say there was three men at work, by the way the trees fell." . . . .

His strength won him popularity, but his good nature, his wit, his skill in debate, his stories, were still more efficient in gaining him good-will. People liked to have him around, and voted him a good fellow to work with. Yet such were the conditions of his life at this time that, in spite of his popularity, nothing was open to him but hard manual labor. To take the first job which he happened upon —rail-splitting, plowing, lumbering, boating, store-keeping—and make the most of it, thankful if thereby he earned his bed and board and yearly suit of jeans, was apparently all there was before Abraham Lincoln in 1830, when he started out for himself.

The Early Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, page 101.

A Thousand Rails for a Pair of Brown Jeans Trousers

Mr. George Close, the partner of Lincoln in the rail-splitting business, says that Lincoln was at this time a farm-laborer, working from day to day, for different people, chopping wood, mauling rails, or doing whatever was to be done. The country was poor, and hard work was the common lot; the heaviest share fell to young unmarried men, with whom it was a continual struggle to earn a livelihood. Lincoln and Mr. Close made about one thousand rails together for James Hawks and William Miller, receiving their pay in homespun

clothing. Lincoln's bargain with Miller's wife was that he should have one yard of brown jeans (richly dyed with walnut bark) for every four hundred rails made, until he should have enough for a pair of trousers. As Lincoln was already of great altitude, the number of rails that went to the acquirement of his pantaloons was necessarily immense.

Life and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, William Dean Howells, page 24. (Foot-note.)

"The Winter of the Deep Snow"

It will be recollected that an especial reason why Thomas Lincoln removed from Indiana to Illinois was, as Dennis Hanks puts it, to get "where *milk-sick* was not." The new settlers did, indeed, escape the "milk-sickness," but they encountered a disease which was nearly as bad. The fall of 1830 was an unusually severe season for chills and fever, and Thomas and his family were so sorely afflicted with it as to become thoroughly discouraged. Their sorry little cabin presented a melancholy sight: the father and mother both shaking at once, and the married daughter, who came to minister to their sufferings, not much better off. So terribly did they suffer that the father vowed a vow that as soon as he got able to travel he would "*git out o' thar!*"

The winter season came on and was one of "ethereal mildness" up to Christmas, when a terrible and persistent snowstorm set in, and lasted without intermission for forty-eight hours, leaving between three or four feet on the ground on the level, a depth never attained before nor since, and remaining so for over two months. Its effect upon the rural districts was disastrous: the wheat crops were totally ruined; cattle, hogs and even horses perished; all sorts of provisions gave out. There was no means of getting help from abroad. In some places teams would bear up on the crust of the snow; in others, there was no road communication at all, and athletic men would be compelled to journey on foot to neighbors for food. Many perished on the prairie from cold. Some even perished in their houses from hunger. Selfishness was banished by the common calamity. Charity was universal; the whole interior districts of the State were made akin by that one touch of nature—"the big snow."

Lincoln the Citizen, Henry C. Whitney, page 66.

Rail-Splitting and Speech-Making

For a long time after beginning life on his own account Abe remained in sight of the parental abode. He worked at odd jobs in the neighborhood, or wherever the demand for his services called him. As late as 1831 he was still in the same parts, and John Hanks is authority for the statement that he "made three thousand rails for Major Warnick," walking daily three miles to his work. During the intervals of leisure he read the few books obtainable, and continued the practice of extemporaneous speaking to the usual audience of undemonstrative stumps and voiceless trees. His first attempt at public speaking after landing in Illinois is thus described to me by John Hanks, whose language I incorporate:

"After Abe got to Decatur, or rather to Macon County, a man by the name of Posey came into our neighborhood and made a speech. It was a bad one, and I said Abe could beat it. I turned down a box and Abe made his speech. The other man was a candidate—Abe wasn't. Abe beat him to death, his subject being the navigation of the Sangamon River. The man, after Abe's speech was through, took him aside and asked him where he had learned so much and how he could do so well. Abe replied, stating his manner and method of reading, and what he had read. The man encouraged him to persevere."

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. I, page 62.

Denton Offutt Engages Hanks, Lincoln and Johnston to Take a Boat to New Orleans

For the first time we are now favored with the appearance on the scene of a very important personage—one destined to exert no little influence in shaping Lincoln's fortunes. It is Denton Offutt, a brisk and venturesome business man, whose operations extended up and down the Sangamon River for many miles. Having heard glowing reports of John Hanks's successful experience as a boatman in Kentucky, he had come down the river to engage the latter's services to take a boat-load of stock and provisions to New Orleans.

"He wanted me to go badly," observes Hanks, "but I waited awhile before answering. I hunted up Abe, and I introduced him and John Johnston, his stepbrother, to Offutt. After some talk

we at last made an engagement with Offutt at fifty cents a day and sixty dollars, to make the trip to New Orleans. Abe and I came down the Sangamon River in a canoe in March, 1831; landed at what is now called Jamestown, five miles east of Springfield, then known as Judy's Ferry."

Here Johnston joined them, and, leaving their canoe in charge of one Uriah Mann, they walked to Springfield, where, after some enquiry, they found the genial and enterprising Offutt regaling himself with the good cheer dispensed at the "Buckhorn" inn. . . . . Offutt had agreed with Hanks to have a boat ready for him and his two companions at the mouth of Spring Creek on their arrival, but too many deep potations with the new-comers who daily thronged about the "Buckhorn" had interfered with the execution of his plans. . . . Offutt met the three expectant navigators on their arrival, and deep were his regrets over his failure to provide the boat. The interview resulted in the trio engaging to make the boat themselves.

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. I, page 62.

Building the Flatboat and Telling Yarns

Sangamontown, where Mr. Lincoln built the flatboat, has, since his day, disappeared from the earth; but then it was one of the flourishing settlements on the river of that name. Lincoln and his friends, on arriving there in March, immediately began work. There is still living (1895) in Springfield, Illinois, a man who helped Lincoln at the raft-building—Mr. John Roll, a well-known citizen, and one who has been prominent in the material advancement of the city. Mr. Roll remembers distinctly Lincoln's first appearance in Sangamontown.

"He was a tall, gaunt young man," he says, "dressed in a suit of blue homespun, consisting of a roundabout jacket, waistcoat, and breeches which came to within about four inches of his feet. The latter were encased in rawhide boots, into the top of which, most of the time, his pantaloons were stuffed. He wore a soft felt hat which had at one time been black, but now, as its owner dryly remarked, 'was sunburned until it was a combine of colors.'" . . . .

It took some four weeks to build the raft, and in that period Lincoln succeeded in captivating the entire village by his story-telling. It was the custom in Sangamon for the "men-folks" to

gather at noon and in the evening, when resting, in a convenient lane near the mill. They had rolled out a long peeled log, on which they lounged while they whittled and talked. Lincoln had not been long in Sangamon before he joined this circle. At once be became a favorite by his jokes and good humor. As soon as he appeared at the assembly ground the men would start him to story-telling. So irresistibly droll were his yarns that, "whenever he'd end up in his unexpected way the boys on the log would whoop and roll off." The result of the rolling off was to polish the old log like a mirror. The men, recognizing Lincoln's part in this polishing, christened their seat "Abe's log." Long after Lincoln had disappeared from Sangamon "Abe's log" remained, and until it had rotted away, people pointed it out, and repeated the droll stories of the stranger.

The Early Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, page 104.

Lincoln Saves Three Lives—A Thrilling Adventure

The flatboat was done in about a month, and Lincoln and his friends prepared to leave Sangamon. Before he started, however, he was the hero of an adventure so thrilling that he won new laurels in the community. Mr. Roll, who was a witness to the whole exciting scene, tells the story:

"It was the spring following 'the winter of the deep snow.' Walter Carman, John Seamon, myself, and at times others of the Carman boys, had helped Abe in building the boat, and when we had finished we went to work to make a dug-out, or canoe, to be used as a small boat with the flat. We found a suitable log about an eighth of a mile up the river, and with our axes went to work under Lincoln's directions. The river was very high, fairly 'booming.' After the dug-out was ready to launch we took it to the edge of the water, and made ready to 'let her go,' when Walter Carman and John Seamon jumped in as the boat struck the water, each one anxious to be the first to get a ride. As they shot out from the shore they found they were unable to make any headway against the strong current. Carman had the paddle, and Seamon was in the stern of the boat. Lincoln shouted to them to 'head up-stream,' and 'work back to shore,' but they found themselves powerless against the stream. At last they began to pull for the wreck of an old flatboat, the first ever built on the Sangamon, which had sunk

and gone to pieces, leaving one of the stanchions sticking above the water. Just as they reached it Seamon made a grab, and caught hold of the stanchion, when the canoe capsized, leaving Seamon clinging to the old timber, and throwing Carman into the stream. It carried him down with the speed of a mill-race. Lincoln raised his voice above the roar of the flood, and yelled to Carman to swim for an elm tree which stood almost in the channel, which the action of the water had changed.

"Carman, being a good swimmer, succeeded in catching a branch, and pulled himself up out of the water, which was very cold, and had almost chilled him to death; and there he sat, shivering and chattering in the tree.

"Lincoln, seeing Carman safe, called out to Seamon to let go the stanchion and swim for the tree. With some hesitation he obeyed, and struck out, while Lincoln cheered and directed him from the bank. As Seamon neared the tree he made one grab for a branch, and, missing it, went under the water. Another desperate lunge was successful, and he climbed up beside Carman.

"Things were pretty exciting now, for there were two men in the tree, and the boat was gone. It was a cold, raw April day, and there was great danger of the men becoming benumbed and falling back into the water. Lincoln called out to them to keep their spirits up and he would save them.

"The village had been alarmed by this time, and many people had come down to the bank. Lincoln procured a rope and tied it to a log. He called all hands to come and help roll the log into the water, and, after this had been done, he, with the assistance of several others, towed it some distance up the stream. A daring young fellow by the name of 'Jim' Dorrell then took his seat on the end of the log, and it was pushed out into the current, with the expectation that it would be carried down stream against the tree where Seamon and Carman were.

"The log was well directed, and went straight to the tree; but Jim, in his impatience to help his friends, fell a victim to his good intentions. Making a frantic grab at a branch, he raised himself off the log, which was swept from under him by the raging waters and he soon joined the other victims upon their forlorn perch.

"The excitement on shore increased, and almost the whole population of the village gathered on the river bank. Lincoln had the log pulled up the stream, and, securing another piece of rope, called to the men in the tree to catch it if they could when he should reach the tree. He then straddled the log himself, and gave the word to push out into the stream. When he dashed into the tree he threw the rope over the stump of a broken limb, and let it play until he broke the speed of the log, and gradually drew it back to the tree, holding it there until the three now nearly frozen men had climbed down and seated themselves astride. He then gave orders to the people on the shore to hold fast to the end of the rope which was tied to the log, and leaving his rope in the tree he turned the log adrift. The force of the current, acting against the taut rope, swung the log around against the bank and all 'on board' were saved.

"The excited people, who had watched the dangerous experiment with alternate hope and fear, now broke into cheers for Abe Lincoln, and praises for his brave act. This adventure made quite a hero of him along the Sangamon, and the people never tired of telling of the exploit."

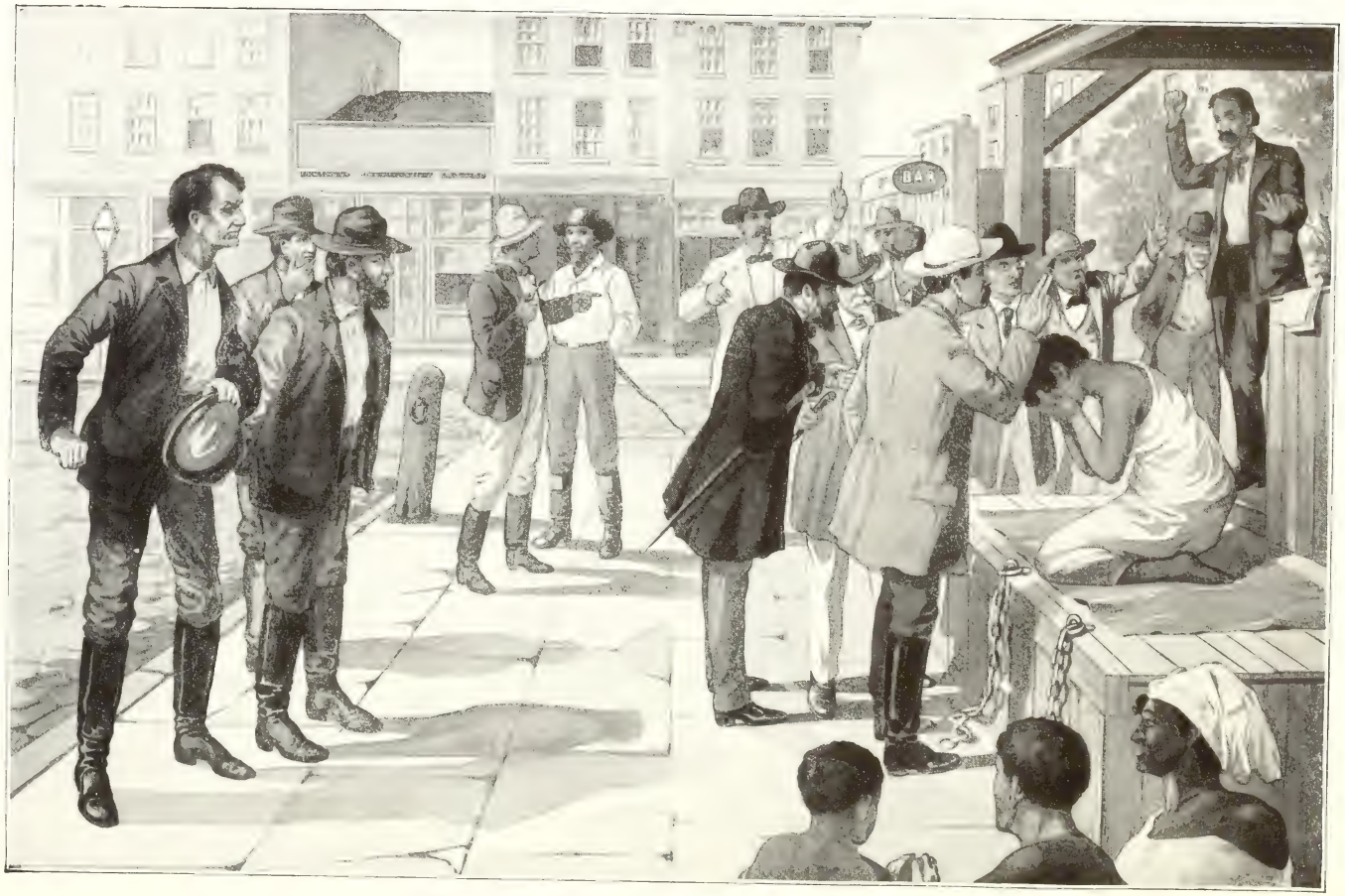
The Early Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, page 106.

His First Sight of "The Horrors of Human Slavery"

Within four weeks the boat was ready to launch. Offutt was sent for and was present when she slid into the water. It was the occasion of much political chat and buncombe, in which the Whig party and Jackson alike were, strangely enough, lauded to the skies. . . . . Many disputes arose, we are told, in which Lincoln took part and found a good field for practice and debate.

A traveling juggler halted long enough in Sangamontown, where the boat was launched, to give an exhibition of his art and dexterity in the loft of Jacob Carman's house. In Lincoln's low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat the magician cooked eggs. In explaining the delay in passing up his hat, Lincoln drolly observes: "It was outof respect for the eggs, not care for my hat."

Having loaded the vessel with pork in barrels, corn, and hogs, these sturdy boatmen swung out into the stream. On April 19 (1831) they reached New Salem, a place destined to be an important spot in the career of Lincoln. There they met with their first



LINCOLN AT THE SLAVE MARKET IN NEW ORLEANS

"Boys, let's get away from this," exclaimed Lincoln. "If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard!"

serious delay. The boat stranded on Rutledge's mill-dam and hung over it a day and a night.

"We unloaded the boat," narrated one of the crew. . . . . "That is, we transferred the goods from our boat to a borrowed one. We then rolled the barrels forward; Lincoln bored a hole in the end (projecting) over the dam; the water which had leaked in ran out and we slid over."

Offutt was profoundly impressed with this exhibition of Lincoln's ingenuity. In his enthusiasm he declared to the crowd that covered the hill, and had been watching Lincoln's operations, that he would build a steamboat to plow up and down the Sangamon, and that Lincoln should be her captain. She would have rollers for shoals and dams, runners for ice, and with Lincoln in charge, "By thunder, she'd *have* to go!" . . . .

From the Sangamon they passed to the Illinois. At Beardstown their unique craft, with its "sails made of planks and cloth," excited the amusement and laughter of those who saw them from the shore. Once on the bosom of the broad Mississippi they glided past Alton, St. Louis, and Cairo in rapid succession, tied up for a day at Memphis, and made brief stops at Vicksburg and Natchez. Early in May they reached New Orleans, where they lingered a month, disposing of their cargo and viewing the sights which the Crescent City afforded.

In New Orleans, for the first time, Lincoln beheld the true horrors of human slavery. He saw "negroes in chains—whipped and scourged." Against this inhumanity his sense of right and justice rebelled, and his mind and conscience were awakened to what he had often heard and read. No doubt, as one of his companions has said, "Slavery ran the iron into him then and there."

One morning in their rambles over the city the trio passed a slave auction. A vigorous and comely mulatto girl was being sold. She underwent a thorough examination at the hands of the bidders: they pinched her flesh and made her trot up and down the room like a horse, to show how she moved, and in order, as the auctioneer said, that "bidders might satisfy themselves" whether the article they were offering to buy was sound or not.

The whole thing was so revolting that Lincoln moved away from the scene with a deep feeling of "unconquerable hate." Bidding his companions follow him, he said:

"Boys, let's get away from this. If ever I get a chance to hit that thing (meaning slavery), I'll hit it hard!"

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. I, page 64.

A Voodoo Prophecy

Lincoln often declared to his intimate friends that he was from boyhood superstitious. He said that the near approach of the important events in his life were indicated by a presentiment, or a strange dream, or in some other mysterious way it was impressed upon him that something important was to occur. There is a tradition that on this visit to New Orleans he and his companion, John Hanks, visited an old fortune teller, a Voodoo negress. Tradition says that during the interview she became very much excited, and after various predictions, exclaimed:

"You will be President, and all the negroes will be free."

That the old Voodoo negress should have foretold that the visitor would be President is not at all incredible. She doubtless told this to many aspiring lads, but the prophecy of the freedom of the slaves requires confirmation.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Isaac N. Arnold, page 31.

Abe Throws Needham, the Champion Wrestler

Some time in June the party took passage on a steamboat going up the river, and remained together until they reached St. Louis, where Offutt left them, and Abe, Hanks and Johnston started on foot for the interior of Illinois. At Edwardsville, twenty-five miles out, Hanks took the road to Springfield, and Abe and Johnston took that to Coles County, where Tom Lincoln had moved since Abraham's departure from home. . . . .

Scarcely had Abe reached Coles County, and begun to think what next to turn his hand to, when he received a visit from a famous wrestler, one Daniel Needham, who regarded him as a growing rival, and had a fancy to try him a fall or two. He considered himself "the best man" in the county, and the report of Abe's achievements filled his big breast with envious pains. His greeting was friendly and hearty, but his challenge was rough and peremptory. Abe. . . met him by public appointment in the "greenwood," at Wabash Point, where he threw Needham twice with such ease that the latter's pride was more hurt than his body.

"Lincoln," said he, "you have thrown me twice, but you can't whip me."

"Needham," replied Abe, "are you satisfied that I can throw you? If you are not, and must be convinced through a thrashing, I will do that, too, for your sake."

Needham surrendered with such grace as he could command.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 83.



WRESTLING WITH NEEDHAM

CHAPTER V

Six Years at New Salem

A Stranger Who Could "Make a Few Rabbit Tracks"

It was in August of the year 1831 that Lincoln left his father's roof, and swung out for himself into the current of the world to make his fortune in his own way. He went down to New Salem again to assist Offutt in the business that lively speculator thought of establishing there. He was more punctual than either his employer or the merchandise, and met with the usual reward of punctuality in being forced to waste his time in waiting for the tardy ones. He seemed to the New Salem people to be "loafing;" several of them have given that description of him.



MENTOR GRAHAM

The New Salem schoolmaster, who helped Lincoln in his study of grammar and surveying.

He did one day's work, acting as clerk of a local election, a lettered loafer being pretty sure of employment on such an occasion.

Mrs. Lizzie H. Bell writes of this incident: My father, Mentor Graham, was on that day, as usual, appointed to be a clerk, and Mr. McNamee, who was to be the other, was sick and failed to come. They were looking around for a man to fill his place when my father noticed Mr. Lincoln and asked if he could write. He answered that he could "make a few rabbit tracks."

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. I, page 78, and Foot-note.

Piloting a Flatboat down Illinois River

A few days after the election Lincoln found employment with one Dr. Nelson, who, after the style of dignitaries of later days, started with his family and effects in his private conveyance—which in this instance was a flatboat—for Texas. Lincoln was hired to pilot the vessel through to the Illinois River. Arriving at Beardstown the pilot was discharged, and returned on foot across the sand and hills to New Salem.

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. I, page 71.

Storekeeper and Miller

Offutt and his goods arrived at last, and Lincoln and he immediately got them into position, and opened their door to what commerce could be found in New Salem. There was clearly not enough to satisfy the volatile mind of Mr. Offutt, for he soon bought Cameron's mill at the historic dam, and made Abraham superintendent also of that branch of the business.

It is to be surmised that Offutt never inspired his neighbors and customers with any deep regard for his solidity of character. One of them says of him, with injurious pleonasm, that he "talked too much with his mouth." A natural consequence of his excessive fluency was soon to be made disagreeably evident to his clerk. He admired Abraham beyond measure, and praised him beyond prudence.

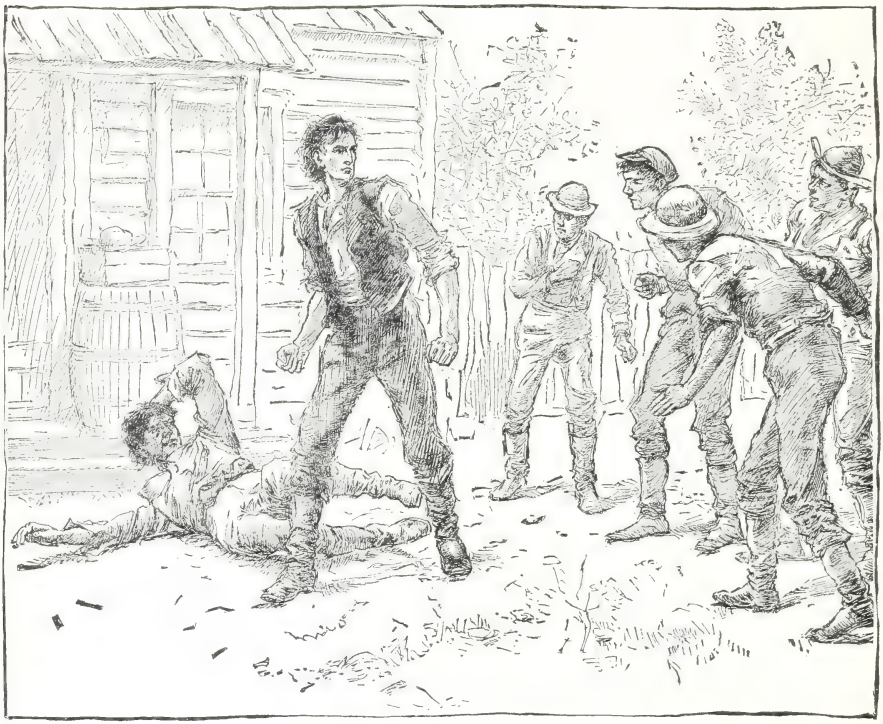
He said that Abe knew more than any man in the United States; and he was certainly not warranted in making such an assertion, as his own knowledge of the actual state of science in America could not have been exhaustive. He also said that Abe could beat any man in the county running, jumping, or "wrastling." This proposition, being less abstract in its nature, was far more readily grasped by the local mind, and was not likely to pass unchallenged.

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. I, page 78.

Encounters the "Clary's Grove Boys"

Public opinion at New Salem was formed by a crowd of ruffianly young fellows who were called the "Clary's Grove Boys." Once or twice a week they descended upon the village and passed the day in drinking, fighting and brutal horse-play. If a stranger

appeared in the place, he was likely to suffer a rude initiation into the social life of New Salem at the hands of these jovial savages. Sometimes he was nailed up in a hogshead and rolled down hill; sometimes he was insulted into a fight and then mauled black and blue; for, despite their pretensions to chivalry, they had no scruples about fair play or any such superstition of civilization.



From *Abraham Lincoln and the Downfall of American Slavery*, Noah Brooks.

ABE THROWS JACK ARMSTRONG

Lincoln, standing undismayed with his back to the wall, looked so formidable in his defiance that an honest admiration took the place of momentary fury, and his initiation was over.

At first they did not seem inclined to molest young Lincoln. His appearance did not invite insolence; his reputation for strength and activity was a greater protection to him than his inoffensive good-nature. But the loud admiration of Offutt gave them umbrage. It led to a dispute, contradictions, and finally to a formal banter to a wrestling-match. Lincoln was greatly averse to all this "wooling and pulling," as he called it.

But Offutt's indiscretion had made it necessary for him to show his mettle. Jack Armstrong, the leading bully of the gang, was selected to throw him, and expected an easy victory. But he soon found himself in different hands from any he had heretofore engaged with. Seeing he could not manage the tall stranger, his friends swarmed in, and by kicking and tripping nearly succeeded in getting Lincoln down.

At this, as has been said of another hero, "the spirit of Odin entered into him," and putting forth his whole strength, he held the pride of Clary's Grove in his arms like a child, and almost choked the exuberant life out of him. For a moment a general fight seemed inevitable; but Lincoln, standing undismayed with his back to the wall, looked so formidable in his defiance that an honest admiration took the place of momentary fury, and his initiation was over.

As to Armstrong, he was Lincoln's friend and sworn brother as soon as he recovered the use of his larynx, and the bond thus strangely created lasted through life. Lincoln had no further occasion to fight his own battles while Armstrong was there to act as his champion. . . . .

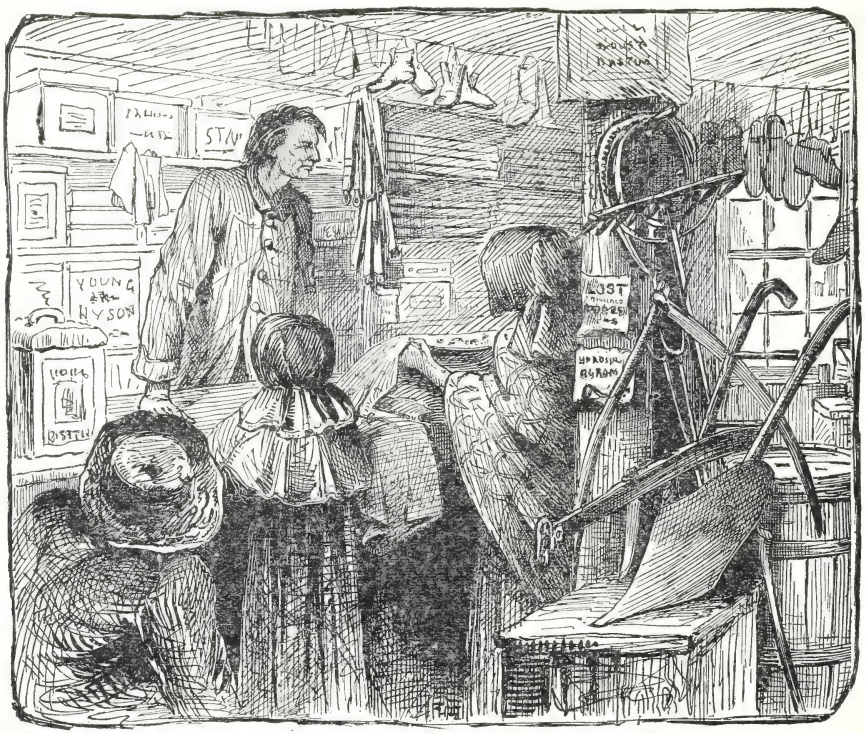
This incident, trivial and vulgar as it may seem, was of great importance in Lincoln's life. His behavior in this ignoble scuffle did the work of years for him, in giving him the position he required in the community where his lot was cast. He became from that moment, in a certain sense, a personage, with a name and standing of his own. The verdict of Clary's Grove was unanimous that he was "the cleverest fellow that had ever broke into the settlement."

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. I, page 79.

Lincoln Meets Young Yates, the Future War-Governor, and Upsets a Bowl of Milk

W. G. Greene tells us that while he was a student at the Illinois College at Jacksonville, he became acquainted with Richard Yates, also a student there. On one occasion, while Yates was a guest of Greene's during a vacation, the latter took him up to make him acquainted with Lincoln. They found Abe flat on his back on a cellar-door, reading a newspaper. Greene introduced the two, and thus the acquaintance began between the future War Governor of Illinois and the future President.

On this same occasion, says Mr. Greene, Lincoln accepted an invitation to go home and take dinner with him and Yates. While they were at the table, Lincoln, in his awkwardness, managed to upset his bowl of bread and milk. Mr. Greene well recollects the confusion with which the accident covered Mr. Lincoln, which



From *Abraham Lincoln and the Downfall of American Slavery*, Noah Brooks.

CLERKING IN OFFUTT'S STORE.

Greene's mother, the hostess, who was always attached to the ungainly backwoodsman, tried to relieve as best she could by declaring it was her fault in setting the bowl at the wrong place at the table.

The Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln, F. F. Browne, page 102.

Two Instances of His "Sensitive Honesty"

Lincoln could not rest for one instant under the consciousness that he had, even unwittingly, defrauded anybody. On one occasion, while clerking in Offutt's store, . . . he sold a woman a little

bale of goods, amounting in value, by the reckoning, to two dollars and twenty cents. He received the money and the woman went away. On adding the items of the bill again to make himself sure of correctness, he found that he had taken six and a quarter cents too much. It was night and, closing and locking the store, he started out on foot, a distance of two or three miles, for the house of his defrauded customer, and delivering over to her the sum whose possession had so much troubled him, went home satisfied.

On another occasion, just as he was closing the store for the night, a woman entered and asked for a half pound of tea. The tea was weighed out and paid for, and the store was left for the night. The next morning Lincoln entered to begin the duties of the day, when he discovered a four-ounce weight on the scales. He saw at once that he had made a mistake, and, shutting the store, he took a long walk before breakfast to deliver the remainder of the tea. These are humble incidents, but they illustrate the man's perfect conscientiousness—his sensitive honesty—better, perhaps, than they would if they were of greater moment.

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Paul Selby, page 61.

Borrows a Grammar and Masters It

Abe's duties in Offutt's store were not of a character to monopolize the whole of his time, and he soon began to think that here was a fine opportunity to remedy some of the defects in his education.

[During the time he was working for Offutt, hands being scarce, Lincoln turned in and cut down trees, and split enough rails for Offutt to make a pen sufficiently large to contain a thousand hogs.] He could read, write, and cipher as well as most men; but as his popularity was growing daily, and his ambition keeping pace, he feared that he might shortly be called to act in some public capacity which would require him to speak his own language with some regard to the rules of grammar,—of which, according to his own confession, he knew nothing at all. He mentioned his trouble to the schoolmaster, saying,

"I have a notion to study English grammar."

"If you expect to go before the public in any capacity," replied Mr. (Mentor) Graham, "I think it the best thing you can do."

"If I had a grammar," replied Abe, "I would commence now."

There was no grammar to be had about New Salem; but the schoolmaster, having kept the run of that species of property, gladdened Abe's heart by telling him that he knew where there was one.

Abe rose from the breakfast at which he was sitting, and learning that the book was at Vaner's, only six miles distant, set off as hard as he could tramp. It seemed to Mr. Graham a very little while until he returned and announced, with great pleasure, that he had a copy of Kirkham's Grammar. He then turned his immediate and undivided attention to the study of it. Sometimes, when business was not particularly brisk, he would lie under a shade-tree in front of the store, and pore over the book; at other times a customer would find him stretched on the counter intently engaged in the same way. But the store was a bad place for study; and he was often seen quietly slipping out of the village, as if he wished to avoid observation, when, if successful in getting off alone, he would spend hours in the woods, "mastering a book," or in a state of profound abstraction.

He kept up his old habit of sitting up late at night; but, as lights. . . .were expensive, the village cooper permitted him to sit in his shop, where he burnt the shavings, and kept a blazing fire to read by, when every one else was in bed. The Greenes lent him books; the schoolmaster gave him instruction in the store, on the road, or in the meadows. Every visitor to New Salem who made the least pretension to scholarship was waylaid by Abe, and required to explain something which he could not understand.

The result of it all was, that the village and the surrounding country wondered at his growth in knowledge, and he soon became as famous for the goodness of his understanding as for the muscular power of his body, and the unfailing humor of his talk.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 95.

Gives a Bully a Dose of "Smartweed"

"While showing goods to two or three women in Offutt's store one day, a bully came in and began to talk in an offensive manner, using much profanity, and evidently wishing to provoke a quarrel. Lincoln leaned over the counter and begged him, as ladies were present, not to indulge in such talk. The bully retorted that the opportunity had come for which he had long sought, and he would

like to see the man who could hinder him from saying anything he might choose to say. Lincoln, still cool, told him that if he would wait until the ladies retired, he would hear what he had to say, and give him any satisfaction he desired.

"As soon as the women were gone, the man became furious. Lincoln heard his boasts and his abuse for a time, and finding that he was not to be put off without a fight, said, 'Well, if you must be whipped, I suppose I may as well whip you as any other man.'

"This was just what the bully had been seeking, he said, so out of doors they went. Lincoln made short work of him. He threw him upon the ground and held him there as if he were a child, and gathering some "smartweed" which grew upon the spot, rubbed it into his face and eyes until the fellow bellowed with pain.

"Lincoln did all this without a particle of anger, and when the job was finished, went immediately for water, washed his victim's face, and did everything he could to alleviate his victim's distress. The upshot of the matter was that the man became his life-long friend, and was a better man from that day."

The Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln, F. F. Browne, page 99.

How Abe Induced his Fellow-Clerk to Quit Gambling

Denton Offutt's restless ambition demanded other worlds to conquer than a small store, so he added to the list of mercantile ventures a lease of the mill, and he then employed William G. Greene, a son of a neighboring family, aged eighteen or nineteen years, as an assistant. Between the two clerks a friendship and cordiality sprang up which lasted as long as the life of the senior. . . . .

Each morning the two clerks, and sometimes the proprietor, would wend their way down the slanting road which led to the bottom land northward, and proceed up the State road for three-quarters of a mile to a primitive farmstead owned by one Bowling Green, where they would get their breakfast, generally of bread and milk. They would greet their motherly hostess as "Aunt Nancy." At noon and evening they would repeat their custom, for Abe's boarding-place was at this farm, and they slept on a narrow cot in the loft of the store.

Lincoln's morals were singularly chaste and pure for that day. Although the customs were well-nigh universal to drink, chew,

smoke and habitually swear, he indulged in none of these habits. Mr. Greene avers that he never saw Lincoln take a drink of liquor but once, and then he spat it out immediately; that he never chewed or smoked, and that he never swore but once in his presence. . . .

William Greene was, like ordinary youth in those days, addicted to petty gambling, betting, etc. Lincoln perceived it, and one day said to his fellow-clerk:



The victim appeared.

"Billy, you ought to stop gambling with Estep."

Greene replied, "I'm ninety cents behind and I can't quit till I've won it back."

Said Lincoln, "If I'll help you win that back, will you promise never to gamble again?"

Greene reflected a moment and made the promise. Lincoln then said, "Here are hats on sale at seven dollars each, and you need one. Now, when Estep comes, you draw him on by degrees, and finally bet him one of those hats that I can lift a full forty-gallon barrel of whiskey, and take a drink out of the bung-hole."

Accordingly they fixed the barrel so that the bung-hole would be in the right place, and when the victim appeared, after a little parleying and bantering, the bet was made; Lincoln then squatted down and lifted one end of the barrel on one knee, and then lifted the other end on the other knee, and, stooping over, actually succeeded in taking a drink out of the bung-hole, which he immediately spat out. Greene thus won the hat and never gambled again.

Offutt soon "busted up," and left his creditors in the lurch; and Lincoln did odd jobs when he could, for a time. He had an assured home at Bowling Green's and another at Jack Armstrong's (the Clary's Grove champion); and when under the stress of difficulties, he wended his way to one or the other with perfect freedom, and was a welcome guest.

Lincoln the Citizen, Henry C. Whitney, page 84.

Becomes a Candidate for the First Time

Before the winter was ended he had become the most popular man in New Salem. Although he was but twenty-three years of age in February, 1832; had never been at school an entire year; had never made a speech, except in debating clubs or by the roadside; had read only the books he could pick up, and known only the men of the poor, out-of-the-way towns in which he had lived, yet, "encouraged by his great popularity among his immediate neighbors'" as he says, he announced himself in March, 1832, as a candidate for the General Assembly of the State. . . . .

At that time the State of Illinois —as, indeed, the whole United States—was convinced that the future of the country depended on the opening of canals and railroads, and the clearing out of the rivers. In the Sangamon country the population felt that a quick way of getting to Beardstown on the Illinois River, to which point the steamer came from the Mississippi, was, as Lincoln puts it in his circular, using a phrase of his hero, Clay, "indispensably necessary." Of course a railroad was the dream of the settlers; but when it was considered seriously there was always, as Lincoln says, "a heart-appalling shock accompanying the amount of its cost, which forces us to shrink from our pleasing anticipations."

"The probable cost of this contemplated railroad," he states in his circular, "is estimated at two hundred and ninety thousand dollars; the bare statement of which, in my opinion, is sufficient to justify the belief that the improvement of the Sangamon River is an object much better suited to our infant resources."

The only preliminary expected of a candidate for the legislature of Illinois at that date was an announcement stating his "sentiments with regard to local affairs." The circular in which Lincoln complied with this custom was a document of about two thousand words,

. . . . [in which he gave a dignified account of his experiences on the Sangamon and beside it, as flatboatman and miller, which he concluded as follows:]

"Finally, I believe the improvement of the Sangamon River to be vastly important and highly desirable to the people of the country; and, if elected, any measure in the legislature having this for its object, which may appear judicious, will meet my approbation and receive my support."

. . . . The audacity of a young man in his position presenting himself as a candidate for the legislature is fully equalled by the humility of the closing paragraph of his announcement:

"But, fellow citizens, I shall conclude. Considering the great degree of modesty which should always attend youth, it is probable I have already been more presuming than becomes me. However, upon the subjects of which I have treated, I have spoken as I have thought. I may be wrong in regard to any or all of them, but, holding it a sound maxim that it is better only sometimes to be right than at all times to be wrong, so soon as I discover my opinions to be erroneous, I shall be ready to announce them.

"Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it is true or not, I can say for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow-men by rendering myself worthy of their esteem. How far I shall succeed in gratifying this ambition is yet to be developed. I am young, and unknown to many of you. I was born, and have ever remained, in the most humble walks of life. I have no wealthy or popular relations or friends to recommend me. My case is thrown exclusively upon the independent voters of the county; and, if elected, they will have conferred a favor upon me for which I shall be unremitting in my labors to compensate. But, if the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined."

Very soon after Lincoln had distributed his hand-bills, enthusiasm on the subject of the opening of the Sangamon rose to a fever.

The Early Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, page 125.

A "Try"-Weekly Steamer—"Goes Up One Week, and Tries to Come Down the Next!"

The early spring of 1832 brought to Springfield and New Salem a most joyful announcement. It was the news of the coming of a steamboat up the Sangamon River—proof incontestable that the stream was navigable. . . . . Great excitement and unbounded enthusiasm followed this announcement. Springfield, New Salem and all the other towns along the now interesting Sangamon were to be connected by water with the outside world. Public meetings, with the accompaniment of long subscription lists, were held; the merchants of Springfield advertised the arrival of goods "direct from the East *per steamer Talisman.*" The mails were promised as often as once a week from the same direction; all the land adjoining each enterprising and aspiring village along the river was subdivided into town lots—in fact, the whole region began to feel the stimulating effects of what, in later days, would have been called a "boom."

. . . . In response to the suggestion of Captain Bogue (master of the steamboat *Talisman*), made from Cincinnati, a number of citizens—Lincoln among them—had gone down the river to Beardstown to meet the vessel as she emerged from the Illinois. These were armed with axes with long handles, to cut away, as Bogue had recommended, "branches of trees hanging over from the banks." After having passed New Salem, I (W. H. Herndon) and other boys on horseback followed the boat, riding along the river's bank as far as Bogue's mill where she tied up. There we went aboard, and, lost in boyish wonder, feasted our eyes on the splendor of her interior decorations.

On the *Talisman's* arrival at Springfield, or as near Springfield as the river ran, the crew of the boat were given a reception and dance in the court-house. . . . . Then the receding waters admonished her officers that, unless they proposed spending the remainder of the year there, they must head her down stream. In this emergency recourse was had to my cousin Rowan Herndon, who had had no little experience as a boatman, and who recommended the employment of Lincoln as a skilful assistant.

These two inland navigators undertook the contract of piloting the vessel . . . . through the uncertain channel of the Sangamon

to the Illinois River. The average speed was four miles a day. . . . Lincoln and Herndon, in charge of the vessel, piloted her through to Beardstown. They were paid forty dollars each, according to contract, and bidding adieu to the *Talisman's* officers and crew, set out on foot for New Salem again. A few months latter the *Talisman* caught fire at the wharf in St. Louis and went up in flames.

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. I, page 77.

Why He Was Called "Honest Abe"

The year that Lincoln was in Denton Offutt's store. . . . was one of great advances in many respects. He had made new and valuable acquaintances, read many books, mastered the grammar of his own tongue, won multitudes of friends, and become ready for a step still further in advance. Those who could appreciate brains respected him, and those whose ideas of a man related to his muscles were devoted to him. It was while he was performing the work of the store that he acquired the sobriquet, "Honest Abe"—a characterization that he never dishonored, and an abbreviation that he never outgrew. He was judge, arbitrator, referee, umpire, authority, in all disputes, games and matches of man-flesh, horse-flesh, a pacificator in all quarrels; everybody's friend; the best-natured, the most sensible, the best-informed, the most modest and unassuming, the kindest, gentlest, roughest, strongest, best fellow in all New Salem and the region round about.

Life of Abraham Lincoln, J. G. Holland, page 47.

A "Raw" Captain in the Black Hawk War

One morning in April a messenger from the governor of the State rode into New Salem, scattering circulars. These circulars contained an address from Governor Reynolds to the militia of the northwest section of the State, announcing that the British band of Sacs and other hostile Indians, headed by Black Hawk, had invaded the Rock River country, to the great terror of the frontier inhabitants; and calling upon the citizens who were willing to aid in repelling them, to rendezvous at Beardstown within a week. . . . .

Preparations were quickly made, and by April 22nd the men were at Beardstown. The day before, at Richland, Sangamon County, Lincoln had been elected to the captaincy of the company from Sangamon to which he belonged.

His friend Greene gave another reason than ambition to explain his desire for the captaincy. One of the "odd jobs" which Lincoln had taken since coming into Illinois was working in a sawmill for a man named Kirkpatrick. In hiring Lincoln, Kirkpatrick had promised to buy him a cant-hook with which to move heavy logs. Lincoln had proposed, if Kirkpatrick would give him the two dollars which the cant-hook would cost, to move the logs with a a common handspike. This the proprietor had agreed to, but when pay-day came he refused to keep his word.

When the Sangamon company of volunteers was formed, Kirkpatrick aspired to the captaincy, and Lincoln, knowing it, said to Greene:

"Bill, I believe I can now make Kirkpatrick pay that two dollars he owes me on the cant-hook. I'll run against him for captain."

So Lincoln became a candidate. The vote was taken in a field by directing the men, at the command, "march," to assemble around the one they wanted for captain. When the order was given three-fourths of the men gathered around Lincoln. In his curious third-person biography Lincoln says he was elected, "to his own surprise;" and adds, "He says he has not since had any success in life which gave him so much satisfaction."

Lincoln himself was not familiar with military tactics, and made many blunders of which he used to tell afterwards with relish. One of his early experiences in handling his company is particularly amusing. He was marching with a front of over twenty men across a field, when he desired to pass through a gateway into the next inclosure.

"I could not for the life of me," said he, "remember the proper word for getting my company *endwise*, so that it could get through the gate; so, as we came near the gate, I shouted, 'This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate!' "

Nor was it only his ignorance of the manual which caused him trouble. He was so unfamiliar with camp discipline that he once had his sword taken from him for shooting within limits. Another disgrace he suffered was on account of his disorderly company. The men, unknown to him, stole a quantity of liquor one night, and the next morning were too drunk to fall in when the order was given

to march. For their lawlessness Lincoln wore a wooden sword two days.

But none of these small difficulties injured his standing with the company. Lincoln was tactful, and he joined his men in sports as well as duties. They soon grew so proud of his quick wit and great strength that they obeyed him because they admired him. No amount of military tactics could have secured from the volunteers the cheerful following he won by his personal qualities.

The Early Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, page 134.

Risked His Life in Rescuing an Indian

Into the camp of the Sangamon company. . . .there wandered one day, a poor forlorn, solitary, hungry, and helpless old Indian seeking charity.

"Injun white man's friend," he exclaimed, as he extended his hand in supplication. "See—paper . . . talks; from big white war chief," and he drew from his belt a letter, which he offered as evidence of friendship.

But the soldiers into whose presence he had thrust himself had no faith in such assurances; they had been looking for Indians; here was one at last—no doubt a spy—perhaps Black Hawk himself. . . .

"String him up! Scalp him! Kill him!" they cried. "He's a sure-enough Injun. He's what we're after. Rush him along, we'll settle him!"

In vain the poor old red man fluttered the letter in their faces.

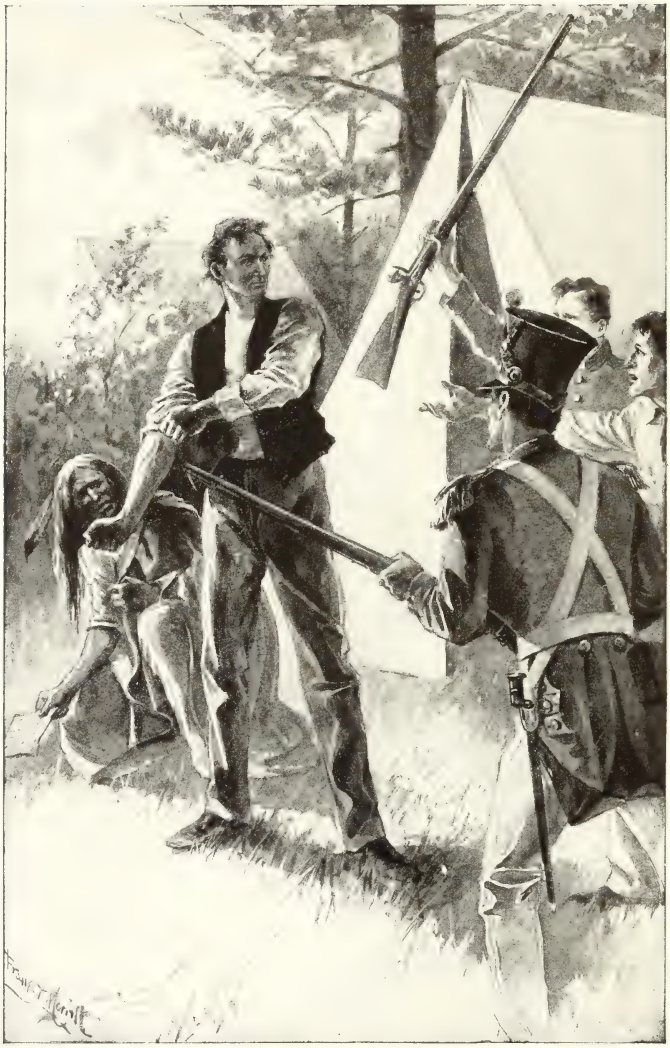
"Me good Injun," he protested; "white chief say so. See 'um talking paper."

"Get out; can't play that forgery on us. Shoot him! Shoot him!" the soldiers shouted, and with that they hustled the old Indian about so roughly and made so much noise over their prize that they aroused their captain, who came springing from his tent.

"What's all this row about?" he demanded. . . . .

At once his glance fell upon the badgered Indian, and, dashing in among his men, he scattered them to right and left and placed a protecting hand upon the red fugitive's shoulder.

"Stand back, all of you!" he shouted. "Aren't you ashamed of yourselves—all of you piling on one poor old redskin? What are you thinking of? Would you kill an unprotected man?"



From *Historic Americans*, Elbridge S. Brooks.

CAPTAIN LINCOLN DEFENDING THE INDIAN

"I'll fight you all," said the captain, "one after the other, just as you come. Take it out of me if you can, but you shan't touch this Injun."

"A spy! He's a spy!" cried the discomfited soldiers, gathering again about their prey. The poor old Indian read his fate in their eyes. He crouched low at the captain's feet, recognizing in him his only protector.

"Fall back, men; fall back!" the captain commanded. "Let the Injun go. He hasn't done anything to you. He can't hurt you."

"What are you afraid of?" demanded one of the ringleaders, brandishing his rifle. "Let us have him. We're not afraid, even if you are a coward."

The tall young captain faced his accuser and proceeded to roll up his sleeves deliberately and with unmistakable meaning.

"Who says I'm a coward?" he demanded.

The implied challenge received no response. The Sangamon boys knew the length and strength of those brawny arms.

"Get out, Cap'n; that's not fair," they said. "You're bigger'n we are, and heavier. You don't give us a show."

"I'll give you all the show you want, boys," said the captain. "More'n you'll give this Injun. I'll tell you what: I'll fight you all, one after the other, just as you come. Take it out of me if you can, but you shan't touch this Injun. When a man comes to me for help he's going to get it, if I have to lick all Sangamon County."

There was no acceptance of that challenge, either. The Indian, who proved to be one of the friendly Indians from General Cass's Division, was given over to the captain; the men dispersed; the trouble was over; no man in the camp or all the camps together, had any desire to try a wrestle with Capt. Abraham Lincoln, who protected a fugitive Indian from the ferocity of that unruly set of raw recruits. . . .at the risk of his life."

Historic Americans, Elbridge S. Brooks, page 336.

Gruesome Picture Painted by Lincoln Himself

Many years afterward,—in fact, while Lincoln was President,—he referred to those early scenes in a way that illustrates. . . .his power of recalling the minutest incidents of his past life. . . . . Particularly, he remembered his share in the Black Hawk War.

He referred to his part of the campaign lightly, and said that he saw but very little fighting. But he remembered coming on a camp of white scouts one morning just as the sun was rising.

The Indians had surprised the camp, and had killed and scalped every man.

"I remember just how those men looked," said Lincoln, "as we rode up the hill where the camp was. The red light of the morning sun was streaming upon them as they lay, heads toward us, on the ground, and every man had a round red spot on the top of his head, about as big as a dollar, where the redskins had taken his scalp. It was frightful, but it was grotesque, and the red sunlight seemed to paint everything all over."

Lincoln paused, as if recalling the vivid picture, and added, somewhat irrelevantly,

"I remember that one man had buckskin breeches on."

The Every-Day Life of Lincoln, F. F. Browne, page 106.

Half-Starved but Good-Natured Soldiers

At times the soldiers were hard-pressed for food. . . . . "At an old Winnebago town called Turtle Village," narrates a member of the company, "after stretching our rations over nearly four days, one of our mess, an old acquaintance of Lincoln, G. B. Fanchier, shot a dove, and having a gill of flour left, we made a gallon and a half of delicious soup in an old tin bucket that had been lost by Indians. This soup we divided among several messes that were hungrier than we were and our own mess, by pouring in each man's cup a portion of it."

. . . . "At another time, in the extreme northern part of Illinois, we had been very hungry for two days when we came upon a new cabin on the edge of the prairie, that the family had vacated from fear of losing their scalps. There were plenty of chickens about the place that were hungrier than we ourselves were. . . . The others went to running, clubbing and shooting them as long as they could be found. Whilst the killing was going on I climbed to the ridge-pole of the smoke-house to see distinctly what I saw obscurely from the ground, and behold! the cleanest, sweetest jowl I ever saw—alone, half hid by boards and ridge-pole, stuck up, no doubt, for future use. By this time many of the chickens were on the fire, broiling, for want of grease or gravy to fry them in. Some practical fellow proposed to throw in with the fowls enough bacon to convert broiling

into frying; the proposition was adopted, and they were soon fried.

"We began to eat the tough, dry chickens with alternating mouthfuls of jowl, when Lincoln came to the repast with the query,

"'Eating chicken, boys?'

"'Not much, sir,' I responded. . . . .

"'It is much like eating saddle-bags,' he said; 'but I think the stomach can accomplish much to-day; what have you got there with the skeleton, George?'

"'We did have a sweet jowl of a hog, sir,' I answered, 'but you are nearly too late for your share,' at the same time making room for him to approach the elm-bark dish. He ate the bacon a moment, then commenced dividing by mouthfuls to the boys from other messes, who came to 'see what Abe was at,' and saying many quaint and funny things suited to the time and the jowl."

The captain, it will be seen, by his "freedom without familiarity," and his "courtesy without condescension," was fast making inroads on the respect of his rude but appreciative men.

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. I, page 88.

Re-enlisted as a "Dignified Private"

The term for which the volunteers had enlisted had now expired, and the majority, tiring of the service, the novelty of which had worn off, and longing for the comforts and good cheer of their homes, refused either to re-enlist or render further service. They turned their faces homeward, each with his appetite for military glory well satiated.

But the war was not over, and the mighty Black Hawk was still east of the Mississippi. A few remained and re-enlisted. Among them was Lincoln. This time, eschewing the responsibility of a captaincy . . . . he entered the company of Elijah Iles as a dignified private . . . . . .

Mr. Lincoln had no home; he had cut loose from his parents, from the Hankses and the Johnstons; he left behind him no anxious wife and children; and no chair before a warm fireside remained vacant for him.

"I was out of work," he said to me once, "and I could do nothing better than to enlist again."

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. I, page 90.

"The Strongest Man I Ever Met"

A trifling incident exhibited the force of his will and the estimation in which Lincoln was held by his followers. There was in Captain Henry L. Webb's company from Union County a very strong and athletic man named Nathan M. Thompson, nicknamed "Dow" Thompson. The question of comparative muscular strength arising between him and Lincoln, they resorted to a wrestling match, in order to decide it.

After struggling for a while with no advantage either way, Lincoln said:

"This is the strongest man I ever met."

Soon thereafter, amid great and growing excitement, Lincoln was fairly thrown. This was for the first time in his life. The wrestlers took hold again, and a second time Lincoln was thrown. Instantly a hundred men jerked off their coats crying,

"*Foul!*"

An equal number on the other side followed suit, crying,

"*We'll see if it was.*"

A deadly fight seemed imminent, but Lincoln commanded attention, and said:

"Boys, this man *can* throw me fairly, if he didn't do it this time; so let us give up that I was beaten fairly."

Lincoln the Citizen, Henry C. Whitney, page 97.

Distinguished Men in the Black Hawk War

In a war so meager in military exploit, it is curious to note how many persons then or later distinguished had part—Andrew Jackson being Commander-in-chief, *ex-officio*. Major-General Scott had set out with a small body of regulars, to put an end to the affair by taking the field in person. Arrived at Chicago, then beginning to grow from a mere military fort into a thin, straggling village, he met a more formidable foe than he was seeking, in the form of Asiatic cholera. . . . . He had not been fully restored to health . . . . when news came that Black Hawk was beaten and the war was over.

Other officers connected with this campaign were Zachary Taylor, then a Colonel of the regular army, and in command of the post of Fort Crawford, at Prairie du Chien; Jefferson Davis, later his son-in-law; Albert Sidney Johnston; Erasmus D. Keyes, a

lieutenant, lately graduated; and Robert Anderson, then Lieutenant of Artillery, acting as Inspector-General, by whom the volunteers were mustered into the service.

Of more immediate importance to Captain Lincoln were two men in the volunteer service, both residents of Springfield; Major John T. Stuart, an educated Kentuckian and an able lawyer, who first met Lincoln at Beardstown at the time of the mustering in; and John Calhoun, of a prominent Massachusetts family of Scotch descent, said to be related to the eminent Carolina statesman.

Lincoln and His Presidency, Joseph H. Barrett, LL.D., Vol. I, page 34.

A Romantic but Doubtful Statement

In the memoirs of Jefferson Davis by his wife, it is stated that when this volunteer force was called out by Governor Reynolds, General Winfield Scott was in command at Fort Snelling, and dispatched thence to the seat of war two lieutenants to muster in the Illinois Volunteers.

One of these lieutenants was said to be a "very fascinating young man of easy manners and affable disposition;" while "the other was equally pleasant and extremely modest;" it is further stated that "a tall, homely young man, dressed in a suit of blue jeans," presented himself to the lieutenants as the captain of a company of volunteers, and was with the others duly sworn in; and that the oath of allegiance was administered to the "young man in jeans," by the "fascinating" young lieutenant first named.

This "fascinating" young officer was Jefferson Davis, who was nearly a year the senior of Lincoln; his "extremely modest" colleague was Robert Anderson, who at the beginning of the War of Secession was in command at Fort Sumter; and the tall, homely young captain in "blue jeans" was Abraham Lincoln.

There may be a grain of truth in this romantic statement, but it is doubtful. At the time Lincoln was elected captain, and mustered into service, Scott was not at Fort Snelling; he was in the East, and did not reach Chicago until July 8. Lieut. Jefferson Davis did not, at that time, come from Fort Snelling; he had for a considerable time been with Col. Zachary Taylor at Fort Crawford (Prairie du Chien).

Lincoln in the Black Hawk War. Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Vol. XIV, page 123.

Romantic Story Officially Denied

A story to the effect that Lincoln was mustered into service by Jefferson Davis has for a long time been current, but the strictest search in the records fails to confirm it. We are indebted to General R. C. Drum, Adjutant-General of the Army, for an interesting letter giving all the known facts in relation to this story. General Drum says:

"The company of the Fourth Regiment Illinois Mounted Volunteers, commanded by Mr. Lincoln, was, with others, called out by Governor Reynolds, and was organized at Richland, Sangamon County, Illinois, April 21, 1832. The muster-in roll is not on file, but the records show that the company was mustered out at the mouth of the Fox River, May 27, 1832, by Nathaniel Buckmaster, Brigade-Major to General Samuel Whitesides's Illinois Volunteers. On the muster-roll of Captain Elijah Iles's company, Illinois Mounted Volunteers, A. Lincoln. . . .appears as a private from May 27, 1832, to June 16, 1832, when the company was mustered out of service by Lieutenant Robert Anderson. . . .who in April, 1861, was in command of Fort Sumter. There is no evidence to show that it was mustered in by Lieutenant Jefferson Davis. Mr. Davis's company (B, First United States Infantry) was stationed at Fort Crawford, Wisconsin, during the months of January and February, 1832, and he is borne on the rolls as 'absent on detached service at the Dubuque mines by order of Colonel Morgan.' From March 26 to August 18, 1832, the muster rolls of Davis's company report him as absent on furlough."

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. I, page 96. (Foot-note.)

Returning with "Quips and Quirks" from the War

It was on the 16th of June, a month before the slaughter of the Bad Axe, that the battalion to which Lincoln belonged was at last mustered out, at Whitewater, Wisconsin. . . . . The men started home the next day in high spirits, like schoolboys for their holidays. Lincoln had need, like Horatio, of his good spirits, for they were his only outfit for the long journey to New Salem, he and his messmate Harrison having had their horses stolen the day before by some patriot over-anxious to reach home. But, as Harrison says:

"I laughed at our fate, and he joked at it, and we all started off merrily. The generous men of our company walked and rode by turns with us, and we fared about equal with the rest. But for this generosity our legs would have had to do the better work; for in that day this dreary route furnished no horses to buy or to steal; and, whether on horse or afoot, we always had company, for many of the horses' backs were too sore for riding."

It is not hard to imagine with what quips and quirks of native fancy Lincoln and his friends beguiled the way through forest and prairie. With youth, good health, and a clear conscience, and even then the dawning of a young and undefiled ambition in his heart, nothing was wanting to give zest and spice to this long, sociable walk of a hundred leagues. . . . .

Lincoln and Harrison could not have been altogether penniless, for at Peoria they bought a canoe and paddled down to Pekin. Here the ingenious Lincoln employed his hereditary talent for carpentry by making an oar for the frail vessel while Harrison was providing the commissary stores. The latter goes on to say:

"The river, being very low, was without current, so that we had to pull hard to make half the speed of legs on land; in fact, we let her float all night, and on the next morning always found the objects still visible that were beside us the previous evening. The water was remarkably clear for this river of plants, and the fish appeared to be sporting with us as we moved over or near them. On the next day after we left Pekin we overhauled a raft of saw-logs, with two men afloat on it to urge it on with poles and to guide it in the channel. We immediately pulled up to them and went on the raft, where we were made welcome by various demonstrations, especially by an invitation to a feast on fish, corn-bread, eggs, butter and coffee, just prepared for our benefit. Of these good things we ate almost immoderately, for it was the only warm meal we had made for several days. While preparing it, and after dinner, Lincoln entertained them, and they entertained us for a couple of hours very amusingly." . . . .

The returning warriors dropped down the river from Pekin to Havana. . .There they sold their boat,—no difficult task, for a canoe was a staple article in any river-town,—and again set out,

the old way, over the sand-ridges, for Petersburg. "As we drew near home the impulse became stronger and urged us on amazingly. The long strides of Lincoln, often slipping back in the loose sand, six inches every step, were just right for me; and he was greatly diverted when he noticed me behind him stepping along in his tracks to keep from slipping."

Thus the two comrades came back from their soldierings to their humble homes, from which Lincoln was soon to start on the way marked out for him by Providence, with strides which no comrade, with whatever good will, might hope to follow.

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. I, page 96.

Humorous Reference to His Record in the Black Hawk War

When a member of Congress, Mr. Lincoln made a very amusing campaign speech, in which, alluding to the custom of exaggerating the military service of candidates, and ridiculing the extravagant claims to heroism set up for General Lewis Cass, then a candidate for the Presidency against General Zachary Taylor, he referred with great good humor to his own services in the Black Hawk War in the following terms:

"By the way, Mr. Speaker, did you know I am a military hero? Yes, sir; in the days of the Black Hawk War I fought, bled and—came away. Speaking of General Cass's career reminds me of my own. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as Cass was to Hull's surrender; and, like him, I saw the place very soon afterwards. It is quite certain I did not 'break my sword,' for I had none to break; but I *bent my musket* pretty badly on one occasion. If Cass broke his sword, the idea is he broke it in desperation. I bent my musket by accident. If General Cass went in advance of me in picking whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges upon the wild onions. If he saw any live, fighting Indians, it was more than I did; but I had a good many bloody struggles with mosquitoes, and, although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry. Mr. Speaker, if I should ever conclude to doff whatever our Democratic friends may suppose there is of black-cockade federalism about me, and thereupon they shall take me up as their candidate for the Presidency, I protest they shall not make

fun of me, as they have of General Cass, by attempting to write me into a military hero."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Isaac N. Arnold, page 37.

The Only Time Lincoln Was Ever Defeated on a Direct Vote of the People

Lincoln must have reached home about August 1st, for the election was to occur in the second week of that month, and this left him but ten days in which to push his claims for popular indorsement. His friends, however, had been doing manful duty for him during his three months' absence, and he lost nothing in public estimation by his prompt enlistment to defend he frontier. Successive announcements in the *Journal* had by this time swelled the list of candidates to thirteen.

But Sangamon County was entitled to only four representatives, and when the returns came in Lincoln was among those defeated. Nevertheless, he made a very respectable showing in the race. The list of successful . . . aspirants and their votes was as follows:

E. D. Taylor	1127
John T. Stuart	991
Achilles Morris	945
Peter Cartwright (the famous backwoods preacher)	815

Under the plurality rule, these four had been elected. . . . .

The returns show that the total vote of the county was about 2168. Comparing this with the vote (657) cast for Lincoln, we see that he received nearly one-third of the total county vote, notwithstanding his absence from the canvass, notwithstanding the fact that his acquaintanceship was limited to the neighborhood of New Salem, notwithstanding the sharp competition. Indeed, his talent and fitness for active practical politics were demonstrated beyond question by the result in his home precinct of New Salem, which, though he ran as a Whig, gave 277 votes for him and only 3 against him. Three months later it gave 185 for the Jackson and only 70 for the Clay electors, proving Lincoln's personal popularity. He remembered for the remainder of his life with great pride that this was the only time he was ever beaten on a direct vote of the people.

The result of the election brought him to one of the serious crises of his life, which he forcibly stated in after years in the following written words:

"He (Lincoln wrote of himself in the third person) was now without means and out of business, but anxious to remain with his friends, who had treated him with so much generosity, especially as he had nothing elsewhere to go to. He studied what he should do; thought of learning the blacksmith trade, thought of trying to study law, rather thought he could not succeed at that without a better education."

A Short Life of Abraham Lincoln, John G. Nicolay, page 35.

Lincoln and Smoot—Left-Handed Compliments but Right-Handed Friendship

One day in 1832, while Lincoln was clerking for Offutt, a stranger came into the store, and soon disclosed the fact that his name was Smoot. Abe was behind the counter at the moment, but, hearing the name, he sprang over and introduced himself. Abe had often heard of Smoot and Smoot had often heard of Abe. . . .

"Smoot," said Lincoln, after a steady survey of his person, "I am very much disappointed in you; I expected to see an old 'Probst' of a fellow." ("Probst," it appears, was the most hideous specimen of humanity in all that country.)

"Yes," replied Smoot, "and I am equally disappointed, for I expected to see a good-looking man when I saw you."

A few neat compliments like the foregoing laid the foundation of a lasting intimacy between the two men.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 157.

A Wrecked Store, a Plucky Investment and the Firm of Berry & Lincoln

After Lincoln had terminated his novitiate in mercantile life with the downfall of Offutt, his next mercantile . . . . experience was achieved in a mode peculiar to the business methods . . . of the frontier.

It occurred thus: Reuben Radford brought a stock of goods to New Salem, and opened a store. He was duly warned against the idiosyncrasies of the "Clary's Grove Boys," but incorrectly reasoned

that he could keep them under control if he limited their allowance of drinks to two each. It so happened that, upon the occasion of their first visit to New Salem after his settlement there, he was on a visit in the country three miles distant, and his young brother was in charge.

After the crowd drank twice around, the young clerk informed them that he had reached the limit of his orders, and that the faucet to the whiskey barrel was under an embargo till their next visit. That was, to them, a strange condition of affairs, and not in accordance with the theory of government . . . . for which their forefathers "fit," and they sought in vain to impress their view of the case upon the warden of the indispensable spirits. But the youth was rigid and declined to yield, whereupon the crowd whipped out their horse-pistols and made targets of the alluring whiskey bottles which adorned the shelves, and in a few minutes spread ruin throughout the store. "The boys" then made good use of the exhilaration contained in an unlimited supply of whiskey; and riot reigned supreme in that neighborhood until the "wee sma' hours" of the next morning.

Shortly before day, Radford's peaceful sleep was disturbed by the bacchanalian yelling of the rowdies *en route* for their homes, and fearing danger at his store, he mounted his horse and rode post-haste toward the little hamlet.

Billy Greene, then still a youth, was on his pony going early to mill. Seeing Radford dash past him, his horse reeking with sweat, he followed at a breakneck pace to learn the cause of such excitement. Radford reached his store, and, hastily alighting, stood on the platform and gazed in at the open door with dismay upon the broken bottles and other *débris* of the saturnalian debauch. Greene rode up to the open window just as Radford in desperation exclaimed:

"I'll sell out this whole 'shebang' at the first offer I get." Greene, at a venture, exclaimed,

"I offer $400."

"Done," said Radford, "the concern's yours."

"But I have no money," said Greene.

"Never mind the money," said the disgusted merchant. "Come right in and give me your note at six months," which Greene promptly and recklessly did.

Radford bestrode his steed and left young Greene "monarch of all he surveyed." The store was directly opposite the hotel (so-called) where Lincoln at that time abode. Just at this moment Abe appeared at the wash-stand out of doors. Seeing the youthful speculator and divining his "embarrassment of riches," Lincoln said:

"Hold on, Bill, till I get a bite of breakfast, and we'll take an inventory and see what you've got."

"I don't want any more inventory," was the reply. "The 'Clary Grovers' have done all the inventoryin' *I* want."

But after breakfast Lincoln and Greene went through the stock and found that it was worth seven hundred and fifty dollars at least. Lincoln was out of a job just then, and one William Berry was also out of employment, but the possessor, just at that juncture, of two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and a good horse, saddle, and bridle.

In less than an hour from the time of the inventory the following trade was made: Berry & Lincoln formed a partnership and bought out Greene; Berry paid him two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and gave him the horse, saddle, and bridle, estimated at one hundred dollars, assumed payment of his debt to Radford, and Greene was to have the store receipts for that day. The new firm then went into possession and took in fifteen dollars and a Spanish shilling; and young Greene, highly elated by his first business venture, rode home that night with two hundred and sixty-five dollars and twelve and one-half cents, and a horse, saddle and bridle, as the result of the investment of a boy's pluck and enterprise.

The firm of Berry & Lincoln next absorbed the stock and business of the moribund firm of James and Rowan Herndon. The new enterprise was, however, greatly handicapped, first, by lack of capital, and secondly, by the devotion of the senior partner to the whiskey jug, and of the junior partner to "star-eyed science."

Lincoln the Citizen, Henry C. Whitney, page 88.

Becomes Possessor of "Blackstone" by Accident

His ambition to be a lawyer was stimulated by a curious incident that occurred soon after he went into partnership with Berry.

He related it himself to Mr. A. J. Conant, the artist, who painted his portrait in Springfield in 1860, in these words:

"One day a man who was migrating to the West drove up in front of my store with a wagon which contained his family and household plunder. He asked me if I would buy an old barrel for which he had no room in his wagon, and which contained nothing of special value. I did not want it, but to oblige him I bought it, and paid him, I think, half a dollar for it. Without further examination I put it away in the store and forgot all about it. Some time after, in overhauling things, I came upon the barrel, and emptying it on the floor to see what it contained, I found at the bottom of the rubbish a complete edition of Blackstone's 'Commentaries.' I began to read those famous works, and I had plenty of time; for during the long summer days, when the farmers were busy with their crops, my customers were few and far between. The more I read"—this he said with unusual emphasis—"the more intensely interested I became. Never in my whole life was my mind so thoroughly absorbed. I read until I devoured them."



Devotion of the junior partner to "star-eyed science."

The True Abraham Lincoln, William Eleroy Curtis, page 63.

His First Effort at Public Speaking

About the year 1832 or 1833, Mr. Lincoln made one of his first efforts at public speaking. A debating club, of which James Rutledge was president, was organized, and held regular meetings. As he arose to speak, his tall form towered above the little assembly. Both hands were thrust down deep in the pockets of his pantaloons.

A perceptible smile at once lit up the faces of the audience, for all anticipated the relation of a humorous story. But he opened up the discussion in splendid style, to the infinite astonishment of his friends. As he warmed with his subject, his hands would forsake his pockets and would enforce his ideas by awkward gestures, but would very soon seek their easy resting-places. He pursued the question with reason and argument so pithy and forcible that all were amazed.

The president, at his fireside after the meeting, remarked to his wife that there was more in Abe's head than wit and fun; that he was already a fine speaker; that all he lacked was culture to enable him to reach the high destiny which he knew was in store for him. From that time Mr. Rutledge took a deeper interest in him.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 121.

The Store that "Winked out," Leaving "the National Debt"

Fortunately for Lincoln and for the world, the store-enterprise was not successful. It was entered into without sufficient reflection, and from the very nature of things was destined to fail. To Berry the business was merely the refuge of idleness. He spent his time in gossip and drank up his share of the profits, and it is probable that Lincoln was far more interested in politics and general reading than in the petty traffic of his shop. In the spring of the next year, finding that their merchandise was gaining them little or nothing, they concluded to keep a tavern in addition to their other business, and the records of the County Court of Sangamon County show that Berry took out a license for that purpose on the 6th of March, 1833.

But it was even then too late for any expedients to save the moribund partnership. The tavern was never opened, for about this time Lincoln and Berry were challenged to sell out to a pair of

vagrant brothers named Trent, who, as they had no idea of paying, were willing to give their notes to any amount. They soon ran away, and Berry expired, extinguished in rum.

Lincoln was thus left loaded with debts, and with no assets except worthless notes of Berry and the Trents. It is greatly to his credit that he never thought of doing by others as others had done by him. The morality of the frontier was deplorably loose in such matters, and most of these people would have concluded that the failure of the business expunged its liabilities.

But Lincoln made no effort even to compromise the claims against him. He promised to pay when he could, and it took the labor of years to do it, but he paid at last every farthing of the debt, which seemed to him and his friends so large that it was called among them "the national debt."

He had already begun to read elementary books of law, borrowed from Major Stuart and other kindly acquaintances. Indeed, it is quite possible that Berry and Lincoln might have succeeded better in business if the junior member of the firm had not spent so much of his time reading Blackstone and Chitty in the shade of a great oak just outside the door, while the senior quietly fuddled himself within. Eye-witnesses still (in 1880) speak of the grotesque youth, habited in homespun tow, lying on his back with his feet on the trunk of the tree, and poring over his book by the hour, "grinding around in the shade," as it shifted from north to east. After his store, to use his own expression, had "winked out," he applied himself with more continuous energy to his reading, doing merely what odd jobs came to his hand to pay his current expenses, which were of course very slight.



MAJOR JOHN T. STUART
Who first encouraged Lincoln to study law and lent him law books.

He sometimes helped his friend Ellis in his store; sometimes went into the field and renewed his exploits as a farm hand, which had gained him traditional fame in Indiana; sometimes employed his clerkly hand in straightening up a neglected ledger. It is probable that he worked for his board oftener than for any other

compensation, and his hearty friendliness and vivacity, as well as his industry in the field, made him a welcome guest in any farm-house in the county. His strong arm was at the disposal of the poor and needy; it is said of him, with a graphic variation of a well-known text, "that he visited the fatherless and the widow and chopped their wood."

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. I, page 111

Studying Law on the Woodpile

It is not to be wondered that Lincoln succeeded in becoming a prominent lawyer under such unpromising circumstances. Russel Godby, an old man who still survives (1890), tells the following:

"We often employed Lincoln to do farm work for us. One day I found him sitting barefoot on the summit of the woodpile, attentively reading a book. This was such an unusual thing for a farm hand to be doing that I asked him,

" 'Say, Abe, what are you doing up there?'

" 'I'm studying,' he answered.

" 'Studying *what?*' I inquired.

" '*Law*, sir,' was the emphatic response. I stood awhile looking at him, sitting there as proud as Cicero. That was really too much for me."

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Paul Selby, page 83.

"Chops Up a House for 'Ab' Trent"

One cold winter day, Lincoln saw a poor fellow named "Ab" Trent hard at work "chopping up a house," which Mr. Hill had employed him to convert into firewood. Ab was barefoot, and shivered pitifully while he worked. Lincoln watched him a few moments, and asked him what he was to get for the job. Ab answered, "one dollar;" and, pointing to his naked and suffering feet, said he wished to buy a pair of shoes.

Lincoln seized the ax, and, ordering the boy to comfort himself at the nearest fire, chopped up the house so fast that Ab and the owner were both amazed when they saw it done.

According to Mr. Rutledge, "Ab remembered this act with the liveliest gratitude. Once he, being a 'cast-iron Democrat,' determined to vote against his party and for Mr. Lincoln; but the friends, as he afterwards said with tears in his eyes, made him drunk and

he voted against Abe. Thus he did not even have an opportunity to return the noble conduct of Mr. Lincoln by this small measure of thanks."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 152.

Kelso Introduces Lincoln to "Shakespeare" and "Burns"

There lived at New Salem at this time, and for some years afterward, a festive gentleman named Kelso, a school-teacher, a merchant, or a vagabond, according to the run of his somewhat variable "luck." When other people got drunk at New Salem, it was the usual custom to tussle and fight, and tramp each other's toes, and pull each other's nose; but when Kelso got drunk, he astonished the rustic community with copious quotations from Robert Burns and William Shakespeare,—authors little known among the literary men of New Salem.

Besides Shakespeare and Burns, Mr. Kelso was likewise very fond of fishing, and could catch his game when no other man could "get a bite." Mr. Lincoln hated fishing with all his heart. But it is the testimony of the country-side, from Petersburg to Island Grove, that Kelso "drew Lincoln after him by his talk;" that they became exceedingly intimate; that they loitered away whole days together, along the banks of the quiet streams; that Lincoln learned to love inordinately our "divine William" and "Scotia's bard." Finally he and Kelso boarded at the same place. . . .

Like Offutt, Kelso disappeared suddenly from New Salem. . . . . Of Kelso a few faint traces have been found in Missouri . . . . and but for the humble boy to whom he was once a gentle master, no human being would now bestow a thought upon his name. In short, to use the expressive language of Mr. Lincoln himself, Kelso literally "petered out."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 144.

Junior Partner, Rail-Splitter, Farm-Hand and Postmaster

Business was not so brisk in Berry & Lincoln's store that the junior partner did not welcome an appointment as postmaster, which he received in May, 1833. . . . . The duties of the office were not arduous, for letters were few, and their comings far between. At that date the mails were carried by four-horse post-coaches from city to city, and on horseback from central points into

the country towns. The rates of postage were high (from six to twenty-five cents for a "single sheet" letter). . . . .Though supposed to arrive twice a week, it sometimes happened that a fortnight or more elapsed without any mail. Under these conditions the New Salem post-office was not a serious care.

A large number of the patrons of the office lived in the country —many of them miles away—but generally Lincoln delivered the letters at their doors—[a "rural free delivery"]. These he would carefully place in the crown of his hat, and distribute them from house to house. Thus it was in a measure true that he kept the New Salem post-office in his hat.

But whether the mail was delivered by the postmaster himself, or the recipient came to the store to inquire, "Anything for me?" it was the habit "to stop and visit awhile." He who received a letter read it and told the contents; if he had a newspaper, usually the postmaster could tell him in advance what it contained, for one of the perquisites of the early postmaster was the privilege of reading all printed matter before delivering it. Every day, then, Lincoln's acquaintance in New Salem, through his position as postmaster, became more intimate. . . . .As the position of postmaster brought in only a small revenue, Lincoln was forced to take any odd work he could get. He helped in other stores of the town, split rails, and looked after the mill; but all this yielded only a scant and uncertain support.

The Early Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, page 175.

"Anything for Me?"

One Elmore Johnson, an ignorant but ostentatious, proud man, used to go to Lincoln's post-office every day—sometimes three or four times a day, if in town,—and inquire,

"Anything for me?"

This bored Lincoln, yet it amused him. He fixed a plan, wrote a letter to Johnson, as coming from a negress in Kentucky, saying a good many things about "possums," dances, "cornshuckings," etc., winding up with:

"Johns', come and see me again and old master won't kick you out of the kitchen any more!"

Elmore took it out and opened it, but couldn't read a word; he went away and got some friends to read it; they read it correctly

but he thought they were fooling him. He went to others with the same result. At last he said he would get *Lincoln* to read it. . . . It was almost too much for Lincoln, but he read it through.

The man never asked again, "Anything here for me?"

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 148.

A. Lincoln, Deputy-Surveyor

When in the fall he had an opportunity to learn surveying, he accepted it eagerly. . . As the county of Sangamon was large, and eagerly sought by immigrants, the county surveyor in 1833, one John Calhoun, needed deputies. . . .



ANDREW JACKSON

With Lincoln, Calhoun had little, if any, personal acquaintance, for they lived twenty miles apart. . . Calhoun had heard of him (Lincoln) as an honest, intelligent, and trustworthy young man. One day he sent word to Lincoln by Pollard Simmons, who lived in the New Salem neighborhood, that he had decided to appoint him deputy surveyor if he would accept the position. . . . It was a surprise to Lincoln. Calhoun was a "Jackson man;" he was for Clay. What did he know about surveying, and why should a Democratic official offer him a position of any kind? He immediately went to Springfield, and had a talk with Calhoun. He would not accept the appointment, he said, unless he had the assurance that it involved no political obligation. This

1834
Jan 14 Surveyed for Rufsel Godby - the West half of the North East quarter of Section 30. in Township 19 North of Range 6 West. Beginning at a White oak 12 inches in diameter bearing N 34 E 84 Links a White oak 10 inches S 58 W 98 Links - Thence South 40 chains to a White oak 12 inches N 36 E 20 Links Thence East 20 chains to a Black oak 12 inches S 54 W 16 Links - Thence North 40 chains to a Post & mound. Thence West 20 chains to the beginning

Rainmon.
Hercules Demming

J. Calhoun S S C
By A. Lincoln

CERTIFICATE OF SURVEY, BY LINCOLN AS DEPUTY

assurance was given. The only difficulty then in the way was the fact that he knew absolutely nothing of surveying. But Calhoun, of course, understood this, and agreed that he should have time to learn.

With the promptness of action with which he always undertook anything he had to do, he procured Flint and Gibson's treatise on surveying, and sought Mentor Graham for help. At the sacrifice of some time, the schoolmaster aided him to a partial mastery of the intricate subject. Lincoln worked literally day and night, sitting up night after night until the crowing of the cock warned him of the approach of dawn. So hard did he study that his friends were greatly concerned at his haggard face. But in six weeks he had mastered all the books within reach relating to the subject. . . . Reporting to Calhoun for duty (greatly to the amazement of that gentleman), he was at once assigned to the territory in the northwest part of the county. . . . . .

Lincoln's surveys had the extraordinary merit of being correct. Frequently he was called upon to find the corner in controversy. His verdict was invariably the end of the dispute, so general was the confidence in his honesty and skill. Lincoln's pay as a surveyor was three dollars a day, more than he had ever before earned. . . . . Good board and lodging could be obtained for one dollar a week. But even three dollars a day did not enable him to meet all his financial obligations. The heavy debts of the store hung over him. He was obliged to help his father's family in Coles County. The long distances he had to travel in his new employment had made it necessary to buy a horse, and for it he had gone into debt. . . . .

With a single exception, Lincoln's creditors seem to have been lenient. One of the notes given by him came into the hands of a Mr. Van Bergen, who, when it fell due, brought suit. The amount of the judgment was more than Lincoln could pay, and his personal effects were levied upon. These consisted of his horse, saddle and bridle, and surveying instruments. James Short, a well-to-do farmer, without advising Lincoln of his plans, attended the sale, bought in the horse and surveying instruments for one hundred and twenty dollars, and turned them over to their former owner. By this kind act of "Uncle Jimmy," the young surveyor was enabled to continue his business.

The Early Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, page 181.

A Picnic in the Neighborhood While Lincoln Was Surveying There

According to tradition, when he first took up the [surveying] business he was too poor to buy a chain, and, instead, used a long, straight grape-vine. Probably this is a myth, though surveyors who had experience in the early days say it may be true. The chains commonly used at that time were made of iron. Constant use wore away and weakened the links, and it was no unusual thing for a chain to lengthen six inches after a year's use. "And a good grape-vine," to use the words of a veteran surveyor," would give quite as satisfactory results as one of those old-fashioned chains."

. . . .

Lincoln frequently was obliged to be away for three or four weeks at a time, laying new towns or locating new roads.

Every such trip added to his political capital. Such was his reputation throughout the country that when he got a job . . . there was a picnic and jolly time in the neighborhood. Men and boys gathered from far and near, ready to carry the chain, drive stakes, and blaze trees, if they could only hear Lincoln's odd stories and jokes. The fun was interspersed with foot races and wrestling matches. To this day (1895) the old settlers in many a place in Central Illinois repeat the incidents of Lincoln's sojourns in their neighborhood while surveying their town.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, pages 100 and 132.

The Clary's Grove Champion Becomes a Staunch Friend

But, after all, Lincoln had no friend more intimate than Jack Armstrong, and none that valued him more highly. Until he finally left New Salem for Springfield, he "rusticated" occasionally at Jack's hospitable cabin, situated "four miles in the country," as the polished metropolitans of New Salem would say.

Jack's wife, Hannah, . . . liked Abe, and enjoyed his visits not less than Jack did.

"Abe would come out to our house," she says, "drink milk, eat mush, corn-bread and butter, bring the children candy, and rock the cradle while I got him something to eat. . . . I foxed his pants; and made his shirts. . . . . He has gone with us to father's; he would tell stories, joke people, girls and boys, at parties. He would nurse babies—do anything to accommodate

anybody. . . . I had no books about my house; loaned him none. We didn't think about books and papers. We worked; had to



"Abe would come to our house, tell stories and joke people."

live. Lincoln has stayed at our house two or three weeks at a time."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 150.

Where His Kindness of Heart Made Trouble

When a surveyor, Mr. Lincoln first platted the town of Petersburg, Illinois. Some twenty or thirty years afterward the property-owners along one of the outlying streets had trouble in fixing their boundaries. They consulted the official plat and got no relief.

A committee was sent to Springfield to consult the distinguished surveyor, but he failed to recall anything that would give them aid, and could only refer them to the record. The dispute, therefore, went into the courts.

While the trial was pending, an old Irishman named McGuire, who had worked for some farmer during the summer, returned to town for the winter. The case being mentioned in his presence, he promptly said:

"I can tell you all about it. I helped carry the chain when Abe Lincoln laid out this town. Over there where they are quarreling about the lines, when he was locating the street, he straightened up from his instrument and said:

" 'If I run that street right through, it will cut three or four feet off the end of Blank's house. It's all he's got in the world and he never could get another. I reckon it won't hurt anything out here if I skew the line a little and miss him.' "

The line was "skewed,"—hence the trouble, and more testimony furnished as to Lincoln's abounding kindness of heart that would not willingly harm any human being.

"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 139.

His First Real Stump Speech

Here is a delightful description of the appearance of the candidate and his style of address at the period:

"He wore a mixed jean coat, claw-hammer style, short in the sleeves and bob-tail—in fact it was so short in the tail he could not sit on it—flax and tow linen pantaloons, and a straw hat. I think he wore a vest, but do not remember how it looked. He wore pot-metal boots.

"His maiden effort on the stump was a speech on the occasion of a public sale at Pappville, a village eleven miles off Springfield. After the sale was over and speech-making had begun, a fight—a "general fight," as one of the bystanders relates—ensued, and Lincoln, noticing one of his friends about to succumb to the attack of an infuriated ruffian, interposed to prevent it. He did so most effectually. Hastily descending from the rude platform, he edged his way through the crowd, and seizing the bully by the neck and

the seat of his trousers, threw him by means of his strength and long arms, as one witness stoutly insists, 'twelve feet away.' Returning to the stand, and throwing aside his hat, he inaugurated his campaign with the following brief, but juicy declaration:

" 'FELLOW CITIZENS, I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by many friends to become a candidate for the Legislature. My politics are 'short and sweet' like the old woman's dance. I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal improvement system, and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I shall be thankful; if not it will be all the same.' "

Some Old Love Stories, T. P. O'Connor, page 29.

In the Field and on the Stump—The Campaign of 1834

Mr. Rowan Herndon tells of the following incidents: "Lincoln came to my house, near Island Grove, during harvest. There were some thirty men in the field. He got his dinner, and went out in the field where the men were at work. I gave him an introduction, and the boys said that they could not vote for a man unless he could take a hand.

" 'Well, boys', said he, 'if that is all, I am sure of your votes.' He took hold of the cradle, and led way all the round with perfect ease. The boys were satisfied, and I don't think he lost a vote in the crowd.

"The next day there was speaking at Berlin. He went from my house with Dr. Barnett, the man that had asked me who this man Lincoln was. I told him that he was a candidate for the Legislature. He laughed and said:

" 'Can't the party raise no better material than that?'

"I said, 'Go to-morrow, and hear all before you pronounce judgment.'

"When he came back I said, 'Doctor, what do you say now?'

" 'Why, sir,' said he, 'he is a perfect take in. He knows more than all of them put together.' "

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 156.

Love and Ambition

The honest and upright ambition of Abraham Lincoln to make a man of himself needed no spurring. There were within him springs of life and thought as yet unopened and of whose existence he was hitherto ignorant. These were now to be discovered to him, and a new and strong incentive to exertion was to add its power to the other forces which were urging him forward.

The third child of Mr. James Rutledge, Lincoln's devoted friend and admirer, was a girl of high principle and uncommon beauty. In all the country around there was no maiden to be compared with fair Ann Rutledge. Her mental accomplishments were only such as could then be obtained in Illinios by the daughter of a country merchant of intelligence and property, but they were sufficient. She could not fail to have admirers; and when, in the second year of Lincoln's New Salem life, he came to board for a while with her father, she was already promised in marriage to his friend McNeil, a young and thriving trader and farmer of New Salem.

There came to her soon afterwards a strange, romantic history. Her betrothed revealed to her the fact that his name was not McNeil but McNamar, and that he had so concealed his identity in coming West that he might build a fortune unknown to his family and then return to care for his father in his old age. He was now closing up his business, turning his property into money, and would go to New York and perform his purpose there, and come back to wed the girl who had given him her heart.

She heard and she believed him, and he went away. He wrote to her of his father's sickness and death. Then other letters came, at longer and longer intervals, always promising to return and holding her to her engagement, until at last their coming ceased entirely. It was a cruel, a terrible thing to fall upon a girl of nineteen. The one bitterer drop was added to her cup of trouble when she found that, during all that time, she had been winning the heart of a man whose faith could not be broken and whose integrity and manly worth all other men acknowledged. . . . . .

Ann was as true as she was beautiful, and she at last was compelled to tell her urgent suitor frankly what bond it was that bade her not to love him. She could no longer love a man who had broken his word. . . but she was slow to admit her right to take another

in his place. And yet she had already taken him in, and Lincoln knew it, and he gave to her all the unmeasured strength of his first, whole-hearted love.

It was a loyal and manly thing to do. No other thing of which he had shown himself capable told half so much for the growth of his inner life or promised half so well.

Lincoln had something to live for. . . There was no need for any urgent friend to prompt his political ambition now. He was thirsting for such honors as would mark him as a man fitted to court and win Ann Rutledge. He announced himself as a candidate for election to the State Legislature, issued a printed address to the people of the county, and made a thorough stumping tour from neighborhood to neighborhood. He spoke as he had never before spoken, and was triumphantly elected, although there were other strong candidates in the field. . . .

Abraham Lincoln, the True Story of a Great Life, William O. Stoddard, page 99.

Smoot's Responsibility

The proper sense of personal dignity forbade him to go to the Capitol at Vandalia in the shabby clothing which was good enough for his daily round of life and work in New Salem. . . .

Among his older acquaintances was a man named Smoot, as dry a joker as himself, but better supplied with ready money. To him Lincoln went one day, in company with another friend, Hugh Armstrong.

"Smoot, did you vote for me?"

"I did that very thing."

"Well, that makes you responsible. You must lend me the money to buy suitable clothing, for I want to make a decent appearance in the Legislature."

"How much do you want?"

"About two hundred dollars, I reckon."

The honor of Sangamon County, and of New Salem in particular, was at stake, and the new representative received his two hundred dollars on the spot.

It is not difficult to guess whose eyes were among the first to discover how great a difference good clothing could make in the outer man of Ann Rutledge's tall lover.

Abraham Lincoln, the True Story of a Great Life, William O. Stoddard, page 102.

Law Student and Representative

The best thing which Lincoln did in the canvass of 1834 was not winning votes; it was coming to a determination to read law, not for pleasure, but as a business. In his autobiographical notes he says:

"During the canvass, in a private conversation, Major John T. Stuart (one of his fellow candidates) encouraged Abraham to study law. After the election he borrowed books of Stuart, took them home with him and went at it in good earnest. He never studied with anybody."

He seems to have thrown himself into the work with an almost impatient ardor. As he tramped back and forth from Springfield, twenty miles away, to get his law-books, he read sometimes forty pages or more on the way. Often he was seen wandering at random across the fields, repeating alound the points in his last reading.

The rule he gave twenty years later to a young man who wanted to know how to become a lawyer, was the one he practised:

"Get books and read and study them carefully. Begin with Blackstone's 'Commentaries,' and after reading carefully through, say, twice, take up Chitty's 'Pleadings,' Greenleaf's 'Evidence,' and Story's 'Equity,' in succession. Work, work, work, is the main thing."

Having secured a book of legal forms, he was soon able to write deeds, contracts, and all sorts of legal instruments; and he was frequently called upon by his neighbors to perform services of this kind.

"In 1834," says Daniel Green Burner, Berry & Lincoln's clerk, "My father, Isaac Burner, sold out to Henry Onstott, and he wanted a deed written. I knew how handy Lincoln was that way, and suggested that we get him. We found him sitting on a stump.

"'All right,' said he, when informed what we wanted. 'If you will bring me a pen and ink and a piece of paper I will write it here.' I brought him these articles, and, picking up a shingle and putting it on his knee for a desk, he wrote out the deed."

As there was no practising lawyer nearer than Springfield, Lincoln was often employed to act the part of advocate before the village squire, at that time Bowling Green. He realized that this experience was valuable, and never, so far as known, demanded or accepted a fee for his services in these petty cases. . . .

The session of the ninth Assembly began December 1, 1834, and Lincoln went to the capital, then Vandalia, seventy-five miles southeast of New Salem, on the Kaskaskia River, in time for the opening. . . . When Lincoln first went to Vandalia it was a town of eight hundred inhabitants. . . .

The Assembly which he entered was composed of eighty-one members—twenty-six senators and fifty-five representatives. As a rule these men were of Kentucky, Tennessee or Virginia origin, with here and there a Frenchman. . . .

The ninth Assembly gathered in a more hopeful and ambitious mood than any of its predecessors. Illinois was feeling well. The State was free from debt. The Black Hawk War had stimulated the people greatly, for it had brought a large amount of money into circulation. In fact, the greater portion of the eight to ten million dollars the war had cost, had been circulated among the Illinois volunteers. Immigration, too, was increasing at a bewildering rate. In the Northeast, Chicago had begun to rise. . . .

To meet the rising tide of prosperity the Legislature of 1834 felt that they must devise some worthy scheme, so they chartered a new State bank. . . . But even more important to the State than banks was a highway. For thirteen years plans of the Illinois and Michigan canal had been constantly before the Assembly. . . . Now, however, the Assembly, flushed by the first thrill of the coming "boom," decided to authorize a loan of a half million on the credit of the State.

Lincoln favored both these measures. . . . He was placed on the committee of public accounts and expenditures, and attended meetings with great fidelity. . . . But, neither as a speaker nor as an auditor did he make any especial impression on the body.

The Early Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, page 197.

Ann Rutledge—"Loved and Lost"

It is not known precisely when Ann Rutledge told her suitor that her heart was his, but early in 1835 it was publicly known that they were solemnly betrothed. Even then the scrupulous maiden waited for the return of the absent McNamar, that she might be formally released from the obligation to him which he had so reck-

lessly forfeited. Her friends argued with her that she was carrying her scruples too far, and at last, as neither man nor letter came, she permitted it to be understood that she would marry Abraham Lincoln as soon as his legal studies should be completed.

That was a glorious summer for him; the brightest, sweetest, hopefullest he yet had known. It was also the fairest time he was



GRAVE OF LINCOLN'S "LOVED AND LOST"

"I can never be reconciled to have the snow, rain and storms beat upon her grave."

ever to see; for even now, as the golden days came and went, they brought an increasing shadow on their wings. It was a shadow that was not to pass away. Little by little came indications that the health of Ann Rutledge had suffered under the prolonged strain to which she had been subjected. Her sensitive nature had been strung to too high a tension and the chords of her life were beginning to give way.

There were those of her friends who said that she died of a broken heart, but the doctors called it "brain fever."

On the 25th of August, 1835, just before the summer died, she passed away from earth. But she never faded from the heart of Abraham Lincoln. . . In her early grave was buried the best hope he ever knew, and the shadow of that great darkness was never entirely lifted from him.

A few days before Ann's death a message from her brought her betrothed to her bedside, and they were left alone. No one ever knew what passed between them in the endless moments of that last sad farewell; but Lincoln left the house with inexpressible agony written upon his face. He had been to that hour a man of marvelous poise and self-control, but the pain he now struggled with grew deeper and more deep, until, when they came and told him she was dead, his heart and will, and even his brain itself, gave way. He was utterly without help or the knowledge of possible help in this world or beyond it. He was frantic for a time, seeming even to lose the sense of his own identity, and all New Salem said that he was insane. He piteously moaned and raved:

"I never can be reconciled to have the snow, rain, and storms beat upon her grave."

His best friends seemed to have lost their influence over him, . . all but one; for Bowling Green. . managed to entice the poor fellow to his own home a short distance from the village, there to keep watch and ward over him until the fury of his sorrow should wear away. There were well-grounded fears lest he might do himself some injury, and the watch was vigilantly kept.

In a few weeks reason again obtained the mastery, and it was safe to let him return to his studies and his work. He could indeed work again, and he could once more study law, for there was a kind of relief in steady occupation and absorbing toil, but he was not, could not ever be, the same man. . .

Lincoln had been fond of poetry from boyhood, and had gradually made himself familiar with large parts of Shakespeare's plays and the works of other great writers. He now discovered in a strange collection of verses, the one poem which seemed best to express the morbid, troubled, sore condition of his mind, . . . the lines by William Knox, beginning:

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Abraham Lincoln, The True Story of a Great Life, William O. Stoddard, page 107.

"Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?"

With all his love of fun and frolic, with all his wit and humor, with all his laughter and anecdotes, Lincoln, from his youth, was a person of deep feeling, and there was always mingled with his mirth sadness and melancholy. He always associated with the memory of Ann Rutledge the plaintive poem which in his hours of melancholy he so often repeated, and whose familiar first stanzas are as follows:

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid,
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie."

Lincoln loved at twilight, or when in the country, or in solitude, or when with some confidential friend, to repeat this poem. I think he exaggerated its merits, and I attribute his great love of the poem to its association with Ann Rutledge. Several years passed after the sad death of Miss Rutledge before he married. It is not impossible that his devotion to her memory may have been, in part, the cause of so long a delay.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Isaac N. Arnold, page 43.

"Ev'ry Time He'd Talk 'bout Her He Cried Dreadful"

"Abe's" nephew—or one of them—relates a story in connection with Lincoln's first love (Ann Rutledge). . . . Said he one day, in telling his story:

"Us children, w'en we heerd Uncle 'Abe' wuz a-goin' to be married, axed Gran'ma ef Uncle 'Abe' never hed hed a gal afore, an' she says, sez she,

"'Well, Abe wuz never a han' nohow to run 'round visitin' much, or go with the gals, neither, but he did fall in love with a Ann Rutledge, who lived out near Springfield, an' after she died he'd come home, an' ev'ry time he'd talk 'bout her he cried dreadful. He never could talk of her nohow 'thout he'd jes' cry an' cry, like a young feller.'

"Onct he tol' Gran'ma they wuz goin' ter be hitched, they havin' promised each other, an' thet is all we ever heerd 'bout it."

"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 300.

Candidate Lincoln "Shows His Hand"

When he was again a candidate for the same office, there were more political issues to be met, and Lincoln met them with characteristic honesty and boldness. During the campaign he issued the following letter:

"NEW SALEM, June 13, 1836.

"To the Editor of *The Journal:*

"In your paper of last Saturday I see a communication over the signature of 'Many Voters' in which the candidates who are announced in the *Journal* are called upon to 'show their hands.'

"Agreed. Here's mine:

"I go in for all sharing the privileges of the government who assist in bearing its burdens. Consequently, I go for admitting all whites to the right of suffrage who pay taxes or bear arms (by no means excluding females).

"If elected, I shall consider the whole people of Sangamon my constituents, as well those that oppose as those that support me.

"While acting as their Representative, I shall be governed by their will on all subjects upon which I have the means of knowing what their will is; and upon all others I shall do what my own judgment teaches me will best advance their interests. Whether elected or not, I go for distributing the proceeds of the sales of public lands to the several States to enable our State, in common with others, to dig canals and construct railroads without borrowing money and paying interest on it.

"If alive on the first Monday in November, I shall vote for Hugh L. White, for President.

"Very respectfully,
"A. LINCOLN."

This was just the sort of letter to win the support of the plain-spoken voters of Sangamon County. Lincoln not only received more votes than any other candidate on the legislative ticket, but the County, which had always been Democratic, was turned Whig.

"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 467.

Forquer's Lightning-rod

In 1836, Lincoln was again a candidate for the Legislature, and in this canvass he greatly distinguished himself. On one occasion there was to be a public discussion among the opposing candidates, held at the Court House at Springfield, and Lincoln, among others, was advertised to speak. This was his first appearance "on the stump" at the county seat. There lived at this time in the most pretentious house in the town a prominent citizen with the name of George Forquer. He had been long in public life, had been a leading Whig, the party to which Lincoln belonged, but had lately gone over to the Democrats, and received from the Democratic administration an appointment to the lucrative post of Register of the Land Office at Springfield. Upon his handsome new house he had lately placed a lightning-rod, the first one ever put up in Sangamon County. As Lincoln was riding into town with his friends they passed the fine house of Forquer, and observed the novelty of the lightning-rod, discussing the manner in which it protected the house from being struck by lightning.

There was a very large meeting, and there was a great curiosity to hear the orator from New Salem, who, as the "Clary's Grove Boys" insisted, could make a better stump speech than any man at the county seat. . . .

There were seven Whig and seven Democratic candidates for the lower branch of the Legislature, and after several had spoken, it fell to Lincoln to close the discussion. He did it with great ability. Forquer, though not a candidate, then asked to be heard for the Democrats in reply to Lincoln. He was a good speaker, and well known throughout the county. His special task that day was to attack and ridicule the young countryman from New Salem. Turning to Lincoln, who stood within a few feet of him, he said:

"This young man must be taken down, and I am truly sorry that the task devolves upon me."

He then proceeded, in a very overbearing way, and with an assumption of great superiority, to attack Lincoln and his speech. He was fluent and ready with the rough sarcasm of the stump, and he went on to ridicule the person, dress, and arguments of Lincoln with so much success that Lincoln's friends feared that he would

be embarrassed and overthrown. The "Clary's Grove Boys," who were present to cheer, applaud, and back Lincoln, could scarcely be restrained from getting up a fight in behalf of their favorite. They and all his friends felt that the attack was ungenerous and unmanly.

Lincoln, however, stood calm, but his flashing eyes and pale cheek indicated his indignation. As soon as Forquer had closed, he took the stand and first answered his opponent's arguments, fully and triumphantly. So impressive were his words and manner that a hearer believes that he can remember to this day (1880) and repeat some of the expressions. Among other things he said:

"The gentleman commenced his speech by saying that 'this young man,' alluding to me, must be taken down. I am not so young in years as I am in the tricks and trades of a politician, but," said he, pointing to Forquer, "live long or die young, I would rather die now, than, like the gentleman, change my politics, and with the change receive an office worth three thousand dollars a year, and then," continued he, "then feel obliged to erect a lightning-rod over my house to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln Isaac N. Arnold, page 46.

Talked to His Hostess while His Rival Milked the Cow

In one of those campaigns, Lincoln and his Democratic opponent, L. D. Ewing, contended in company for the ballot of a prominent farmer in Sangamon County. He was not at home, so they both sought the influence of the farmer's wife. . . . At milking time they both started out to help her with pail and stool. Arrived at the barn door, Mr. Ewing took the pail and insisted on doing the milking himself, naturally thinking that this would be the masterstroke. But as he received no reply to the bits of talk he was able to make at intervals, he looked up to see the hostess and his rival leaning on the bars at ease, in amicable discussion. By the time his task was done, Lincoln had captivated the voter's better half, and all that his rival gained for his exertion was her thanks for the chance to "have such a pleasant talk with Mr. Lincoln!"

Lincolnics, Henry Llewllyn Williams, page 19.

Taylor's "Bloated Aristocrat"

Among the Democratic orators who canvassed Sangamon County in 1836, was Colonel Dick Taylor. He was a . . very pompous little gentleman, who rode about in his carriage, neatly dressed, with very comspicuous ruffles to his shirt, with patent leather boots, kid gloves, some diamonds and gold studs in his linen, an immense watch-chain with many seals, charms, and pendants—altogether in striking contrast with the plainly clad people whom he addressed. . . Vain, and affecting to be, withal, an extreme Democrat, he had much to say of "the bone and sinew," "the hard-handed yeomanry of the land." He was very sarcastic on the Whig aristocracy, the "rag barons," and the "silk stocking gentry." Lincoln, the candidate of this so-called aristocracy, was dressed in Kentucky jeans, coarse boots, checkered shirt buttoned round his neck without a necktie, an old slouched hat, and certainly the last thing he or his appearance could suggest would be that of anything aristocratic.

On one occasion when Lincoln was present, Taylor, in the midst of a violent harangue against the Whig aristocrats, made a gesture so forcible that he tore the buttons off his vest, and the whole magnificence of his ruffles, gold watch chain, seals, etc., burst forth, fully exposed. Taylor paused in embarrassment. Lincoln, stepping to the front, turning to Taylor, pointed to his ruffles and exclaimed:

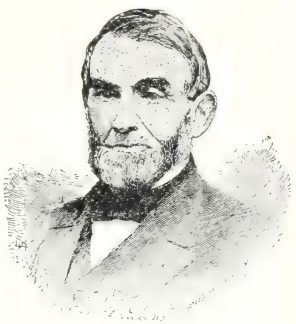
"Behold the hard-fisted Democrat! Look, gentlemen, at this specimen of bone and sinew, and here, gentlemen," said he, laying his great, bony hand, bronzed with work, on his own heart, "here at your service," bowing, "here is your aristocrat! here is one of your 'silk stocking gentry'!" Spreading out his hands, "here is your 'rag baron' with his lily-white hands. Yes, I suppose," continued he, "I, according to my friend Taylor, am 'a bloated aristocrat.' "

The contrast was irresistibly ludicrous, and the crowd burst into shouts of laughter and uproar. In this campaign the reputation of Lincoln as a speaker was established, and ever afterwards he was recognized as one of the great orators of the State.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Isaac N. Arnold, page 49.

The "Long Nine," the Removal of the Capital, and the "Lincoln-Stone Protest"

The Sangamon delegation to the Legislature, there being two Senators and seven members of the House,—nine in all, and each over six feet high—was known as the "Long Nine," and Lincoln, being tallest of all, was called the "Sangamon Chief." Among his colleagues from Sangamon were Edward D. Baker, . . . and Ninian W. Edwards, son of Governor Ninian Edwards. Among his fellow-members of the House were Stephen Arnold Douglas, John J. Hardin, James Shields, . . . and others who became prominent in the State and nation. In this canvass Lincoln had received, as in 1834, the highest vote given to any man on the ticket. . . .



NINIAN W. EDWARDS

One of the "Long Nine" and husband of Mary Todd's sister.

For the immediate constituents of Sangamon County, Lincoln and the "Long Nine" succeeded in getting a law passed removing the [State] capital from Vandalia to Springfield. A fellow-member, one of the "Nine," speaking of this measure, says:

"When our bill, to all appearance, was dead, and beyond resuscitation. . . . and our friends could see no hope, Lincoln never for a moment despaired, but, collecting his colleagues in his room for consultation, his practical common sense, his thorough knowledge of human nature, made him an over-match for his compeers, and for any man I have ever known."

At this session, on the 3d of March, 1837, he began that series of anti-slavery measures which were ended and consummated in the Proclamation of Emancipation and the Amendment to the Constitution abolishing and prohibiting slavery forever throughout the Republic. At this time it required courage to speak or write against slavery. Resolutions of a violent pro-slavery character, and denunciatory of "abolitionists" and all efforts to abolish and restrict slavery, were carried through the Legislature by overwhelming majorities. The people of Illinois, at that time, were made up largely of emigrants from the slave States, and were filled with the prejudices of that section, and the feeling against anti-slavery men

was violent, and almost universal. There then existed in Illinois a body of laws against negroes, called "The Black Code," of most revolting cruelty and severity.

Under these circumstances Lincoln jeopardized his popularity by drawing up and signing a solemn protest against these resolutions. But among all the members of the house, over one hundred in number, he found only one who had the courage to join him.

Abraham Lincoln and Dan Stone were the only ones who had the nerve to express and record their protest against the injustice of slavery. This protest, qualified as it was, to meet, if possible, the temper of the times, declared that slavery is founded on injustice and bad policy.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Isaac N. Arnold, page 50.

The "Prime Mover" of the Capital of Illinois

No event prior to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise ever happened in Illinois which created so much excitement as the removal of the State Capital. The first measure was a joint resolution to relocate by a joint convention of the two houses on a day named. That day was a red-letter day in the history of Vandalia, for all the politicians in the State were there, each one advocating his favorite location.

There were a dozen competing places, six actively so, and the rest hoping that an emergency would arise that would bring one of them to the front. The leading places were Springfield, Jacksonville, Vandalia, Peoria, Alton and Illiopolis (the center of the State). When the first ballot was taken, intense excitement prevailed. Lincoln's adroit tactics were felt and acknowledged throughout, and Springfield received more votes than any two of its competitors combined, on the first ballot, and continued to grow with every ballot, securing the coveted prize on the fourth.

An appropriation of $50,000 was made towards providing a capital building, and Springfield was required to obligate itself to pay $50,000 toward the same object. It took herculean efforts to raise this amount, and Douglas proposed a measure to release the city from its obligation, but Lincoln opposed it. Said he:

"We have the benefit; let us stand by our obligation like men."

The sum was divided into three instalments; the first two were

raised, but they had to borrow the last instalment from the State Bank. To secure this a joint note was made, signed by every citizen of the place. . . .

This was Lincoln's last legislative service. During its existence he gained much experience, became acquainted with the genius of Illinois laws and polities, and the laws themselves, and the politi-



From *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, Ida M. Tarbell.

THE CAPITOL AT VANDALIA

Used as County Court-House after the removal of the State Capital, largely through Lincoln's influence, to Springfield.

cians, and was enabled to gauge, to some extent, his own merits and abilities as a politician and public man.

Mr. Lincoln's statesmanship was in a chrysalis state. His evolution from a backwoods youth to a man of affairs was not yet complete. His training for his true mission in life had just begun. A LINCOLN was not made in a day.

Lincoln the Citizen, Henry C. Whitney, page 145.

Lincoln the "Pettifogger"

He had already begun to practice in an apprentice way, occasionally drawing deeds and bills of sale for his neighbors and "pettifogging" before Justice Bowling Green; and biographers, better acquainted with literary values than with law, have seized upon the fact that he was not paid for this work to illustrate his generosity and helpfulness. One of the recent histories states that, "poor as he was, he never accepted a fee for such services, because he felt that he was fully paid by the experience."

Probably it more than paid him, but in view of the Illinois law which imposes a heavy penalty on unlicensed persons who accept compensation for attorney work, and in the light of similar provisions in the Indiana Revised Statutes, which Lincoln is supposed to have memorized, chapter, page and verse, the attempt to praise his forbearance makes a ludicrous virtue of necessity.

Lincoln, it will be remembered, protested that no pseudo-partizans of his should never make fun of him by writing him into a *military* hero; but he could not protect himself on every side, and his friends, the eulogists, have certainly done their best to make him ridiculous.

Lincoln the Lawyer, Frederick Trevor Hill page 57.

Settled out of Court

Squire Masters of Petersburg, Illinois, was once threatened with a lawsuit He went to Springfield and had a talk with Lincoln about the case. Lincoln told him, as an old friend, that if he could not settle the case he would undertake to defend it, but he urged his friend to make an amicable adjustment.

"What'll you charge, Abe, to go into court for me?"

"Well," Lincoln replied, "it will cost you ten dollars; but I won't charge you anything if you can settle it between yourselves."

The other party heard of the Squire's visit to Lincoln, and agreed to settle.

Lincolnics, Henry Llewllyn Williams, page 30.

Banquets and Toasts for Lincoln and the "Long Nine"

The session ended on March, 6, 1837, and the "Long Nine" mounted their horses and started for home, except Lincoln, who had no horse to mount, and went by means of "Shanks' mare," as he

termed it. Being long-legged and an excellent walker, he was enabled to pick his way through comparatively dry fields and by the roadside, thus avoiding the mud which his companions must contend with, and so he managed to keep up with them for the whole journey, which consumed four days. It is quite probable that, in order to have the benefit of Lincoln's humor, they suited their gait to his, and it is manifest to such as were familiar with the "wild and woolly West," in those days, that the literary entertainment of the journey was highly spiced, if not classical. The poorest scintillation of wit of the journey reveals a border of sadness. The future Emancipator, thinly clad for the season, shivered, as a cold northeaster struck him, and said:

"Boys, I'm cold."

"No wonder," was the unfeeling reply, animadverting on the size of his feet, "there's so much of you on the ground."

However, the "Long Nine" were received with great *éclat* at Springfield. The *keys* and freedom of the little mud-begirt city were accorded them, and free dinners *galore* were spread. At one of these the following toast was proposed in honor of Mr. Lincoln:

"Abraham Lincoln; he has fulfilled the expectations of his friends, and disappointed the hopes of his enemies;" and Lincoln proposed this toast:

"All our friends: they are too numerous to mention now individually, while there is no one of them who is not too dear to be forgotten or neglected."

And Douglas, who was also there, having been appointed Register of the Land Office, offered this toast:

"The winter's legislation: may its results prove no less beneficial to the whole State than they have to our town."

But the novelty wore off in a day or two, and the usual humdrum of existence prevailed. Lincoln had had the lead in the honors accorded, and, although his name was as sonorous and more applauded than any, he was the only one of the "Long Nine" who had no local habitation or home, and the necessity for achieving one pressed remorselessly upon him.

Soon after leaving Springfield at this time, he visited Athens [Illinois], where his colleague, Robert L. Wilson, of the "Long Nine," resided, and that community extended to Mr. Lincoln the compliment of a banquet, at which he was accorded the toast:

"Abraham Lincoln; one of Nature's noblemen."

One can scarcely credit the extreme rusticity which then prevailed. Those extremely raw "toasts" sound very like the proceedings of a cross-roads debating club—in fact, Lincoln and his surroundings smacked of the Justice of the Peace order of law business, and the "log-cabin and hard cider" style of social life.

Lincoln the Citizen, Henry C. Whitney, page 138.

Leaving New Salem

The time had come at last when he must leave the place where he had lived for nearly six years—where he had evolved from a mere adventurer to a lawyer and a legislator. He had served two terms in the Legislature, and had acquired considerable distinction; he had seen the rise, growth, development and decay of New Salem; and he probably foresaw its speedy downfall, for Petersburg had been established, and was growing at the expense of the earlier settlement. . . .

And so, immediately after the adjournment of the Legislature in March, 1837, Lincoln sold his compass, chain, marking-pins, and Jacob's staff; packed his little clothing and few effects into his saddle-bags, borrowed a horse of his friend Bowling Green, and bade adieu to the scene of so much of life, so much of sorrow, to him. In less than a year from that time New Salem ceased to exist. . . . .

When Bowling Green died, Lincoln was invited by the Masons, under whose auspices Green was buried, to make a funeral address, he manfully attempted it and ignominiously failed. His feelings overpowered him as the past rose in his memory, and the disinterested affection of his departed friend passed in review before him; his sobs choked his utterance, and he withdrew from the mournful scene to accompany Mrs. Green to her desolate home.

Lincoln the Citizen, Henry C. Whitney, page 120.

CHAPTER VI

"The Law and the Lady"

Moving to Springfield

Arrived at Springfield he glanced timidly at the few faces he saw in the road (for Springfield contained not a thousand people) as if to see whether his reception was to be cordial or frigid, but he elicited no hint of what was thought of him, if anything he was merely gazed at with a look of cold curiosity or indifference, and his heart sank within him as he reflected on the past, and cast a mental horoscope of the future.

His first stop was at the northwest corner of the public square, at a hitching rack, where he threw the bridle rein over a pin, and wearily taking off the saddle bags, gazed furtively up and down the silent street, and then entered a store on the west side of the square, apparently a little doubtful of his reception. But he was greeted . . . . . heartily by the proprietor with,

"Hello, Abe, just from Salem?"

Lincoln—"Howdy, Speed! Yes, this is my first show-up."

Speed—"So you are to be one of us?"

Lincoln—"I reckon so if you will let me take pot luck with you."

Speed—"All right, Abe; it's better than Salem."

Lincoln—"I just want to put my saddle pockets down here till I put up my beast at Bill Butler's; then I want to see you."

In five minutes he returned. "Well, Speed, I've been to Gorman's and got a single bedstead; now you figure out what it will cost for a tick, blankets and so forth."

Speed (after figuring)—"Say seventeen dollars or so."

Lincoln's countenance fell. "I had no *idee* it would cost half of that, and I can't pay; but if you can wait on me till Christmas, and I make anything, I'll pay; if I don't I can't."

Speed—"I can do better than that; upstairs I sleep in a bed big enough for two, and you just come and sleep with me till you can do better."

Lincoln (brightening up)—"Good; where is it?"

Speed—"Upstairs behind that pile of barrels—turn to the right when you get up."

Lincoln (returning joyously)—"Well, Speed, I've moved."

Life on the Circuit with Lincoln, Henry C. Whitney, page 15.

Stuart & Lincoln

The great service he had rendered the town of Springfield, in carrying through the law for removing the capital to that place, was gratefully appreciated, and his many friends urged him to come there to live and practise law. His old friend, John T. Stuart, a lawyer of established position and in good practice, offered him a partnership. The offer he gladly accepted, and in April, 1837, he removed to, and made his home in, Springfield. He had been admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court in the fall of 1836, but his name does not appear on the roll of attorneys until 1837. On the 27th of April of that year he entered into partnership with Stuart, under the name of Stuart & Lincoln, and this partnership continued until the 14th day of April, 1841.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Isaac N. Arnold, page 53.

The Affair with Mary Owens

About a mile below New Salem, on the crest of a hill overlooking the broad river bottom, and on a farm adjacent to that of Bowling Green, lived Bennett Able and family, who had emigrated there from Green County, Kentucky. Mrs. Able had been an Owens. She had incurred the displeasure of her father by espousing a man not of his choice; in point of fact she was superior to her husband in education and refinement. Lincoln was a welcome visitor at the Able household, and Mrs. Able had often remarked that she was going to bring about a match between him and her sister Mary, . . . who had visited her in 1833, and remained a month, leaving an excellent impression on the minds of all, as to her person and character. She returned again in November, 1836, some fifteen months after the death of Ann Rutledge. . . . While she was not so lovely a character and did not possess so sweet a disposition as Miss Rutledge, she yet was a very handsome and brilliant girl, gifted with rare talents that had been cultivated, and polished with a high and liberal education. . . . .

Mrs. Able was incautious enough to speak of her design so that her sister heard of it; she also heard that Lincoln had said if Mrs. Able's sister Mary ever came to New Salem again, he would have to marry her.

"We'll see," soliloquized the Bluegrass beauty, "it takes two to make such a bargain."

Other beaux (if there were any) stood back, and Lincoln had full swing; and the courtship, such as it was, progressed at cross-purposes. . . Despite Lincoln's public career he was bashful with the gentler sex; then he was conscious of the wide disparity in culture and style between Miss Owens and himself.



MARY S. OWENS

He gave no credit to his wealth of talent in the comparison; he merely took a superficial glance at the account in which everything was *plus* on the lady's side, and *minus* on his side. . . .

. . . . If Lincoln had dealt with this estimable and refined young lady in a spirit of his usual candor and naturalness, and had properly wooed her, there might have been no difficulty in the way of a match. Lincoln felt a sense of inferiority, for which the fair charmer gave no occasion, and he only played at courting, not pressing his suit in the manly and dignified way so characteristic of him in other *rôles*. . .

Lincoln wrote her some letters after he settled in Springfield as a lawyer, but they were of a decidedly repelling character; and the lady took him at his word. . . . He felt beneath her in a social sense, and the mistakes and misunderstandings that arose from this anomalous condition of affairs prevented a matrimonial union which would have been congenial and prosperous, for Miss Owens was brilliant and amiable, and Lincoln had nearly every element to make a good husband. . . . However that may be, Miss Owens, while holding Lincoln in high esteem, as every one did, felt, as she said years later, that "he was deficient in those minor attentions and little civilities which constitute the chain of a woman's happiness."

[NOTE.—I cannot refrain from saying that the letter to Mrs.

Browning by Mr. Lincoln, about this estimable and refined lady, should never have strayed beyond Mrs. Browning's desk. It was an unworthy thing for her to give it to Mr. Herndon, and equally unworthy for him and Lamon to give it to the world.]

Lincoln the Citizen, Henry C. Whitney, page 115.

Thirty Thousand Dollars Handed to Him "without a Scratch of the Pen"

In 1836 our backwoodsman, flatboat hand, captain, surveyor, obtained a license to practise law, and, as might be expected, rose rapidly. One anecdote will show the esteem in which he was held in his neighborhood. A client came to him in a case relating to a certain land claim and Lincoln said to him:

"Your first step must be to take thirty thousand dollars and go and make a legal tender; it, of course, will be refused, but it is a necessary step."

"But," said the man, "I haven't the thirty thousand to make it with."

"Oh, that's it; just step over to the bank with me, and I'll get it."

So into the bank they went, and Lincoln says to the cashier: 'We just want to take thirty thousand dollars to make a legal tender with; I'll bring it back in an hour or two." The cashier handed across the money to "Honest Abe" and without a scratch of the pen in acknowledgment, he strode away with the money, all in the most sacred simplicity, made the tender, and brought it back with as much *nonchalance* as if he had been borrowing a silver spoon of his grandmother.

Men of Our Times, Harriet Beecher Stowe, page 18.

How Baddeley Was Deceived by Appearances

Shortly after he became associated with Stuart, the latter sent him to try a case in McLean County for an Englishman named Baddeley, giving him a letter of introduction which advised the client that he could rely upon the bearer to try his case in the best possible manner.

Baddeley inspected his counsel's partner with amazement and chagrin. The young man was six feet four, awkward, ungainly

and apparently shy. He was dressed in ill-fitting homespun clothes, the trousers a little too short, and the coat a trifle too large. He had the appearance "of a rustic on his first visit to the circus," and as the client gazed on him, his astonishment turned to indignation and rage. What did Stuart mean by sending a bumpkin of that sort to represent him? It was preposterous, insulting, and not to be endured.

Without attempting to conceal his disgust, Baddeley unceremoniously dispensed with Lincoln's services. . . . History does not relate whether the irate Englishman won or lost the cause, but we know that he lived to become one of Lincoln's most ardent admirers.

Lincoln the Lawyer, Frederick Trevor Hill, page 80.

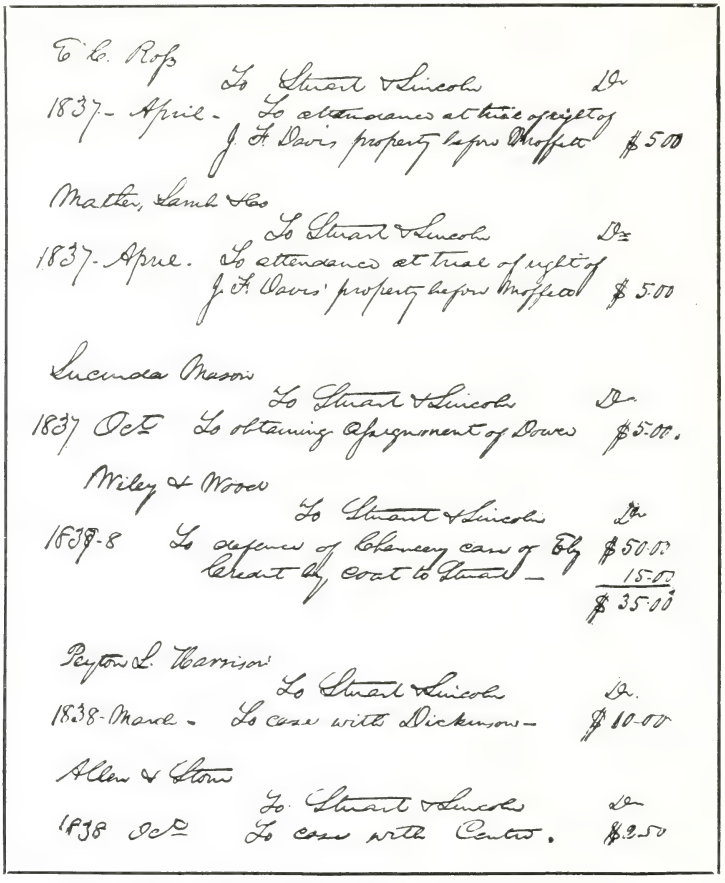
Lincoln and Douglas in Collision Nearly Twenty Years before Their Great Debates

Mr. Lincoln got his license as an attorney. . . . and commenced practice regularly as a lawyer in the town of Springfield. . . His first case was that of Hawthorne *vs.* Wooldridge, dismissed at the cost of the plaintiff, for whom Mr. Lincoln's name was entered. There were then on the list of attorneys at the Springfield bar many names of subsequent renown. Judge Stephen T. Logan was on the bench of the Circuit Court. . . Stephen A. Douglas had made his appearance as public prosecutor at the March term of 1836; and at the same term E. D. Baker had been admitted to practice. Among the rest were John T. Stuart, . . .George Forquer, Dan Stone, Ninian W. Edwards, John J. Hardin, and others.

By this time Mr. Lincoln enjoyed considerable local fame as a politician, but none, of course, as a lawyer. He therefore needed a partner, and got one in the person of John T. Stuart, an able and distinguished Whig, who had relieved his poverty years before by the timely loan of books with which to study law. . . . The connection promised well for Lincoln, and no doubt he did well during the short period of its existence. The court-room was in Hoffman's Row; and the office of Stuart & Lincoln was in the second story just above the court-room. . . . Here the junior partner, when disengaged from the cares of politics and the Legislature, was to be found pretty much all the time "reading, abstracted and gloomy."

Springfield was a small village, containing between one and

two thousand inhabitants. There were no pavements; the street-crossings were made of "chunks," stones and sticks. Lincoln boarded with Hon. William Butler. . . . He was very poor, worth nothing, and in debt, . . .but "Bill" Butler was his friend, and



To L. Ross
To Stuart & Lincoln Dr
1837- April - To attendance at trial of right of
J. F. Davis property before Moffett $5.00

Matter, Lamb & Co
To Stuart & Lincoln Dr
1837- April. To attendance at trial of right of
J. F. Davis' property before Moffett $5.00

Lucinda Mason
To Stuart & Lincoln Dr
1837 Oct To obtaining Assignment of Dower $5.00.

Wiley & Wood
To Stuart & Lincoln Dr
1838-8 To defence of Chancery case of Ely $50.00
Stuart by coat to Stuart 15.00
$35.00

Peyton L. Harrison
To Stuart & Lincoln Dr.
1838-March - To case with Dickinson - $10.00

Allen & Stone
To Stuart & Lincoln Dr
1838 Oct To case with Canton. $2.50

A PAGE FROM CHARGE BOOK IN LINCOLN'S WRITING

took him in with little reference to board bills and the settlement of accounts. . . .

In January, 1837, Lincoln delivered a lecture before the Springfield Lyceum on the subject of the *Perpetuation of Our Free Institutions*. As a mere declamation, it is unsurpassed in the annals of the West. . . . This lecture, carefully composed by Mr. Lincoln at

the mature age of twenty-eight, and after considerable experience in the public service, is worthy of attentive perusal. . . . It was thought "able and eloquent," by the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield; he was "solicited to furnish a copy for publication," which was duly printed in *The Sangamon Journal*. . . .

One night in December, 1839, Lincoln, Douglas, Baker, and some other gentlemen of note, were seated at Speed's hospitable fire in the store. "They got to talking politics, got warm, hot, angry." Douglas sprang up and said:

"Gentlemen, this is no place to talk politics: we will discuss the questions publicly with you." . . . A few days afterwards the Whigs had a meeting, at which Mr. Lincoln reported a resolution challenging the Democrats to a joint debate. The challenge was accepted. . . . The discussion was known as the great debate. It took place in the Second Presbyterian Church in the hearing of as many people as could get into the building. . . . Lincoln's speech was considered by many the best one of the series.

Lincoln and Douglas followed Judge Treat's court all around the circuit, and spoke in the afternoons. Here, in 1840, they came in collision, as they did in 1839, and as they continued to do for twenty or more years. . . .

Lincoln "was very sensitive," says Mr. Gillespie, "where he thought he had failed to come up to the expectations of his friends. I remember a case. He was pitted by the Whigs, in 1840, to debate with Mr. Douglas, the Democratic champion. Lincoln did not come up to the requirements of the occasion. He was conscious of his failure; and I never saw any man so much distressed. He begged to be permitted to try it again, and was reluctantly indulged; and in the next effort he transcended our highest expectations. I never heard, and never expect to hear, such a triumphant vindication as he then gave of Whig measures or policy. He never afterward, to my knowledge, fell below himself."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 223.

Comes Down Through the Ceiling and Demands Free Speech

In the same year [1840] Colonel Baker was making a speech to a promiscuous audience in the court-room. . . . It will be remembered that Lincoln's office was just above, and he was

listening to Baker through a large hole, or trap-door, in the ceiling. Baker warmed with his theme, and, growing violent and personally offensive, declared at length that "wherever there was a land-office, there was a Democratic newspaper to defend its corruptions."

"This," said John B. Webber, "was a personal attack on my brother, George Webber. I was in the court house, and in my anger cried:

" 'Pull him down!' "

A scene of great confusion ensued, threatening to end in a general riot, in which Baker was likely to suffer.

But just at the critical moment Lincoln's legs were seen coming through the hole; and directly his tall figure was standing between Baker and the audience, gesticulating for silence.

"Gentlemen," said he, "let us not disgrace the age and the country in which we live. This is a land where freedom of speech is guaranteed. Mr. Baker has a right to speak, and ought to be permitted to do so. I am here to protect him, and no man shall take him from this stand if I can prevent it."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 230.

"I Never Use Any Man's Money but My Own"

It was after he had become a lawyer and had been a legislator. He had passed through a period of great poverty, and had acquired his education in the law through many perplexities, inconveniences and hardships, and had met with temptations such as few men could resist, to make a temporary use of any money he might have in his hands.

One day, seated in the law-office of his partner, the agent of the Post-office Department entered and inquired if Abraham Lincoln was within. Mr. Lincoln responded to his name, and was informed that the agent had called to collect the balance due the Department since the discontinuance of the New Salem office.

A shade of perplexity passed over Mr. Lincoln's face, which did not escape the notice of friends present. One of them said at once:

"Lincoln, if you are in want of money, let us help you."

He made no reply, but suddenly rose and pulled out from a pile of books a little old trunk, and, returning to the table, asked the agent how much he owed. The sum was named; then Mr. Lincoln

opened the trunk, pulled out a little package of coins wrapped in a cotton rag, and counted out the exact sum, amounting to more than seventeen dollars.

After the agent had left the room, Lincoln remarked quietly: "I never use any man's money but my own."

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Paul Selby, page 62.

"Which Will You Take?"

A friend came to him to borrow a "biled" shirt. "I have only two," said Lincoln, "the one I have just taken off, and the one I have on; which will you take?"

As told by a friend who heard it.

The Champion of the Oppressed and Wronged

He was chosen to the Illinois House of Representatives for the fourth time in 1840, and was again the candidate of the Whig minority for Speaker. Named for elector on the Harrison ticket, he spent much time in canvassing the central counties of the State especially, bearing the brunt of the Presidential battle on the Whig side, either Douglas or Calhoun being usually at hand to reply. Lincoln regarded the latter as the harder to meet. . . .

As a lawyer, Lincoln was always inclined to enter heartily into the cause of one whom he believed to be wronged, yet lacking means to secure redress on ordinary terms. . . . One instance was that of a poor widow, of whose pension arrears a greedy attorney had kept quite an undue share. When her case was stated to Lincoln, he not only interested himself in her behalf, but became indignant and secured prompt retribution without legal process or fee.

He was occasionally the attorney for a negro defendant whose freedom was in question, though at the risk of prejudice to his political standing. Without resorting to the courts, he secured the release of a free negro of Illinois, who had landed from a steamer in New Orleans in violation of a local law, and was to have been sold for want of means to pay his fine. Lincoln raised the needed money, himself a contributor, choosing an immediate practical remedy without delaying justice by inflammatory talk. . . .

He sometimes defended an alleged fugitive slave. . . . He was retained in a suit brought in Tazewell County. . . . to enforce payment of a promissory note given in payment for a negro woman

named Nance, . . . the parties in court being residents of Illinois. Lincoln was counsel for the defendant, and judgment having been rendered for the other side, an appeal was taken to the Illinois Supreme Court. Before that tribunal he argued the case in 1841, maintaining that the contract was void for lack of consideration; that under the ordinance of 1789 and the Constitution of Illinois adopted in 1818, slavery had no lawful standing; and that Nance, being legally a free woman, could not be the subject of a sale. His contention was sustained by the court, and the question as to slavery in Illinois was settled. . . . .

At Danville, in Vermilion County, which borders on Indiana, he had a case for the plaintiff of which John P. Usher (twenty years later Secretary of the Interior) appeared for the defendant. . . . Lincoln gained the suit not only in this first trial, but afterward on appeal to the Supreme Court. Mr. Usher, who here met him for the first time and knew him well thenceforward, said of his manner of addressing a jury, that his voice was so smooth and attractive as never to become wearisome; that in posture and gesture he was not graceful or always dignified—sometimes placing one foot in a chair, or leaning on the back of one, sometimes standing with his arms akimbo—but that he never failed to be heard with close attention and lively interest from the beginning to the end of his argument.

During his last term in the Legislature, Lincoln was for some time in a state of nervous mental depression. As told by his friend Speed:

In the winter of 1841 a gloom came over him till his friends were alarmed for his life. . . . In his deepest gloom, and when I told him he would die unless he rallied, he said:

"I am not afraid, and would be more than willing, but I have an irrepressible desire to live till I can be assured that the world is a little better for my having lived in it."

Abraham Lincoln and His Presidency, Joseph H. Barrett, LL.D., Vol. I, page 54.

"The Nominal Winner Is Often the Real Loser"

If Stuart had been ambitious to accumulate a fortune, he would have been disappointed with his partner; for, with a people as litigious as the early Illinois settlers, it was a simple matter to

stir up strife and make work for the lawyer, and Lincoln, instead of egging clients into the courts, set his face against such practice.

"Discourage litigation," was his advice to lawyers. "Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often the real loser—in fees, expenses and waste of time. As a peacemaker, the lawyer has a superior opportunity of becoming a good man. There will always be enough business. Never stir up litigation. A worse man can scarcely be found than one who does this. Who can be more nearly a fiend than he who habitually overhauls the register of deeds in search of defects in titles, whereon to stir up strife and put money in his pocket? A moral tone ought to be infused into the profession which should drive such men out of it."

Lincoln the Lawyer, Frederick Trevor Hill, page 102.

Mary Todd, Her Two Suitors, and Her Ambition

It was about the year 1839 that Lincoln first met Miss Mary Todd. Born at Lexington, Kentucky, December 13, 1818, she was one of four daughters of Robert S. Todd by his first wife. . . . . Mary was quite young at the time of her mother's death, and ere long came under the care of a stepmother. She received a good education in the higher schools of her native city, and learned to read and speak the French language in the private school of a French lady, nearly opposite the "Ashland" mansion of Henry Clay. The house of her eldest sister at Springfield, after the latter's marriage to Mr. Edwards—colleague of Lincoln in the Legislature, and son of a former United States Senator—was open to Mary, who came there to live soon after her school-days at Lexington were ended.

Major Stuart was her cousin. . . . A young lady of unusual personal attractions and bright intellectual faculties, Mary was also of agreeable manners. She was not long without admirers, if she may not have been properly called the "belle" of the place. The higher and more exclusive circles of her native city to which she belonged, were unsurpassed in social refinement and mental cultivation in any Southern community of the time west of the Alleghanies.

Of all her sex with whom Lincoln had become acquainted, Mary

Todd was undoubtedly the one best suited to win his admiration and a more tender regard. Aside from the dissimilarity in their earlier training and position, however, there was considerable in their years, he being past thirty, and she little more than twenty. At his age an attachment of this sort is likely to be very earnest. . .

The lady was ambitious; dazzled by the glory of the great statesman to whom her father was a personal and political friend, her highest ideal of manhood was typified by the eloquent orator and the expectant President. She received attentions from two persons who took a leading part, on opposite sides, in the Harrison canvass—one tall and ungainly, yet amiable, modest and kind-hearted, already noted as a speaker and aspiring to a higher position than he had been given by prolonged legislative service; the other, low in stature, but strong in energy and pluck, graceful in manner, bold, ready, and pleasing in speech, as ambitious as his rival, and deemed by his friends a more eloquent orator, though on what was to her the wrong side.

Mary Todd preferred the principles and habits of Lincoln to those of Douglas, as she avowed afterward; and if she was also influenced by ambition, her political intuition—famous in later life—was not now at fault. To a friend of her girlhood she wrote of her engagement, speaking plainly of the defects of her intended husband in his personal appearance especially, and adding:

"But I mean to make him President of the United States. You will see that, as I always told you, I will yet be the President's wife."

Abraham Lincoln and His Presidency, Joseph H. Barrett, LL.D., Vol. I, page 61

A Description of Miss Todd

Mary Todd had a married sister—Mrs. Edwards—living in Springfield; and thither she came when she was in her twenty-first year. . . ."to avoid living under the same roof with a step-mother." And now I shall let the good Herndon describe her in his own language:

"She was of average height, weighing, when I first saw her, about one hundred and thirty pounds. She was rather compactly built, and had a well-rounded face, rich dark-brown hair, and bluish-gray eyes. In her bearing she was proud but handsome

and vivacious. Her education had been in no wise defective. She was a good conversationalist, using with equal fluency the French and English languages; when she used a pen, its point was sure to be sharp, and she wrote with wit and ability. She not only had a quick intellect, but an intuitive judgment of men and their motives. In her figure and physical proportions, in education, bearing, temperament, history—in everything she was the exact reverse of Lincoln." . . . .

A further point in Mary Todd's character has to be noticed. This is what one of her sisters says of her:

"Mary was quick, gay and in the social world the more brilliant. She loved show and power, and was one of the most ambitious women I ever knew. She used to contend, when a girl, to her friends in Kentucky, that she was destined to marry a President. I have heard her say that myself, and after mingling in society in Springfield, she repeated the seemingly absurd and idle boast."

Some Old Love Stories, T. P. O'Connor, page 46.

"I Should Like to Dance with You the Worst Way"

Lincoln made his first appearance in society in Springfield, Illinois. It was not a prepossessing figure which he cut in a ball-room, but still he was occasionally found there. Miss Mary Todd, who afterward became his wife, was the magnet which drew the tall, awkward young man from his den. One evening Lincoln approached Miss Todd, and said, in his peculiar idiom:

"Miss Todd, I should like to dance with you the worst way."

The young woman accepted the inevitable, and hobbled around the room with him. When she returned to her seat, one of her companions asked, mischievously:

"Well, Mary, did he 'dance with you the worst way?' "

"Yes," replied Miss Todd, "the very worst!"

Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 383.

Appears in Behalf of Jefferson, the Actor

Where he saw injustice he was quick to offer his services to the wronged party. A pleasant example of this is related by Joseph Jefferson in his "Autobiography." In 1839, Jefferson, then a lad

of ten years, traveled through Illinois with his father's theatrical company. After playing at Chicago, Quincy, Peoria and Pekin, the company went in the fall to Springfield, where the sight of the Legislature tempted the elder Jefferson and his partner to remain throughout the season. But there was no theater. Not to be daunted they built one. But hardly had they completed it before a religious revival broke out in the town, and the church people turned all their influence against the theater. So effectually did they work that a law was passed by the municipality imposing a license which was practically prohibitory.

"In the midst of our trouble," says Jefferson, a "young lawyer called on the managers. He had heard of the injustice, and offered, if they would place the matter in his hands, to have the license taken off, declaring that he only desired to see fair play, and he would accept no fee whether he failed or succeeded. The young lawyer began his harangue. He handled the subject with tact, skill and humor, tracing the history of the drama from the time when Thespis acted in a cart to the stage of to-day. He illustrated his speech with a number of anecdotes, and kept the council in a roar of laughter. His good humor prevailed, and the exorbitant tax was taken off."

The "young lawyer" was Lincoln.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 248.

A Young Lawyer Offers to Pay Half the Damages Occasioned by His Funny Stories

We know an old gentleman here,—a wagon-maker by trade,—who commenced plying the same craft when young at Mechanicsville, near the town of Springfield, Illinois, immortalized by Abraham Lincoln.

He knew him well when he was just a smart young lawyer, smarter than most of them, and so sought after in difficult cases.

The cartwright had a case to win or lose, connected with his trade. On the other side the best lawyer of his little town was employed and his own was no match for him. The eventful day had come and his father-in-law quaked for the result.

"Son," he said to him, "you've got just time. Take this letter to my young friend, Abe Lincoln, and bring him back in the buggy to appear in the case. Guess he'll come if he can!"

So he set off. He found the young lawyer, not in his office, but at a street corner, surrounded by a troop of small urchins, he laughing heartily at the fun. The letter was handed to him. But, being otherwise engaged, he said:—

"All right, wait a minute, I must clean out these young'uns at 'knucks' first!"

The operation went on amid peals of laughter. That concluded, he proceeded to accompany the son-in-law of his friend to the neighboring town. And the peals of ringing laughter continued, as Abe recounted story after story in his inimitable way, so much so, that the driver says to-day, he never had such a job to hold his lines and guide his horse in his life. At length, so convulsed was he that the horse guided himself—into the ditch—turned over the vehicle, upset the occupants and smashed up the buggy.

"You stay behind and look after the buggy," said Lincoln, "I'll walk on."

This he did in time for the court, went in and won the case.

"What am I to pay you?" inquired the delighted client.

"I hope you won't think ten or fifteen dollars too much," answered the young lawyer, "but I'll pay the half-hire of the buggy and half the cost of getting it repaired."

Recollections of Abraham Lincoln, Louisa A'hmuty Nash. *The Green Bag*, Vol. IX, November, 1897, page 479.

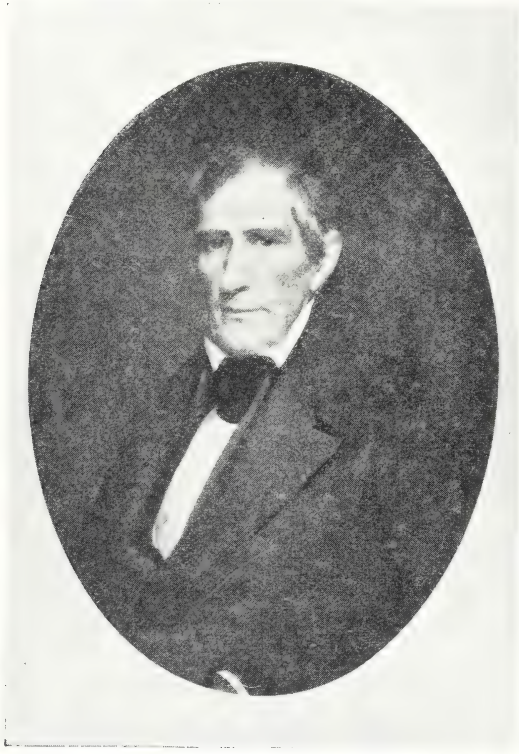
In the "Tippecanoe," "Log Cabin," "Hard Cider" Campaign

Early in 1840 it seemed possible that the Whigs might elect General Harrison to the Presidency, and this hope lent added energy to the party even in the States where the majority was so strongly against them as in Illinois. Lincoln was nominated for Presidential elector and threw himself with ardor into the canvass, traversing a great part of the State and speaking with remarkable effect. Only one of the speeches he made during the year has been preserved entire. This was an address delivered in Springfield as one of a series—a sort of oratorical tournament, participated in by Douglas, Calhoun, Lamborn, and Thomas on the part of the Democrats, and Logan, Baker, Browning and Lincoln on the part of the Whigs.

The discussion began with great enthusiasm and with crowded houses, but by the time it came to Lincoln's duty to close the debate

the fickle public had tired of intellectual jousts, and he spoke to a comparatively thin house. But his speech was considered the best of the series, and there was such a demand for it that he wrote it out, and it was printed and circulated in the spring as a campaign document.

It was a remarkable speech in many respects—and in none more than this, that it represented the highest expression of what might be called his "first manner." It was the most important and the last speech of its class which he ever delivered—not destitute of sound and close reasoning, yet filled with boisterous fun and florid rhetoric. It was, in short, a rattling stump speech of the kind then popular in the West.



WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON
("Old Tippecanoe.")

One or two extracts will give some idea of its humorous satire and its lurid fervor. Attacking the corruptions and defalcations of the Administration he said:

"Mr. Lamborn insists that the difference between the Van Buren party and the Whigs is that, although the former sometimes err in practice they are always correct in principle, whereas the latter are wrong in principle; and the better to impress this proposition he uses a figurative expression in these words, 'The Democrats are vulnerable in the heel, but they are sound in the heart and head.' . . .

"It seems that this malady of their heels operates on the sound-

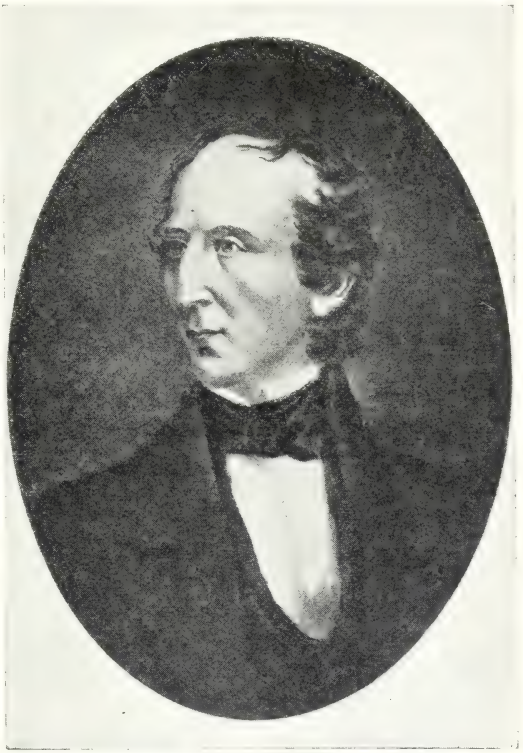
headed and honest-hearted creatures very much as the cork leg in the comic song did on its owner, which, when he once got started on it, the more he tried to stop it the more it would run away.

"At the hazard of wearing this point threadbare, I will relate an anecdote which seems to be too strikingly in point to be omitted.

"A witty Irish soldier who was always boasting of his bravery when no danger was near, but who invariably retreated without orders at the first charge of the engagement, being asked by his captain why he did so, replied:

"'Captain, I have as brave a heart as Julius Cæsar ever had, but somehow or other, whenever danger approaches, my cowardly legs will run away with it.'

"So with Mr. Lamborn's party—they take the public money into their hands for the most laudable purpose that wise heads and honest hearts can dictate; but before they can possibly get it out again, their rascally vulnerable heels will run away with them."



JOHN TYLER
("And Tyler, too.")

. . . . . .

The speech concludes with these swelling words:

"Mr. Lamborn refers to the late elections in the States, and from their results confidently predicts every State in the Union will vote for Mr. Van Buren at the next Presidential election. Address that argument to cowards and slaves; with the free and the brave it will

effect nothing. It may be true; if it must, let it. Many free countries have lost their liberty, and ours may lose hers, but if she shall, be it my proudest plume, not that I was the last to desert, but that I never deserted her. I know the great volcano at Washington, aroused and directed by the evil spirit that reigns there, is belching forth the lava of political corruption in a current broad and deep, which is sweeping with frightful velocity over the whole length and breadth of the land, bidding fair to leave unscathed no green spot or living thing; while on its bosom are riding, like demons on the wave of Hell, the imps of the Evil Spirit and fiendishly taunting all those who dare to resist its destroying course with the hopelessness of their efforts; and knowing this, I cannot deny that all may be swept away. Broken by it I, too, may be; bow to it, I never will. The probability that we may fall in the struggle ought not to deter us from the support of a cause we believe to be just. It shall not deter me. If ever I feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its almighty Architect, it is when I contemplate standing up boldly alone, hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors.

"Here, without contemplating consequences, before Heaven, and in face of the world, I swear eternal fealty to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love. And who that thinks with me will not fearlessly adopt that oath that I take? Let none falter who thinks he is right, and we may succeed. But if after all we should fail, be it so. We still shall have the proud consolation of saying to our consciences, and to the departed shade of our country's freedom, that the cause approved of our judgment and adored of our hearts, in disaster, in chains, in torture, in death, we never faltered in defending."

These perfervid and musical metaphors of devotion and defiance have often been quoted as Mr. Lincoln's heroic challenge to the slave power. . . . But they were simply the utterances of a young and ardent Whig, earnestly advocating the election of "Old Tippecanoe.". . . . The whole campaign was carried on in a tone somewhat shrill. The Whigs were recovering from the numbness into which they had fallen during the time of Jackson's imperious predominance, and in the new prospect of success they felt all the excitement of prosperous rebels.

The taunts of the party in power, when Harrison's nomination was first mentioned, their sneers at "hard cider" and "log cabins," had been dexterously adopted as the slogan of the opposition, and gave rise to the distinguishing features of that extraordinary campaign. Log cabins were built in every Western county, tuns of hard cider were filled and emptied at all the Whig mass meetings; and as the canvass gained momentum a curious kind of music added its inspiration to the cause; and after the Maine election was over, with its augury of triumph, every Whig who was able to sing or even to make a joyful noise, was roaring the inquiry,

Garrison began to publish the "Liberator"	1831
Nullification in South Carolina	1832
Chicago founded	1833
McCormick's reaper	1834
Rise of Whig Party	1834
Coal extensively used	1835
Van Buren made President	1837
Business panic	1837
Repudiation of State debts	1838
Congress rejects petitions to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia	1838
Mormons settle Nauvoo, Illinois	1839
Cunard line of steamers to Europe established	1840
"Tippecanoe and Tyler too" campaign	1840

"Oh, have you heard how old Maine went?"

and the profane but powerfully accented response,

"She went,
Hell-bent,
For Governor Kent,
And 'Tippecanoe,'
And Tyler, too."

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. I, page 172.

Drew the Line at Stealing Hens

Lincoln had assisted in the prosecution of a man who had appropriated some of his neighbor's hen-roosts. Jogging home along the highway with the foreman of the jury, who had convicted the hen-stealer, he complimented Lincoln on the zeal and ability of the prosecution, and remarked:

"Why, when the country was young, and I was stronger than I am now, I didn't mind packing off a sheep now and then—but, stealing hens!"—the good man's scorn could not find words to express his opinion of a man who would steal *hens*.

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Paul Selby, page 88.

An Illustration of His Strength and Courage

The exciting canvass of 1840 had come to a final issue at the polls. On the line of railway then in construction near by, there was a large gang of laborers, mostly of the "alien" class, whose right to vote had been denied, but sustained by the new Supreme Court organized under the "Douglas bill." The contractor who employed them was an ardent Democrat, and on election day it came to the ears of Lincoln that he had marched up his battalion of voters and taken possession of one of the polling places. It was not a question now whether these men should be allowed to vote; but that they should refuse honest voters access to the ballot-box was not to be borne with resignation. With true Berserker rage he hurried to the scene, faced the offenders, and—without need of blows—drove back the riotous crowd. From the statements of Mr. Speed, who gave the substance of this account from his own knowledge, it appears that Lincoln started, cudgel in hand, under an impulse to clear the way to the polls by force.

Abraham Lincoln and His Presidency, Joseph H. Barrett, LL.D., Vol. I, page 59.

Childlike Tenderness

One day Lincoln, Baker, Hardin, Speed and others were riding on horseback along the road, two-and-two, some distance from Springfield. In passing a thicket of wild plum and crab-apple trees, Lincoln and Hardin being in the rear, the former discovered by the roadside two young birds not old enough to fly. They had been shaken from their nest by a recent gale.

"The old bird," said Mr. Speed, "was fluttering about and wailing as a mother ever does for her babes. Lincoln stopped, hitched his horse, caught the birds, hunted the nest, and placed them in it. The rest of us rode on to a creek, and while the horses were drinking, Hardin rode up.

" 'Where is Lincoln?' said one.

" 'Oh, when I saw him last he had two little birds in his hand hunting for their nest.'

In perhaps an hour he came. They laughed at him. He said, with much emphasis:

" 'Gentlemen, you may laugh, but I could not have slept well to-night if I had not saved those birds. Their cries would have rung in my ears.' "

Abraham Lincoln and His Presidency, Joseph H. Barrett, LL.D., Vol. I, page 59.

"Got the Worst of It in a Horse Trade"

When Lincoln was a young lawyer in Illinois, he and a certain judge got to bantering each other about trading horses; and it was agreed that the next morning at nine o'clock they should make a trade, the horses to be unseen up to that hour, and no backing out, under a forfeiture of twenty-five dollars.

At the hour appointed, the judge came up, leading the "sorriest" looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden sawhorse on his shoulder.

Loud were the shouts and laughter of the crowd, and both were greatly increased when Lincoln, on surveying the judge's animal, set down the sawhorse and exclaimed:

"Well, Judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 84.

As a Lawyer and a Temperance Man

No man ever believed in his calling more thoroughly than Lincoln, and he had no patience with the much-mouthed charge that honesty was not compatible with its practice.

"Let no young man choosing the law for a calling yield to that popular belief," he wrote. "If, in your judgment, you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer. Choose some other occupation rather than one in the choosing of which you do, in advance, consent to be a knave." . . . . .

Lincoln never sought to make himself a general favorite, and yet he had not been long in New Salem before he was the most popular man in town. . . . He could tell a good story, make a creditable stump speech, give an excellent account of himself in contests of strength, and hold his own against all comers in the daily debates at the village forum. Moreover, he listened attentively when other people talked, never boasted of his physical prowess, and was tolerant of all intelligent opinion. His extreme popularity with men of his own age is particularly remarkable, however, when we remember that he neither drank nor smoked; for young men are apt to regard the use of tobacco and stimulants as essential to good-fellowship and manly *cameraderie*, and this was especially true of the settler days.

Lincoln did not drink intoxicants because he did not like them, and he did not smoke for a similar reason.

Judge Douglas once undertook to ridicule him on this subject.

"What! Are you a temperance man?" he inquired sneeringly.

"No," drawled Lincoln, with a smile, "I'm not a temperance man, but I'm temperate in this, to wit:—I don't drink."

Lincoln the Lawyer, Frederick Trevor Hill, page 33.

A Judicial Opinion as to the Proper Length for a Man's Legs

Whenever the people of Lincoln's neighborhood engaged in dispute; whenever a bet was to be decided; when they differed on points of religion or politics; when they wanted to get out of trouble, or desired advice regarding anything on the earth, below it, above it, or under the sea, they went to "Abe."

Two fellows, after a hot dispute lasting some hours, over the problem as to how long a man's legs should be in proportion to the size of his body, stamped into Lincoln's office one day and put the question to him.

Lincoln listened gravely to the arguments advanced by both contestants, spent some time in "reflecting" upon the matter, and then, turning around in his chair and facing the disputants, delivered his opinion with all the gravity of a judge sentencing a fellow-being to death.

"This question has been a source of controversy," he said, slowly and deliberately, "for untold ages, and it is about time it should be definitely decided. It has led to bloodshed in the past, and there is no reason to suppose it will not lead to the same in the future.

"After much thought and consideration, not to mention mental worry and anxiety, it is my opinion, all side issues being swept aside, that a man's lower limbs, in order to preserve harmony of proportion, should be at least long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 215.

The Broken Engagement—Mystery and Misery

Much to the surprise of Springfield society, however, the courtship took a sudden turn. Whether it was caprice or jealousy, or new attachment, or mature reflection, will always remain a mystery.

Every such case is a law unto itself, and neither science nor poetry is ever able to analyze or explain its causes and effects. The conflicting stories then current, and the varying conditions that yet exist, either fail to agree or to fit the sparse facts that came to light. There remains no dispute, however, that the occurrence, whatever shape it took, threw Mr. Lincoln into a deeper despondency than any he had yet experienced, for on January 23, 1841, he wrote to his law partner, John T. Stuart:

"For not giving you a general summary of the news you must pardon me; it is not in my power to do so. I am now the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there could not be one cheerful face on earth. Whether I shall ever be better, I cannot tell; I awfully forebode I shall not. To remain as I am is impossible; I must die or be better."

Apparently his engagement to Miss Todd was broken off, but whether that was the result or the cause of his period of gloom seems still a matter of conjecture. His mind was so perturbed that he felt unable to attend the sessions of the Legislature of which he was a member; and after its close his intimate friend, Joshua F. Speed carried him off for a visit to Kentucky. The change of scene and surroundings proved of great benefit. He returned home about midsummer very much improved, but not yet completely restored to a natural mental equipoise.

While on their visit to Kentucky, Speed had likewise fallen in love, and in the following winter had become afflicted with doubts and perplexities akin to those from which Lincoln had suffered. It now became his turn to give sympathy and counsel to his friend, and he did this with a warmth and delicacy born of his own spiritual trials, not yet entirely overmastered. He wrote letter after letter to Speed to convince him that his doubts about not truly loving the woman of his choice were all nonsense.

"Why, Speed, if you did not truly love her, although you might not wish her death, you would most certainly be resigned to it. Perhaps this point is no longer a question with you, and my pertinacious dwelling upon it is a rude intrusion upon your feelings. If so, you must pardon me. You know the hell I have suffered on that point, and how tender I am upon it. . . I am now fully

convinced that you love her as ardently as you are capable of loving . . It is the peculiar misfortune of both you and me to dream dreams of Elysium far exceeding all that anything earthly can realize."

When Lincoln heard that Speed was finally married, he wrote him:

"It cannot be told how it now thrills me with joy to hear you say you are 'far happier than you ever expected to be.' That much, I know, is enough. I know you too well to suppose your expectations were not, at least, sometimes extravagant; and if the reality exceeds them all, I say, 'Enough, dear Lord.' I am not going beyond the truth when I tell you that the short space it took me to read your last letter gave me more pleasure than the total sum of all I have enjoyed since the fatal first of January, 1841. Since then it seems to me I should have been entirely happy, but for the never-absent idea that there is one still unhappy whom I have contributed to make so. That still kills my soul. I cannot but reproach myself for even wishing to be happy while she is otherwise."



JOSHUA F. SPEED AND HIS WIFE

A Short Life of Abraham Lincoln, John G. Nicolay, page 63.

An Untrue Story About Lincoln

The breaking of the engagement between Miss Todd and Mr. Lincoln was known at the time to all their friends. Lincoln's melancholy was evident to them all, nor did he, indeed, attempt to disguise it. He wrote and spoke freely to his intimates of the despair which possessed him, and of his sense of dishonor. The episode caused a great amount of gossip, as was to be expected. After Mr. Lincoln's assassination and Mrs. Lincoln's sad death,

various accounts of the courtship and marriage were circulated. It remained, however, for one of Lincoln's law partners, Mr. W. H. Herndon, to develop and circulate the most sensational of all the versions of the rupture. According to Mr. Herndon, the engagement between the two was broken in the most violent and public way possible, by Mr. Lincoln's failing to appear at the wedding. Mr. Herndon even describes the scene in detail. . . .

Mr. Herndon does not pretend to found his story on any personal knowledge of the affair. He was in Springfield at the time, a clerk in Speed's store, but did not have then, nor, indeed, did he ever have, any social relations with the families in which Mr. Lincoln was always a welcome guest. His authority for the story is a remark which he says Mrs. Ninian Edwards made to him in an interview: "Lincoln and Mary were engaged; everything was ready and prepared for the marriage, even to the supper. Mr. Lincoln failed to meet his engagement; cause, insanity."

This remark, it should be noted, is not from a manuscript written by Mrs. Edwards, but in a report of an interview with her, written by Mr. Herndon. Supposing, however, that the statement was made exactly as Mr. Herndon reports it, it certainly does not justify any such sensational description as Mr. Herndon gives.

If such a thing had ever occurred, it could not have failed to be known, of course, even to its smallest details, by all the relatives and friends of both Miss Todd and Mr. Lincoln. Nobody, however, ever heard of this wedding party until Mr. Herndon gave his material to the public.



MRS. NINIAN W. EDWARDS
Mary Todd's sister (later in life)

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 174.

Mary Todd's Cousin Says "No!"

One of the closest friends of the Lincolns throughout their lives was a cousin of Mrs. Lincoln's, Mrs. Grimsley, afterwards Mrs. Dr. Brown. Mrs. Grimsley lived in Springfield, in the most intimate and friendly relations with Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, and the first six months of their life in the White House she spent with

them. She was a woman of unusual culture, and of the rarest sweetness and graciousness of character. Some months before Mrs. Brown's death, in August, 1895, a copy of Mr. Herndon's story was sent her, with a request that she write for publication her knowledge of the affair. In her reply she said:

"Did Mr. Lincoln fail to appear when the invitations were out, the guests invited, and the supper ready for the wedding? I will say emphatically, 'No!'

"There may have been a little shadow of foundation for Mr. Herndon's lively imagination to play upon, in that, the year previous to their marriage and when Mr. Lincoln and my cousin Mary expected soon to be married, Mr. Lincoln was taken with one of those fearful, overwhelming periods of depression, which induced his friends to persuade him to leave Springfield. This he did for a time; but I am satisfied he was loyal and true to Mary, even though at times he may have doubted whether he was responding as fully as a manly, generous nature should to such affection as he knew my cousin was ready to bestow on him. And this because it had not the overmastering depth of an early love. This everybody here knows; therefore I do not feel as if I were betraying dear friends."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 176.

"I Do Not Believe a Word of This Dishonorable Story!"

Mrs. John Stuart, the wife of Lincoln's law partner at that time, is still living (1895) in Springfield, a refined, cultivated, intelligent woman, who remembers perfectly the life and events of that day. When Mr. Herndon's story first came to her attention, her indignation was intense. She protested that she had never before heard of such a thing. . . . She wrote the following statement: . . .

"All I can say is that I unhesitatingly do not believe such an event ever occurred. I thought I had never heard of this till I saw it in Herndon's book, but I have since been told that Lamon mentions the same thing. I read Lamon at the time he published, and felt very much disgusted, but did not remember this particular assertion. The first chapters of Lamon's book were purchased from Herndon; so Herndon is responsible for the whole.

"Mrs. Lincoln told me herself all the circumstances of her engagement to Mr. Lincoln, of his illness, and the breaking off of her engagement, of the renewal and her marriage. So I say I do not believe one word of this dishonorable story about Mr. Lincoln."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 177.

"Not a Word of Truth in It!"

Another prominent member in the same circle with Mr. Lincoln and Miss Todd is Mrs. B. T. Edwards, the sister-in-law of Mr. Ninian Edwards, who had married Miss Todd's sister. She came to Springfield in 1839, and was intimately acquainted with Mr. Lincoln and Miss Todd, and knew, as well as another could know, their affairs. Mrs. Edwards is still (1895) living in Springfield, and is a woman of the most perfect refinement and trustworthiness. In answer to the question, "Is Mr. Herndon's description true?" she writes:

"I am impatient to tell you that all he says about this wedding—the time for which was fixed for the first day of January—is a fabrication. He has drawn largely upon his imagination in describing something which never took place." . .

Two sisters of Mrs. Lincoln, who are still living (1895), Mrs. Wallace of Springfield, and Mrs. Helm of Elizabethtown, Kentucky, deny emphatically that any wedding was ever arranged between Mr. Lincoln and Miss Todd but the one which did take place.

"There is not a word of truth in it!" Mrs. Wallace broke out, impulsively, before the question about the non-appearance of Mr. Lincoln had been finished. "I never was so amazed in my life as when I read that story. Mr. Lincoln never did such a thing."

As Mr. Joshua Speed was, all through this period, Mr. Lincoln's closest friend, no thought or feeling of the one ever being concealed from the other, Mrs. Joshua Speed, who is still living (1895) in Louisville, Kentucky, was asked if she knew of the story. Mrs. Speed listened in surprise to Mr. Herndon's tale. "I never heard of it before," she declared. "I never heard of it." . . . .

While the above investigation was going on, a volunteer witness to the falsity of the story appeared quite unexpectedly. The Hon. H. W. Thornton of Millersburg, Illinois, was a member of the Twelfth General Assembly, which met at Springfield in 1840. He wrote to

the author declaring that Mr. Herndon's statement about the wedding must be false. . . . According to the record taken from the journals of the House by Mr. Thornton, and which have been verified in Springfield, Mr. Lincoln was in his seat in the House on that "fatal first of January," when he is asserted to have been groping in madness, and he was also there on the following day.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 178.

What Lincoln Did with his First Five-Hundred-Dollar Fee

Soon after Mr. Lincoln entered upon his profession at Springfield he was engaged in a criminal case in which, it was thought, there was but little chance of success. Throwing all his powers into it, he came off victorious, and promptly received for his services five hundred dollars. A legal friend calling upon him the next morning, found him sitting before a table upon which his money was spread out, counting it over and over.

"Look here, Judge," said he. "See what a heap of money I've got from the Blank case. Did you ever see anything like it? Why, I never had so much money in my life before, put it all together." Then, crossing his arms upon the table, his manner sobering down, he added:

"I have got just five hundred dollars; if it were only seven hundred and fifty, I would go directly and purchase a quarter-section of land, and settle it upon my old stepmother."

His friend said that if the deficiency was all he needed, he would loan him the amount, taking his note, to which Mr. Lincoln instantly acceded. His friend then said:

"Lincoln, I would not do just what you have indicated. Your stepmother is getting old, and will not probably live many years, I would settle the property upon her for her use during her lifetime, to revert to you upon her death."

With much feeling, Mr. Lincoln replied:

"I shall do no such thing. It is a poor return at best for all the good woman's devotion and fidelity to me, and there is not going to be any half-way business about it."

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Paul Selby, page 87.

A Successful Appeal to Rustic Prejudice

Once, when Lincoln was pleading a case, the opposing lawyer had all the advantage of the law; the weather was warm and his opponent, as was admissible in frontier courts, pulled off his coat and vest as he grew warm in the argument.

At that time shirts with buttons behind were unusual. Lincoln took in the situation at once. Knowing the prejudices of the primitive people against pretension of all sorts, or any affectation of superior social rank, he arose and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, having justice on my side, I don't think you will be at all influenced by the gentleman's pretended knowledge of the law, when you see he does not even know which side of his shirt should be in front."

There was a general laugh, and Lincoln's case was won.

"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 69.

Logan & Lincoln

Lincoln's connection with Stuart was formally dissolved in April, 1841, and one with Logan formed which continued for four years. It may almost be said that Lincoln's practice as a lawyer dates from this time. . Lincoln, although no longer in his first youth, being then thirty-two years of age, had not yet formed those habits of close application which are indispensable to permanent success at the bar. He was not behind the greater part of his contemporaries in this respect. Among all the lawyers of the circuit who were then, or who afterwards became, eminent practitioners, there were few indeed who in those days applied themselves with any degree of persistency to the close study of legal principles. One of these few was Stephen T. Logan. . .

Needing some one to assist him in his practice, which was then considerable, he invited Lincoln into partnership. . The partnership continued about four years, but the benefit Lincoln derived from it lasted all his life. . . He began for the first time to study his cases with energy and patience; to resist the tendency, almost universal at that day, to supply with florid rhetoric the attorney's deficiency in law; in short, to educate, discipline, and train the enormous faculty, hitherto latent in him, for close and severe intellectual labor.

Logan, who had expected that Lincoln's chief value to him would be as a talking advocate before juries, was surprised to find his new partner rapidly becoming a lawyer.

"He would study out his case and make as much of it as anybody," said Logan many years afterwards. "His ambition as a lawyer increased; he grew constantly. By close study of each case as it came up, he got to be quite a formidable lawyer."

The character of the man is in these words. He had vast concerns intrusted to him in the course of his life, and disposed of them one at a time as they were presented. At the end of four years the partnership was dissolved. . . .

The old partners continued close and intimate friends. . . They had the unusual honor, while they were still comparatively young men, of seeing their names indissolubly associated in the map of their State as a memorial to future ages of their friendship and their fame, in the county of Logan, of which the city of Lincoln is the county-seat.

They both prospered, each in his way, Logan rapidly gained a great reputation and accumulated an ample fortune. Lincoln, while he did not become rich, always earned a respectable livelihood, and never knew the care of poverty or debt from that time forward. His wife and he suited their style of living to their means, and were equally removed from luxury and privation.

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. I, page 213.

"I Should Forget Myself and Say It out Loud"

A lawyer who studied in Mr. Lincoln's office tells a story illustrative of the tenderness of Lincoln's conscience. After listening one day for some time to a client's statement of his case, Lincoln, who had been staring at the ceiling, suddenly swung round in his chair and said:

"Well, you have a pretty good case in technical law, but a pretty bad one in equity and justice. You'll have to get some other fellow to win this case for you. I couldn't do it. All the time, while talking to that jury, I'd be thinking: 'Lincoln, you're a liar,' and I believe I should forget myself and say it out loud."

Lincolnics, Henry Llewellyn Williams, page 31.

A Trivial Background for His Wit

Mr. Lincoln was from the beginning of his circuit riding the light and life of the court. The most trival circumstance furnished a background for his wit. The following incident, which illustrates his love of a joke, occurred in the early days of our acquaintance. I, being at the time on the infant side of twenty-one, took particular pleasure in athletic sports. One day when we were attending the circuit court which met at Bloomington, Illinois, I was wrestling near the court-house with some one who had challenged me to a trial, and in the scuffle made a large rent in the rear of my trousers. Before I had time to make any change I was called into court to take up a case. The evidence was finished. I being the Prosecuting Attorney at the time, got up to address the jury. Having on a short coat my misfortune was rather apparent.

One of the lawyers, for a joke, started a subscription paper, which was passed from one member of the bar to another as they sat by a long table fronting the bench, to buy a pair of pantaloons for Lamon,—he being, the paper said, "a poor but worthy young man." Several put down their names with some ridiculous subscription, and finally the paper was laid by some one in front of Mr. Lincoln, he being engaged in writing at the time. He quietly glanced over the paper, and, immediately taking up his pen, wrote after his name,

"I can contribute nothing to the end in view!"

Recollections of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 16.

Charity in Temperance Reform

Closing extracts from Lincoln's address before the Washingtonian Society of Springfield, Illinois, February 22, 1842:

. . . "There is something so ludicrous in promises of good or threats of evil a great way off as to render the whole subject with which they are connected easily turned into ridicule.

"Better lay down that spade you are stealing, Paddy; if you don't you'll pay for it at the day of judgment."

" 'Be the powers, if ye'll credit me so long I'll take another, jist.'

"By the Washingtonians this system of consigning the habitual drunkard to hopeless ruin is repudiated. They adopt a more

enlarged philanthropy; they go for present as well as future good. They labor for all now living, as well as hereafter to live. . . .

"Of our political revolution of '76 we are all justly proud. It has given us a degree of political freedom far exceeding that of any other nation of the earth. In it the world has found a solution of the long-mooted problem as to the capability of man to govern himself. In it was the germ which has vegetated, and still is to grow and expand into the universal liberty of mankind. But, with all these glorious results, past, present, and to come, it had its evils too. It breathed forth famine, swam in blood, and rode in fire; and long, long after, the orphan's cry and the widow's wail continued to break the sad silence that ensued. These were the price, the inevitable price, paid for the blessings it brought.

"Turn now to the temperance revolution. In it we shall find a stronger bondage broken, a viler slavery manumitted, a greater tyrant deposed; in it more of want supplied, more disease healed, more sorrow assuaged. By it no orphans starving, no widows weeping. By it, none wounded in feeling, none injured in interest; even the dram-maker and dram-seller will have glided into other occupations so gradually as never to have felt the change, and will stand ready to join all others in the universal song of gladness.

"And what a noble ally this to the cause of political freedom; with such an aid its march cannot fail to be on and on; till every son of earth shall drink in rich fruition the sorrow-quenching draught of perfect liberty. . . .

"And when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth,—how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions that have ended in that victory. . . .

"This is the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the birth of Washington; we are met to celebrate this day. Washington is the mightiest name of earth, long since the mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name no eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe we pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on."

Early Speeches by Abraham Lincoln, page 80.

"Rebecca" of the "Lost Townships"

An incident which occurred during the summer preceding Mr. Lincoln's marriage, and which in the opinion of many had its influence in hastening that event, deserves some attention, if only from its incongruity with the rest of his history. This was the farce—which aspired at one time to be a tragedy—of his first and last duel. Among the officers of the State Government was a young Irishman named James Shields, who owed his post as Auditor, in a great measure, to that alien vote to gain which the Democrats had overturned the Supreme Court. The finances of the State were in a deplorable condition, the treasury was empty; auditor's warrants were selling at half their nominal value. . The currency of the State banks was well-nigh worthless, but it constituted nearly the only circulating medium in the State.

In the middle of August the Governor, Auditor and Treasurer issued a circular forbidding the payment of State taxes in this depreciated paper. This order was naturally taken by the Whigs as indicating on the part of these officers a keener interest in the integrity of their salaries than in the public welfare, and it was therefore severely attacked in all the opposition newspapers of the State.

The sharpest assault it had to endure, however, was in a communication, dated August 27, and printed in the *Sangamon Journal* of September 2, not only dissecting the administration circular with the most savage satire, but covering the Auditor with merciless personal ridicule. It was written in the dialect of the country, dated from the "Lost Townships," and signed "Rebecca," and purported to come from a farmer widow of the county, who expressed in this fashion her discontent with the evil course of affairs.

Shields was a man of inordinate vanity and a corresponding irascibility. He was for that reason an irresistible mark for satire. Through a long life of somewhat conspicuous public service, he never lost a certain tone of absurdity. . . . Even his honorable wounds in battle, while they were productive of great public applause and political success, gained him scarcely less ridicule than praise. He never could refrain from talking of them himself. . . and for that reason he was a constant target for newspaper wits. .

His fury against the unknown author of the satire was the

subject of much merriment in Springfield, and the next week another letter appeared, from a different hand, but adopting the machinery of the first, in which the widow offered to make up the quarrel by marrying the Auditor, and this . . happy compromise was forthwith celebrated in very bad verses. In the change of hands all the humor of the thing had evaporated, and nothing was left but feminine mischief on one side and the exasperation of wounded vanity on the other.

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. I, page 203.

An Absurd Duel Avoided

Shields, however, had talked so much about the matter that he now felt imperatively called upon to act, and therefore he sent General Whitesides to demand from the *Journal* the name of its contributor. Mr. Francis, the editor, was in a quandary. Lincoln had written the first letter, and the antic fury of Shields had induced two young ladies who took a lively interest in Illinois politics . . to follow up the game with attacks in prose and verse, which, however deficient in wit and meter, were not wanting in pungency.

In his dilemma he applied to Lincoln, who, as he was starting to attend court at Tremont, told him to give his name and withhold the names of the ladies. As soon as Whitesides received this information, he and his fiery principal set out for Tremont, and as Shields did nothing in silence, the news came to Lincoln's friends; two of them, William Butler and Dr. Merryman, . went off in a buggy in pursuit. They soon came in sight of the others, but loitered in the rear until evening and then drove rapidly to Tremont, arriving there some time in advance of Shields; so that in the ensuing negotiations Abraham Lincoln had the assistance of friends whose fidelity and whose nerve were equally beyond question.

It would be useless to recount all the tedious preliminaries of the affair. Shields opened the correspondence . . . with blustering and with threats; his nature had no other way of expressing itself. His first letter was taken as a bar to any explanation or understanding, and he afterwards wrote a second, a little less offensive in tone, but without withdrawing the first. . . The parties, after endless talk, went to Alton and crossed the river to the Missouri shore.

It seemed for a moment that the fight must take place. The

terms had been left by the code, as then understood in the West, to Lincoln, and he certainly made no grudging use of his privilege. The weapons chosen were "cavalry broadswords of the largest size;" and the combatants were to stand on either side of a board placed on the ground, each to fight in a limit of six feet on his own side of the board. It was evident that Lincoln did not desire the death of his adversary, and did not intend to be materially injured himself. The advantage morally was altogether against him. He felt keenly the stupidity of the whole affair, but thought he could not avoid the fight without degradation; while to Shields such a fracas was a delight.

The duel came to its natural end. . Shields allowed himself to be persuaded to withdraw his offensive challenge. Lincoln then made the explanation he had been ready to make from the beginning: avowing the one letter he had written, and saying that it had been printed solely for political effect, and without any intention of injuring Shields personally.

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. I, page 205.

[The second "Rebecca" letter was written by Mary Todd and a girl friend, Julia Jayne.—W. W.]

Had Not the Slightest Intention of Injuring Shields

Mr. Lincoln felt afterwards that he could have done, under the circumstances, no less than he did. He stated to a friend, however, that he selected broadswords because his arms were long. He had not the slightest intention of injuring Mr. Shields, and thought that the length of his arms would aid him in defending his own person.

This incident does not seem to have been remembered against Mr. Lincoln by any class of the community in which he lived. It was certainly a boyish affair, and was probably regarded and forgotten as such. Even the excitements of a great political campaign did not call it from its slumbers, and the American people were spared a representation of Mr. Lincoln's atrocities as a duelist.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, J. G. Holland, page 89.

"Killing the Dog Would Not Cure the Bite"

Lincoln's quarrel with Shields was his last personal encounter. In later years it became his duty to give an official reprimand to a

young officer who had been court-martialed for a quarrel with one of his associates. The reprimand was probably the gentlest on record:

"Quarrel not at all. No man resolved to make the most of himself can spare time for personal contention. Still less can he afford to take all the consequences, including the vitiating of his temper and the loss of self-control. Yield larger things to which you can show no more than equal right; and yield lesser ones, though clearly your own.

"Better give your path to a dog than be bitten by him in contesting for the right. Even killing the dog would not cure the bite."

"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories. Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 210.

Married, after Misunderstandings

In 1842, having arrived at his thirty-third year, Mr. Lincoln married Miss Mary Todd, a daughter of Hon. Robert S. Todd of Lexington, Kentucky. The marriage took place in Springfield, where the lady had for several years resided, on the fourth of November of the year mentioned. It is probable that he married as early as the circumstances of his life permitted, for he had always loved the society of women, and possessed a nature that took profound delight in intimate female companionship.

A letter written on the eighteenth of May following his marriage, to J. F. Speed, Esq., of Louisville, Kentucky, an early and life-long personal friend, gives a pleasant glimpse of his domestic arrangements at this time:

"We are not keeping house," Mr. Lincoln says in this letter, "but boarding at the Globe Tavern, which is very well kept now by a widow lady of the name of Beck. Our rooms are now the same Dr. Wallace occupied there, and boarding only costs four dollars a week. . . . I most heartily wish you and your family will not fail to come. Just let us know the time, a week in advance, and we will have a room prepared for you, and will all be merry together for a while."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, J. G. Holland, page 90.

"The Statute Fixes All That!"

Lincoln's. . . . was the first wedding performed with all the ceremony of the Episcopalian sect. This was to the awe of the



GLOBE TAVERN

The first house on the left, was a boarding-house, kept by a widow named Beck, in 1842. Here the Lincolns lived during their early married life, paying the modest sum of $4.00 a week for the two. The grass-grown, unpaved village street, characteristic of the prairie town of that period, is here shown.

Honorable Judge Tom C. Brown, an old man and friend and patron of Abraham. He watched the ecclesiastical functionary to the point of Lincoln's placing the ring on the bride's finger. When Lincoln repeated:

"With this ring I thee wed and with my worldly goods I thee endow," the irate old stager exclaimed:

"Grace to Goshen! Lincoln, the statute fixes all that!"

The Lincoln Story Book, Henry L. Williams, page 45.

"His Heart Is as Large as His Arms Are Long"

After the Lincolns' marriage, by dint of untiring efforts and the recognition of influential friends, the couple managed, through rare frugality, to move along. In Lincoln's struggles, both in law and for political advancement, his wife shared his sacrifices. She was a plucky little woman and, in fact, endowed with a more restless ambition than he. She was gifted with a rare insight into the motives that actuate mankind, and there is no doubt that Lincoln's success was, in a measure, attributable to her acuteness and the stimulus of her influence.

His election to Congress within four years after their marriage afforded her extreme gratification. She loved power and prominence, and was inordinately proud of her tall, ungainly husband. She saw in him bright prospects ahead, and his every move was watched by her with the closest interest. If to other persons he seemed homely, to her he was the embodiment of noble manhood, and each succeeding day impressed upon her the wisdom of her choice of Lincoln over Douglas—if in reality she ever seriously accepted the latter's attentions.

"Mr. Lincoln may not be as handsome a figure," she said one day in Lincoln's office during her husband's absence, when the conversation turned on Douglas, "but people are perhaps not aware that his heart is as large as his arms are long."

The Story of Lincoln's Life, in "*Abe*" *Lincoln's Yarns and Stories*, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 510.

CHAPTER VII

In Politics and Congress

Lincoln Declines Support for Governor of Illinois

For eight successive years Lincoln had been a member of the General Assembly of Illinois. It was quite long enough, in his judgment, and his friends seem to have wanted to give him something better, for in 1841 they offered to support him for Governor of the State. This, however, he refused. His ambition was to go to Washington. In 1842 he declined renomination for the assembly and became a candidate for Congress. He did not wait to be asked, nor did he leave his case in the hands of his friends. He frankly announced his desire, and managed his own canvass. There was no reason, in Mr. Lincoln's opinion, for concealing political ambition. He recognized, at the same time, the legitimacy of the ambition of his friends, and entertained no suspicion or rancor if they contested places with him. . . . .

The Whigs of the various counties in the Congressional District met on April 5, as they had been instructed to do, and chose delegates. John J. Hardin of Jacksonville, Edward D. Baker and Abraham Lincoln of Springfield, were three candidates for whom these delegates were instructed.

To Lincoln's keen disappointment, the delegation from Sangamon County was instructed for Baker. A variety of social and personal influences, besides Baker's popularity, worked against Lincoln.

"It would astonish, if not amuse, the older citizens," wrote Lincoln to a friend, "to learn that I. . . have been put down here as the candidate of pride, wealth and aristocratic family distinction."

He was not only accused of being an aristocrat, he was called a "deist." He had fought, or been about to fight, a duel. His wife's relations were Episcopalian and Presbyterian. . .

The meeting that named Baker as its choice for Congress appointed Lincoln one of the delegates to the convention.

"In getting Baker the nomination," Lincoln wrote to Speed, "I

shall be fixed a good deal like a fellow who is made a groomsman to a man that has cut him out, and is marrying his own dear 'gal.' "

From the first, however, he stood bravely by Baker.

"I feel myself bound not to hinder him in any way from getting the nomination; I should despise myself were I to attempt it."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 192.

Making Van Buren Laugh "Till His Sides Were Sore"

Since 1840 Lincoln had given less attention to politics than to law practice. His partnership with Judge Logan—who also had Congressional aspirations—was comparatively brief. A new one was formed with a younger man, whom he had known as a clerk in Mr. Speed's store, and who had now been recently admitted to the bar, Mr. William H. Herndon, who was especially serviceable in regard to office work, the senior (Lincoln) assuming the chief labors of the court-room.



MARTIN VAN BUREN

Members of Congress were to be elected in 1844, but Lincoln was not now a candidate for the nomination. He gave way to his friend, Edward D. Baker, as did also Colonel Hardin.

Clay had a clear field this year for the Presidential nomination. The friends of ex-President Van Buren had been hoping for a like unanimity in his

favor on the Democratic side. He made a tour through the West, of which Mr. Speed recalled an incident not out of place here:

"In 1843, when Mr. Van Buren and Commodore Paulding visited the West, and gave out that they would reach Springfield on a certain day, but their friends knew from the condition of the roads that their expectations would not be realized, a party was formed, and Lincoln, though not of their politics, was pressed into the service.

"They met Van Buren and his party at Rochester, in Sangamon County, in an old barn of a hotel. Lincoln was charged to do his best to entertain the distinguished guests. Well did he do his part. . . . He soon got under way, and kept the company convulsed with laughter till the small hours of the night.

"Mr. Van Buren stayed some days in Springfield, and repeatedly said he never spent so agreeable a night in his life. He complained that his sides were sore with laughter, and to more than one predicted for that young man a brilliant future."

Abraham Lincoln and His Presidency, Joseph H. Barrett, LL.D., Vol. I, page 78.

Visits Indiana Home Making Speeches for Clay

Lincoln also supported Hardin energetically in the campaign which followed. . . . He was true to his promise and after Hardin was elected and in Washington he kept him informed of much that went on in the district; thus in an amusing letter, written in May, 1844, while the latter was in Congress, he tells of one disgruntled constituent who must be pacified, giving him, at the same time, a hint as to the temper of the "Locofocos." . . . . .

The resolution passed at the Pekin convention in 1843 was remembered and respected by the Whigs when the time came to nominate Hardin's successor. Baker was selected and elected, Lincoln working for him as loyally as he had for Hardin. In this campaign—that of 1844—Lincoln was a presidential elector. He went through the canvass with unusual ardor, for Henry Clay was the candidate, and Lincoln shared the popular idolatry of the man. His devotion was not merely a sentiment, however. He had been an intelligent student of Clay's public life, and his sympathy was all with the principles of the "gallant Harry of the West." . . . . .

Lincoln's speeches at this time were not confined to his own

State. He made several in Indiana, being invited thither by prominent Whig politicians who had heard him speak in Illinois. . . . .

One was delivered at Rockport; another "from the door of a harness shop" near Gentryville, Lincoln's old home in Indiana; and a third at the "Old Carter School" in the same neighborhood. At the delivery of the last many of Lincoln's old neighbors were present and they still tell of the cordial way in which he greeted them and inquired for old friends. After his speech he drove home with Mr. Josiah Crawford, for whom he had once worked as a day laborer.

His interest in every familiar spot—a saw-pit where he had once worked—the old swimming pool, the town grocery, the mill, the blacksmith shop, surprised and flattered everybody.

"He went round inspecting everything," declares one of his hosts. So vivid were the memories which this visit of Gentryville aroused, so deep were Lincoln's emotions, that he even attempted to express them in verse.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 196.

Lincoln's Verses about His Old Home

The following is an extract from a very long original poem written by Lincoln in 1844 while on a visit to the home of his childhood:

My childhood's home I see again
And sadden with the view;
And still, as memory crowds the brain,
There's pleasure in it too.

Ah, Memory! thou midway world,
'Twixt earth and Paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise.

And freed from all that's earthy, vile,
Seems hallowed, pure and bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle
All bathed in liquid light.

Winnowings for Lincoln's Birthday, Agnes Mawson, page 87, note 26.

Elected to Congress

In this campaign of 1844 Lincoln for the second time in his political life met the slavery question. . . . The next year, 1845, found the abolition sentiment stronger than ever. . . . In January [1846] General Hardin suggested that since he and Lincoln were the only persons mentioned as candidates, there should he no convention, but the selection be left to the Whig voters of the district. Lincoln refused. . . .

After General Hardin received this refusal he withdrew from the contest, in a manly and generous letter which was warmly approved by the Whigs of the district. Both men were so much loved that a break between them would have been a disastrous thing for the party. . . . . .

In May, Lincoln was nominated. His Democratic opponent was Peter Cartwright, the famous Methodist exhorter, the most famous itinerant preacher of the pioneer era. . . . . Cartwright now made an energetic canvass, his chief weapon against Lincoln being the old charges of atheism and aristocracy; but they failed of effect, and in August, Lincoln was elected.



PETER CARTWRIGHT

The great "backwoods preacher," defeated by Lincoln for Congress.

The contest over, sudden and characteristic disillusion seized him.

"Being elected to Congress, though I am grateful to our friends for having done it, has not pleased me as much as I expected," he wrote Speed.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 199.

"He Can Compress the Most Words into the Smallest Ideas"

Lincoln's humor generally freed his criticisms of all offense.

"He can compress the most words into the smallest ideas of any man I ever met," was perhaps the severest retort he ever uttered; but history has considerately sheltered the identity of the victim.

Lincoln the Lawyer, Frederick Trevor Hill, page 218.

Lincoln to the House and Douglas to the Senate, Each for the First Time

Before Lincoln's departure for Washington to enter on his duties as a member of Congress, the Mexican War had begun. The volunteers had gone forward, and at the head of the regiments from Illinois some of the bravest men and best legal talent in Springfield had marched. Hardin, Baker, Bissell, and even the dramatic Shields had enlisted. The issues of the war and the manner of its prosecution were in every man's mouth. Naturally, therefore, a Congressman-elect would be expected to publish his views and define his position early in the day.

Although, in common with the Whig party, opposing the declaration of war, Lincoln, now that hostilities had commenced, urged a vigorous prosecution. . . . He was the only Whig from Illinois. . . . In the Senate, Douglas had made his appearance for the first time. . . . Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, was chosen Speaker. John Quincy Adams, Horace Mann, Caleb Smith, Alexander H. Stephens, Robert Toombs, Howell Cobb, and Andrew Johnson were important members of the House.

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. I, page 260.

Autobiography for the Congressional Directory

Among the papers of the late Charles Lanman there is a sketch of Mr. Lincoln, written in his own hand. Mr. Lanman was editor of the *Congressional Directory* at the time that Mr. Lincoln was elected to Congress, and, according to the ordinary custom, forwarded to him, as well as to all other members elect, a blank to be filled out with facts and dates which might be made the basis for a biographical sketch in the *Directory*. Lincoln's blank was promptly filled up in his own handwriting, with the following information:

"Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky.

"Education defective.

"Profession, lawyer.

"Military service, Captain of Volunteers in Black Hawk War.

"Offices held: Postmaster at a very small office; four times a member of the Illinois Legislature, and elected to the Lower House of the next Congress."

The True Abraham Lincoln, William Eleroy Curtis, page 59.

Lincoln's Visit to Henry Clay at Ashland

In 1846, Mr. Lincoln learned that Mr. Clay had agreed to deliver a speech at Lexington, Kentucky, in favor of gradual emancipation. He had never seen the great Kentuckian, and this event seemed to give him an excuse for breaking away from his business, and satisfying his curiosity to look his demigod in the face, and hear the music of his eloquence. He accordingly went to Lexington, and arrived there in time to attend the meeting.



HENRY CLAY

On returning to his home from this visit, he did not attempt to disguise his disappointment. The speech itself was written and read. It lacked entirely the spontaneity and fire which Mr. Lincoln had anticipated, and was not eloquent at all. At the close of the meeting Mr. Lincoln secured an introduction to the great orator, and as Mr. Clay knew what a friend to him Mr. Lincoln had been, he invited his admirer and partizan to Ashland. No invitation could have delighted Mr. Lincoln more, but the result of his private interview with Mr. Clay was no more satisfactory than that which followed the speech. Those who have known

both men will not wonder at this, for two men could hardly be more unlike in their motives and manners than the two thus brought together. One was a proud man; the other was a humble man. . . . One was distant and dignified and the other was as simple and teachable as a child. . . . .

A friend of Mr. Lincoln, who had a long conversation with him after his return from Ashland, found that his old enthusiasm was gone. Mr. Lincoln said that though Mr. Clay was most polished in his manners, and very hospitable, he betrayed a consciousness of superiority that none could mistake. He felt that Mr. Clay did not regard him, or any other person in his presence, as, in any sense, on an equality with him. In short, he thought that Mr. Clay was overbearing and domineering, and that, while he was apparently kind, it was in that magnificent and patronizing way which made a sensitive man uncomfortable.

It is quite possible that Mr. Lincoln needed to experience this disappointment, and to be taught this lesson. It was, perhaps, the only instance in his life in which he had given his whole heart to a man without knowing him. . . . . He was, certainly, from that time forward, more careful to look on all sides of a man, and on all sides of a subject, before yielding to either his devotion.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, J. G. Holland, page 95.

"A Man Who Has No Vices Has Blamed Few Virtues"

Lincoln set out for Washington from Ramsdell's Tavern in Springfield early in the morning. The only other passenger in the stage for a good portion of the distance was a Kentuckian, on his way home from Missouri. Painfully impressed, no doubt, with Lincoln's gravity and melancholy, he undertook to relieve the general monotony of the ride by offering him a chew of tobacco. With a plain,

"No, sir, thank you; I never chew," Lincoln declined, and a long period of silence followed.

Later in the day the stranger, pulling from his pocket a leather-covered case, offered Lincoln a cigar, which he also politely declined on the ground that he never smoked.

Finally, as they neared the station where the horses were to be changed, the Kentuckian, pouring out a cup of brandy from a

flask which had lain concealed in his satchel, offered it to Lincoln with the remark,

"Well, stranger, seeing you don't smoke or chew, perhaps you'll take a little of this French brandy. It's a fine article and a good appetizer besides."

His tall and uncommunicative companion declined this last and best evidence of Kentucky hospitality on the same ground as the tobacco. When they separated that afternoon, the Kentuckian, transferring to another stage, bound for Louisville, shook Lincoln warmly by the hand. "See here, stranger," he said, good-humoredly, "you're a clever, but strange companion. I may never see you again, and I don't want to offend you, but I want to say this: My experience has taught me that a man who has no vices has blamed few virtues. Good-day."

Lincoln enjoyed this reminiscence of the journey, and took great pleasure in relating it.

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. I, page 302.

Congressman Lincoln's Bill Which Never Came to a Vote

During the first session of his term Lincoln made three long speeches carefully prepared and written out beforehand. He was neither elated nor dismayed at the result. . . . . The next year he made no set speeches, but in addition to the usual work of a congressman, occupied himself with a bill that had for its object the purchase and freeing of all the slaves in the District of Columbia. Slavery was not only lawful in the national capital at that time, but there was, to quote Mr. Lincoln's own graphic words,

"In view from the windows of the Capitol, a sort of negro livery-stable, where droves of negroes were collected, temporarily kept, and finally taken to Southern markets, precisely like droves of horses."

To Lincoln and to other people who disapproved of slavery, the idea of human beings held in bondage under the very shadow of the dome of the Capitol seemed indeed a bitter mockery. . . . He did not then believe Congress had the right to interfere with slavery in States that chose to have it; but in the District of Columbia the power of Congress was supreme, and the matter was entirely different. His bill provided that the Federal Government should pay full value to the slave-holders of the District for all slaves in their

possession and should at once free the older ones. The younger slaves were to be apprenticed for a term of years, in order to make them self-supporting, after which they also were to receive their freedom.

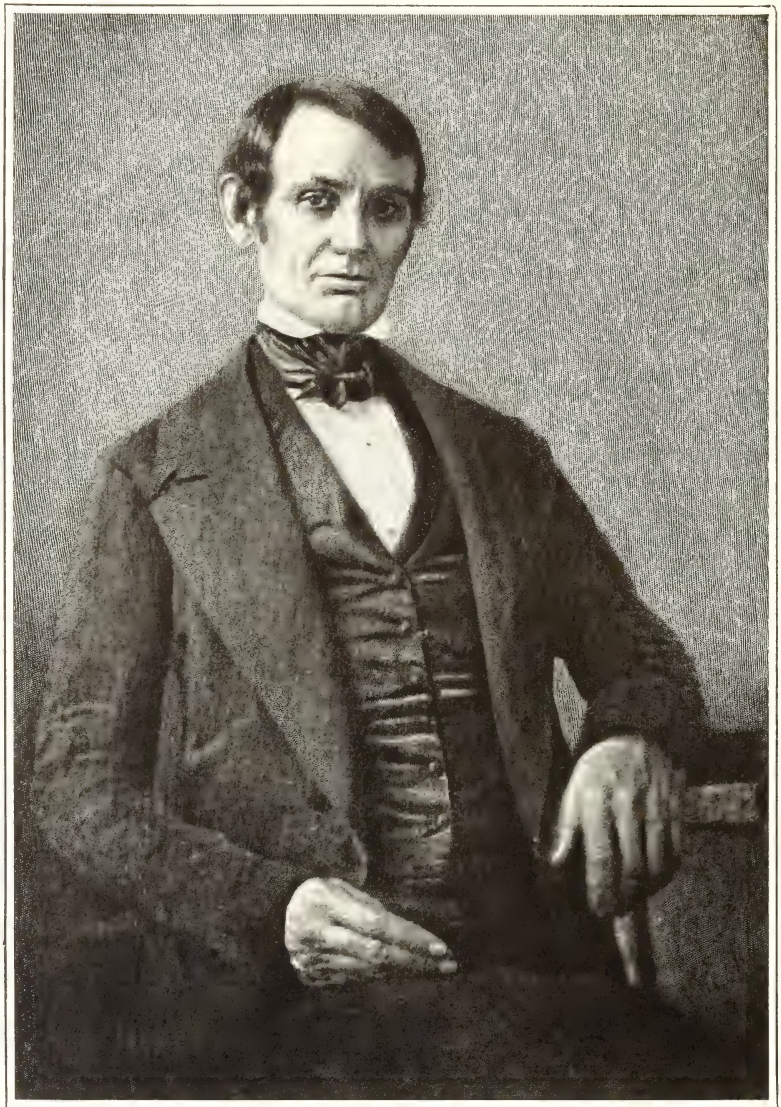
The bill was very carefully thought out, and had the approval of residents of the District who held the most varied views upon slavery; but good as it was, the measure was never allowed to come to a vote, and Lincoln went back to Springfield, at the end of his term, feeling doubtless that his efforts in behalf of the slaves had been all in vain.

While in Washington he lived very simply and quietly, taking little part in the social life of the city, though cordially liked by all who made his acquaintance. An inmate of the modest boarding-house where he had rooms has told of the cheery atmosphere he seemed to bring with him into the common dining-room, where political arguments were apt to run high. He never appeared anxious to insist upon his own views; and when others, less considerate, forced matters until the talk threatened to become too furious he would interrupt with an anecdote or a story that cleared the air and ended the discussion in a general laugh.

Sometimes for exercise he would go into a bowling-alley close by, entering into the game with great zest, and accepting defeat and victory with equal good-nature. By the time he had finished a little circle would be gathered around him, enjoying his enjoyment, and laughing at his quaint expressions and sallies of wit. . . . .

His absolute and impartial fairness to friend and foe alike was one of his strongest traits, governing every action of his life. If it had not been for this he might possibly have enjoyed another term in Congress, for there had been talk of re-electing him. But there were many able young men in Springfield who coveted the honor, and they had entered into an agreement among themselves that each should be content with a single term. Lincoln of course remained faithful to his promise. His strict keeping of promises caused him also to lose an appointment from President Taylor as Commissioner of the General Land Office, which might easily have been his, but for which he had agreed to recommend some other Illinois man.

A few weeks later the President offered to make him governor of



From *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, Ida M. Tarbell.

THE EARLIEST PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From a daguerreotype taken in 1848, when Lincoln was forty.

the new Territory of Oregon. This attracted him much more than the other office had done, but he declined because his wife was unwilling to live in a place so far away.

His career in Congress, while adding little to his fame at the time, proved of great advantage to him in after life, for it gave him a close knowledge of the workings of the Federal Government, and brought him into contact with political leaders from all parts of the Union.

The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln, Helen Nicolay, page 85.

The Mexican War, the "Spot Resolutions," and the Dissatisfaction of Lincoln's Constituents

The Mexican War was drawing toward its close, and most of the talking in Congress had relation to it. The whole Whig party denounced it at the time, and the nation had been more than half ashamed of it ever since. By adroit manœuvres Polk had forced the fight upon a weak and reluctant nation, and had made to his own people false statements as to both the facts and the merits of the quarrel. . . . .

Good strategy achieved a series of brilliant victories, and fortunately for the Whigs General Taylor and General Scott, together with a large proportion of the most distinguished regimental officers, were of that party. This aided them essentially in their policy, which was, to denounce the entering into the war but to vote all necessary supplies for its vigorous prosecution.

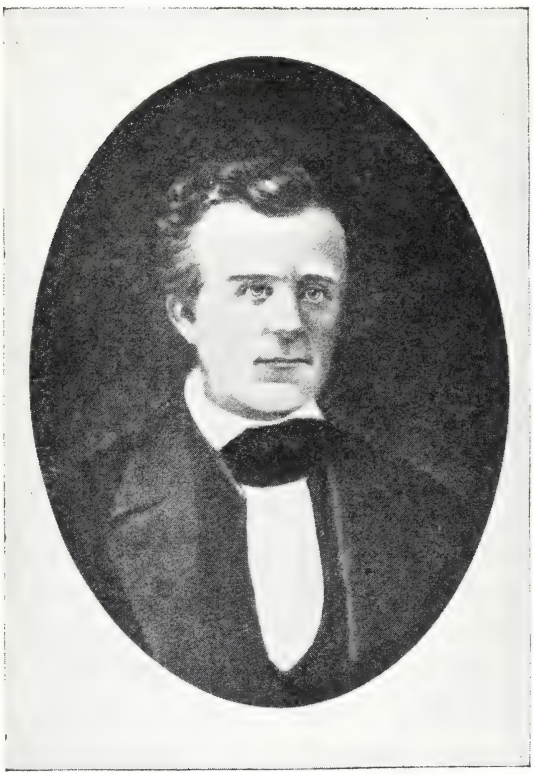
Into this scheme of his party Lincoln entered with hearty concurrence. A week after the House met he closed a letter to his partner with the remark:

"As you are all so anxious for me to distinguish myself, I have concluded to do so before long," and what he said humorously he probably meant seriously.

Accordingly he soon afterward (December 22, 1847) introduced a series, which, under the nickname of the "Spot Resolutions," attracted some attention. Quoting in his preamble sundry paragraphs of the President's message of May 11, 1846, to the purport that Mexico had invaded "*our territory*," and had "shed the blood of our citizens on *our own soil*," he then requested the President to state "*the spot*" where these and other alleged occurrences had taken place.

His first "little speech," was on "a post-office question of no general interest;" and he found himself "about as badly scared and no worse" than when he spoke in court. So a little later, January 12, 1848, he ventured to call up his resolutions and to make a speech upon them. . . . .

Lincoln's course concerning the war and the administration did not please his constituents. Many of his critics remained dissatisfied, and it is believed that his course cost the next Whig candidate in the district votes which he could not afford to lose.



JAMES K. POLK

The President to whom Lincoln's "Spot Resolutions" were addressed.

"To those who desire that I should be re-elected," he wrote to Herndon, "as Mr. Clay said of the annexation of Texas, that personally I would not object . . if it should so happen *that nobody else wishes to be elected.* . . . . To enter myself as the competitor of others, or to authorize any one so to enter me, is what my word and honor forbid." It did so happen that Judge Logan, whose turn it seemed to be, wished the nomination and received it. He was, however, defeated, and probably paid the price of Lincoln's scrupulous honesty.

Abraham Lincoln, John T. Morse, Jr., Vol. I, page 74.

The Champion Story-Teller of the Capitol

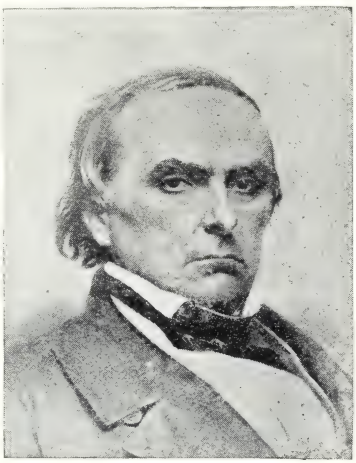
During the Christmas holidays Mr. Lincoln found his way into the small room used as the post-office of the House, where a few jovial *raconteurs* used to meet almost every morning, after the mail had been distributed into the members' boxes, to exchange such new stories as any of them might have acquired since they last met. After modestly standing at the door for several days, Mr. Lincoln was "reminded" of a story, and by New Year's he was recognized as the champion story-teller of the Capitol. . . . .

Mr. Lincoln boarded with Mrs. Spriggs, on Capitol Hill, where he had as messmates the veteran Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio; John Blanchard, John Dickey, A. R. McIlvaine, John Strohm, and James Pollock, of Pennsylvania; Elisha Embree of Indiana; and P. W. Tompkins of Mississippi—all Whigs.

Reminiscenses of Abraham Lincoln, Ben: Perley Poore, Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 217.

Legal Services Rendered Daniel Webster

Daniel Webster, who was then in the Senate, used occasionally to have Mr. Lincoln at his pleasant Saturday breakfasts, where the Western Congressman's humorous illustrations of the events of the day, sparkling with spontaneous and unpremeditated wit, would give great delight to "the solid men of Boston" assembled around the festive board.



DANIEL WEBSTER

At one time Mr. Lincoln had transacted some legal business for Mr. Webster connected with an embryo city laid out where Rock River empties into the Mississippi. . . . . Mr. Lincoln had charged Mr. Webster for his legal services $10, which the Great Expounder of the Constitution regarded as too small a fee, and he would frequently declare that he was still Mr. Lincoln's debtor.

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Ben. Perley Poore, Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 222

"My Old Eyes Are Full of Tears Yet"

I digress from the Mexican War subject long enough to insert, because in the order of time it belongs here, a characteristic letter which he wrote me regarding a man who was destined at a later day to play a far different *rôle* in the national drama. Here is is:

"WASHINGTON, Feb. 2, 1848.

"*Dear William:*

"I just take up my pen to say that Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, a little, slim, pale-faced, consumptive man, with a voice like Logan's, has just concluded the very best speech of an hour's length I ever heard. My old, withered, dry eyes are full of tears yet. If he writes it out anything like he delivered it our people shall see a good many copies of it.

"Yours truly,
"A. LINCOLN."

"To W. M. H. Herndon, Esq."

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. I, page 268.

General Cass on Working and Eating

(From a speech in Congress, July 27, 1848.)

"MR. SPEAKER, I adopt the suggestion of a friend, that General Cass is a general of splendidly successful charges—charges, to be sure, not upon the public enemy, but upon the public treasury. He was Governor of Michigan Territory, and ex-officio Superintendent of Indian Affairs, from the 9th of October, 1813, till the 31st of July, 1831—a period of seventeen years, nine months, and twenty-two days. During this period he received from the United States treasury, for personal services and personal expenses, the aggregate sum of ninety-six thousand and twenty-eight dollars, being an average of fourteen dollars and seventy-nine cents per day for every day of the time. This large sum was reached by assuming that he was doing service at several different places, and in several different capacities in the same place, all at the same time. . . . .

"These accounts have already been discussed some here; but when we are amongst them, as when we are in the Patent Office, we must peep about a good deal, before we can see all the curiosities. I shall not be tedious with them. As to the large item of $1500 per year—amounting in the aggregate to $26,715—for office rent, cab

hire, fuel, etc., I barely wish to remark that so far as I can discover in the public documents, there is no evidence, by word or inference, either from any disinterested witness or of General Cass himself, that he ever rented or kept a separate office, ever hired or kept a clerk, or even used any extra amount of fuel, etc., in consequence of his Indian services. Indeed, General Cass's silence in regard to these items, in his two long letters urging his claims upon the Government, is, to my mind, almost conclusive that no such claims had any real existence.

"But I have introduced General Cass's accounts here chiefly to show the wonderful physical capacities of the man. They show that he not only did the labor of several men at the same time, but that he often did it at several places, many hundreds of miles apart, at the same time.

"And at eating, too, his capacities are shown to be quite wonderful. From October, 1821, to May, 1822, he ate ten rations a day in Michigan, ten rations a day here in Washington, and five dollars' worth a day on the road between the two places! And then there is an important discovery in his example—the art of being paid for what one eats, instead of having to pay for it. Hereafter, if any nice young man should owe a bill which he cannot pay in any other way, he can just board it out.

"Mr. Speaker, we have all heard of the animal standing in doubt between two stacks of hay and starving to death. The like of that would never happen to General Cass. Place the stacks a thousand miles apart, he would stand stock-still midway between them, and eat them both at once, and the green grass along the line would be apt to suffer some, too, at the same time. By all means make him President, gentlemen. He will feed you bounteously—if—if there is any left after he shall have helped himself."

Early Speeches by Abraham Lincoln, Military Heroes, page 173.

"What Will Be the Upshot of this Comet Business?"

Thomas H. Nelson, of Terre Haute, Indiana, relates the following:

"Judge Abram Hammond, afterwards Governor of Indiana, and myself, arranged to go from Terre Haute to Indianapolis in the stage-coach. As we stepped in we discovered that the entire back seat was occupied by a long, lank individual whose head seemed to

protrude from one end of the coach and his feet from the other. He was the sole occupant, and was sleeping soundly. Hammond slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, and asked him if he had chartered the coach that day.

"'Certainly not,' and he at once took the front seat, politely surrendering to us the place of honor and comfort. An odd-looking fellow he was, with a twenty-five cent hat, and without vest or cravat.

"Regarding him as a good subject for merriment, we perpetrated several jokes. He took them all with the utmost innocence and good nature and joined in the laugh, although at his own expense. We amazed him with words of great length and thundering sound. After an astounding display of wordy pyrotechnics, the dazed and bewildered stranger asked,

"'What will be the upshot of this comet business?'

"Late in the evening we reached Indianapolis and hurried to Browning's Hotel, losing sight of the stranger altogether. We retired to our room to brush our clothes.

"In a few minutes I descended to the portico, and there I saw our long, gloomy fellow-traveler in the center of an admiring group of lawyers, among whom were Judges McLean and Huntington, Albert S. White, and Richard W. Thompson, who seemed to be amused and interested in a story he was telling. I inquired of Browning, the landlord, who the tall young man was.

"'Abraham Lincoln of Illinois—a member of Congress,' was the response.

"I was thunderstruck; hastening upstairs I told Hammond the startling news; together we sneaked away from that hotel by a back door and went down an alley to another house, thus avoiding further contact with our distinguished fellow-traveler.

"Years afterward, when the President-elect was on his way to Washington, I was in the same hotel looking over the distinguished party, when a long arm reached to my shoulder, and a shrill voice exclaimed:

"'Hello, Nelson! Do you think, after all, the whole world is going to follow the darned thing off?'

"The words were my own reply to his question about the comet in the stage-coach years before.

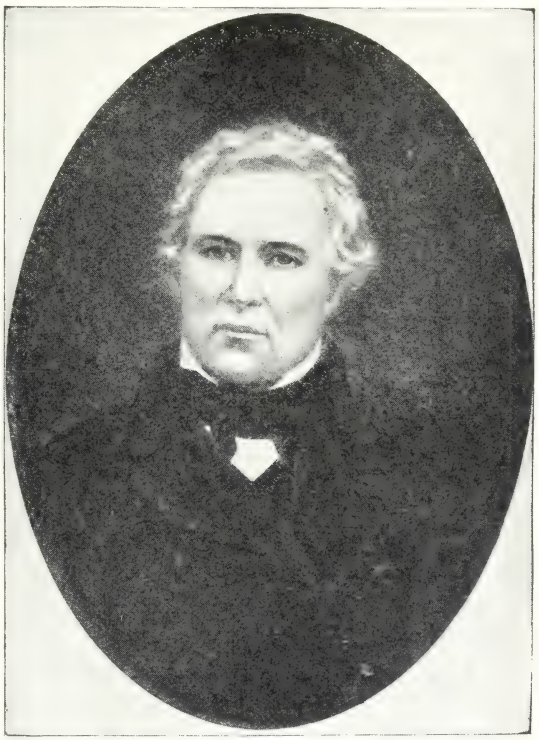
"The speaker was Abraham Lincoln."

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Paul Selby, page 89.

Lincoln in the Thirtieth Congress and Afterward—A Summary

The routine work assigned to Lincoln in the Thirtieth Congress was on the committee on the post-office and post-roads. Several reports were made by him from this committee. These reports, with a speech on internal improvements, cover his published work in the House up to July.

As the Whigs were to hold their national convention for nominating a candidate for the presidency in June, Lincoln gave considerable time during the spring to electioneering. In his judgment the Whigs could elect nobody but General Taylor, and he urged his friends in Illinois to give up Henry Clay, to whom many of them still clung.



GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR
("Old Rough-and-Ready.")
Lincoln's speeches in New England and elsewhere helped make General Taylor President.

"Mr. Clay's chance for an election," he wrote, "is just no chance at all." Lincoln went to the convention, which was held in Philadelphia, and, as he prophesied, "Old Rough-and-Ready" was nominated. He went back to Washington full of enthusiasm.

"In my opinion we shall have a most overwhelming, glorious triumph," he wrote a friend. "One unmistakable sign is that all the odds and ends are with us—Barnburners, Native Americans, Tyler men, disappointed office-seekers, Locofocos, and the Lord knows what. This is important, if in nothing else, in showing which way the wind blows."

In connection with Alexander H. Stephens, of whom he had become a warm friend, Toombs, and Preston, Lincoln formed the first Congressional Taylor club, known as the "Young Indians." Campaigning had already begun on the floor of Congress, and the members were daily making speeches for the various candidates. On July 27th he made a speech for Taylor. It was a boisterous speech, full of merciless caricaturing, and delivered with unmistakable drollery. It kept the House in an uproar, and was repeated the country over by the Whig press. The Baltimore *American*, in giving a synopsis of it, called it the "crack speech of the day," and said of Lincoln:

"He is a very able, acute, uncouth, honest, upright man, and a tremendous wag, withal. . . . . Mr. Lincoln's manner was so good-natured, and his style so peculiar, that he kept the House in a continuous roar of merriment for the last half hour of his speech. He would commence a point in his speech far up one of the aisles, and keep on talking, gesticulating, and walking until he would find himself, at the end of a paragraph, down in the center of the area in front of the clerk's desk. He would then go back again and take another head and *work down* again. And so on, through his capital speech."

This speech, as well as the respect Lincoln's work in the House had inspired among the leaders of the party, brought him an invitation to deliver several campaign speeches in New England at the close of Congress, and he went there early in September. . . . . Lincoln, in the first speech he made, defined carefully his position on the slavery question. This was at Worcester, Massachusetts, on September 12th. . . . Curiously enough the meeting was presided over by ex-Governor Levi Lincoln, a descendant, like Abraham Lincoln, from the original Samuel of Hingham. There were many brilliant speeches made; but if we are to trust the reports of the day, Lincoln's was the one which by its logic, its clearness, and its humor, did most for the Whig cause.

"Gentlemen inform me," says one Boston reporter, who came too late for the exercises, "that it was one of the best speeches ever heard in Worcester, and that several Whigs who had gone off on the 'free soil' fizzle have come back again to the Whig ranks." . . . .

After the speech at Worcester, Lincoln spoke at Lowell, Dedham, Roxbury, Chelsea and Cambridge, and on September 22nd, in Tremont Temple, Boston, following a splendid oration by Governor Seward. His speech on this occasion was not reported, though the Boston papers united in calling it "powerful and convincing." His success at Worcester and Boston was such that invitations came from all over New England asking him to speak.

But Lincoln won something in New England of vastly deeper importance than a reputation for making popular campaign speeches. Here for the first time he caught a glimpse of the utter impossibility of ever reconciling the Northern conviction that slavery was evil and unendurable, and the Southern claim that it was divine and necessary; and he began here to realize that something must be done. . . . .

Listening to Seward's speech in Tremont Temple, he seems to have had a sudden insight into the truth, a quick illumination; and that night, as the two men sat talking, he said gravely to the great anti-slavery advocate:

"Governor Seward, I have been thinking about what you said in your speech. I reckon you are right. We have got to deal with this slavery question, and got to give much more attention to it hereafter than we have been doing."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 216.

Sees Niagara Falls

It was late in September when Lincoln started westward from his campaigning in New England. He stopped in Albany, N. Y., and in company with Thurlow Weed called on Fillmore, then candidate for Vice-President. From Albany he went to Niagara. Mr. Herndon once asked him what made the deepest impression on him when he stood before the Falls.

"The thing that struck me most forcibly when I saw the Falls," he responded, "was where in the world did all that water come from?" . . . . . Published in his "Complete Works" is a fragment on Niagara which shows how deeply his mind was stirred by the majesty of that mighty wonder:

"Niagara Falls! By what mysterious power is it that millions and millions are drawn from all parts of the world to gaze upon

Niagara Falls? There is no mystery about the thing itself. Every effect is just as any intelligent man, knowing the causes, would anticipate without seeing it. If the water moving onward in a great river reaches a point where there is a perpendicular jog of a hundred feet in descent in the bottom of the river, it is plain the water will have a violent and continuous plunge at that point. It is also plain that the water, thus plunging, will foam and roar and send up a mist continuously, in which last, during sunshine, there will be perpetual rainbows. The mere physical side of Niagara Falls is only this. Yet this is really a very small part of that world's wonder. Its power to excite reflection and emotion is its great charm. . . . .

"But still there is more. It calls up the indefinite past. When Columbus first sought this continent—when Christ suffered on the cross—when Moses led Israel through the Red Sea,—nay, even when Adam first came from the hand of his Maker; then as now, Niagara was roaring here. The eyes of that species of extinct giants whose bones fill the mounds of America have gazed on Niagara, as ours do now. . . . Niagara is as strong and fresh to-day as ten thousand years ago. . . . The mammoth and the mastodon, so long dead that fragments of their monstrous bones alone testify that they ever lived, have gazed on Niagara—in that long, long time never still for a moment, never dried, never froze, never slept, never rested."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 225.

"A. Lincoln's Imp'd Manner of Buoying Vessels"

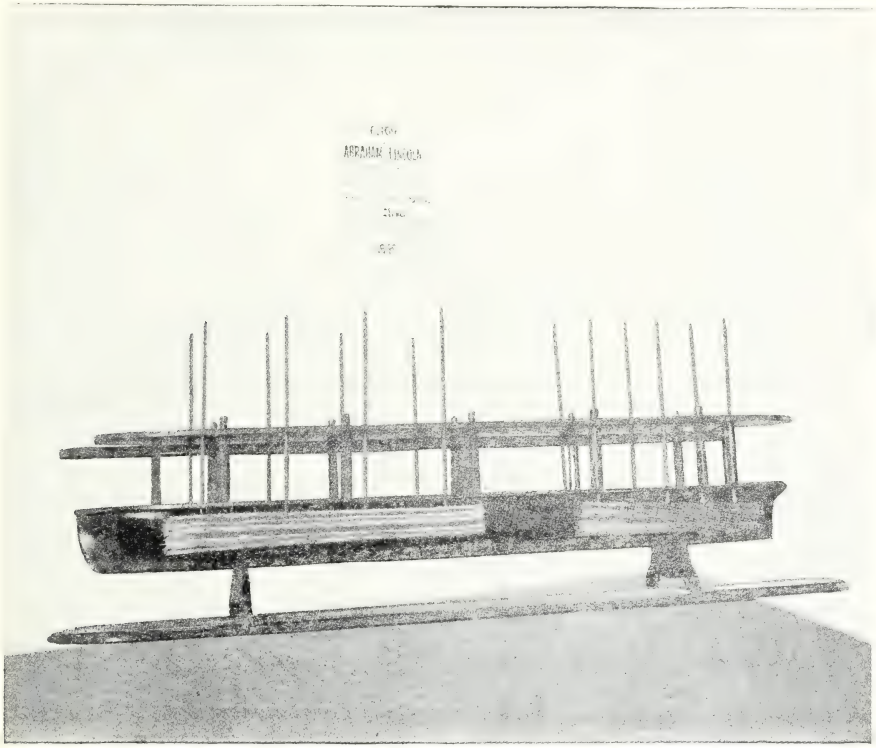
One of Mr. Lincoln's early friends, W. G. Greene, states that the first time he ever saw Mr. Lincoln, "he was in the Sangamon River, with his trousers rolled up five feet, more or less, trying to pilot a flatboat over a mill-dam." . . . .

The practical and ingenious character of Lincoln's mind is shown in the fact that several years after his river experience he invented and patented a device for overcoming some of the difficulties in the navigation of western rivers with which this trip made him familiar. The following interesting account of this invention is given:

"Occupying an ordinary and commonplace position in one of the show-cases in the large hall of the Patent Office, is one little

model which, in ages to come, will be prized as one of the most curious and one of the most sacred relics in that vast museum of unique and priceless things.

"This is a plain and simple model of a steamboat, roughly fashioned in wood by the hand of Abraham Lincoln. It bears date in 1849, when the inventor was known . . . . . as a successful lawyer



The model of Lincoln's invention, as it appears in the Patent Office at Washington.

and a rising politician of Central Illinois. Neither his practice nor his politics took up so much of his time as to prevent him from giving some attention to contrivances which he hoped might be of benefit to the world and of profit to himself. . . . .

"It is an attempt to make it an easy matter to transport vessels over shoals and snags and 'sawyers.' The main idea is that of an apparatus resembling a noiseless bellows, placed on each side of the

hull of the craft, just below the water-line, and worked by an odd but not complicated system of ropes, valves and pulleys. When the keel of the vessel grates against the sand or obstruction, these bellows are to be filled with air; and, thus buoyed up, the ship is expected to float lightly and gaily over the shoal, which would otherwise have proved a serious interruption to her voyage.

"The model, which is about eighteen or twenty inches long, and has the appearance of having been whittled with a knife out of a shingle and a cigar-box, is built without any elaboration or ornament, or any extra apparatus beyond that necessary to show the operation of buoying the steamer over the obstructions. . . . . This model is carved as one might imagine a retired rail-splitter would whittle, strongly but not smoothly, and evidently made with a view solely to convey to the minds of the patent authorities, by the simplest possible means, an idea of the purpose and plan of the invention.

"The label on the steamer's deck informs us that the patent was obtained; but we do not learn that the navigation of the western rivers was revolutionized by this quaint conception. The modest little model has reposed here many years; and since it found its resting-place here on the shelf, the shrewd inventor has found it his task to guide the Ship of State over shoals more perilous, and obstructions more obstinate than any prophet dreamed of when Abraham Lincoln wrote his bold autograph on the prow of his miniature steamer."

The Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln, F. F. Browne, page 92.

[When Lincoln showed this model to a certain patent authority, he said he "reckoned it would work where the ground was a little damp."—W. W.]

CHAPTER VIII

State Capital and Eighth Circuit

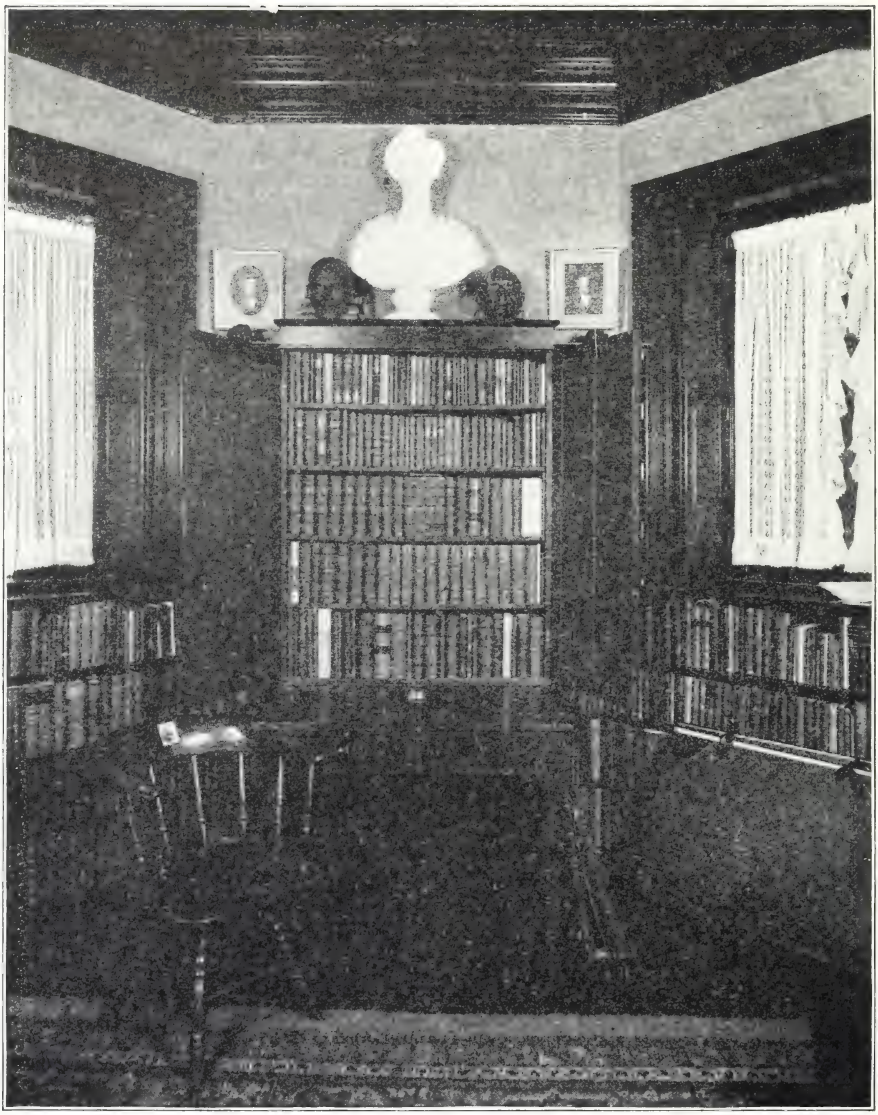
"A Place for Everything"

After a flying visit to Washington in the summer of 1849, Lincoln settled down again to his old round of duties at Springfield, steadied by political disappointment. Here he was frequently consulted as to the filling of offices in his district, and was characteristically candid in his replies. Many a politician would have been content to urge the claims of his own friends on the attention of the Administration, but Lincoln had a scrupulous sense of responsibility, and a single desire to serve the public good. His fairness of spirit is humorously illustrated by the following, from a letter to the Secretary of State:

"Mr. Bond I know to be, personally, every way worthy of the office (in question); and he is very numerously and most respectably recommended. His paper I send to you; and I solicit for his claims a full and fair consideration. Having said this much, I add that, in my individual judgment, the appointment of Mr. Thomas would be better."

By mid-July he had apparently abandoned politics and become once more immersed in the law. On his return from Washington he had been offered a partnership in a Chicago law firm, but had declined on the ground that he had a tendency toward consumption, and he feared the effect of a town practice on his health. . . . .

In spite of the relentless logic of his thought, the senior partner (of the firm of Lincoln & Herndon) was the least methodical of men in matters of detail, and his junior, in whom he had hoped to find balancing qualities, proved to be little better. Any order which could be discovered in the office must, therefore, have been due to the advent of some student-clerk who had taken chaos in hand, swept out the room and sorted the papers. The office was on the first floor (upstairs) of a brick building which faced the courthouse across the public square, but it was a back room and its



From a photograph taken in the library of Major William H. Lambert, Germantown, Philadelphia.

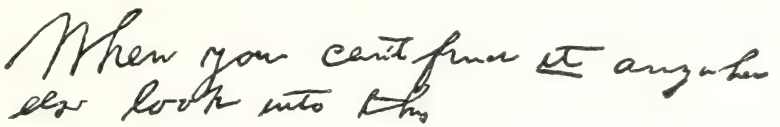
LINCOLN'S DESK-BOOKCASE AND CHAIR

windows overlooked the yard. Its furniture consisted of the baize-covered table, a few chairs, an old-fashioned "secretary" and a book-case containing a couple of hundred law-books.

Lincoln's real desk, in whose drawers and pigeon-holes, so to speak, all his more important notes and memoranda were deposited, was a tall silk hat. This figures in his business papers, for he writes, somewhat unprofessionally, to a fellow-lawyer, whose correspondence he had neglected:

"When I received the letter, I put it in my old hat, and buying a new one the next day, the old one was set aside, and so the letter was lost sight of for a time."

On top of the secretary (desk) lay a bundle of papers, always growing in bulk, and labeled:



Abraham Lincoln, Henry Bryan Binns, page 114.

"Giving Away What He Couldn't Get and Keep"

"As Lincoln entered the trial," relates one of his colleagues of the bar (Leonard Swett), "where most lawyers would object he would say he 'reckoned' it would be fair to let this in or that; and sometimes, when his adversary could not quite prove what Lincoln knew to be the truth, he 'reckoned' it would be fair to admit the truth to be so-and-so. When he did object to the court and when he heard his objections answered, he would often say, 'Well, I reckon I must be wrong.'

"Now, about the time he had practised this three-fourths through the case, if his adversary didn't understand him, he would wake up in a few minutes and find himself beaten. He was as 'wise as a serpent' in the trial of a cause, but I have had too many scars from his blows to certify that he was as 'harmless as a dove.'

"When the whole thing was unravelled the adversary would begin to see that what he was so blandly giving away was simply what he wouldn't get and keep. By giving away six points and carrying the seventh he carried his case, and the whole case hang ng

on the seventh, he traded away everything which would give him the lead in carrying that.

"Any man who took Lincoln for a simple-minded man would very soon wake up with his back in a ditch."

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. II, page 3.

How Lincoln Retaliated on Opposing Counsel

Judge Weldon told the writer that on one occasion a lawyer challenged a juror because of his personal acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln, who appeared for the other side. Such an objection was regarded as more or less a reflection upon the honor of an attorney in those days, and Judge Davis, who was presiding at the time, promptly overruled the challenge; but when Lincoln rose to examine the jury he gravely followed his adversary's lead and began to ask the talesmen whether they were acquainted with his opponent. After two or three had answered in the affirmative, however, his Honor interfered.

"Now, Mr. Lincoln," he observed severely, "you are wasting time. The mere fact that a juror knows your opponent does not disqualify him."

"No, your Honor," responded Lincoln dryly. "But I am afraid some of the gentlemen may *not* know him, which would place me at a disadvantage."

Lincoln the Lawyer, Frederick Trevor Hill, page 212.

Studying Euclid and Telling Stories in the "Wee Sma' Hours"

While a member of Congress and otherwise immersed in politics, Lincoln seemed to lose all interest in the law. . . . When he returned, our practice was as extensive as that of any other firm at the bar. . . . I could notice a difference in Lincoln's movements as a lawyer from this time forward. . . . There was, of course, the same riding on the circuit as before, but the courts had improved in tone and morals, . . . at least it appeared so to Lincoln. Political defeat had wrought a marked effect on him. It went below the skin and made a changed man of him. He was not soured at his seeming political decline, but still he determined to

eschew politics from that time forward and devote himself entirely to the law. . . . . .

No man had greater power of application than he. Once fixing his mind on any subject, nothing could interfere with or disturb him. Frequently I would go out on the circuit with him. We usually, at the little country inns, occupied the same bed. In most cases the beds were too short for him, and his feet would hang over the foot-board. Placing a candle on a chair at the head of the bed, he would read and study for hours I have known him to study in this position till two o'clock in the morning. Meanwhile, I and others who chanced to occupy the same room would be safely and soundly asleep. On the circuit in this way he studied Euclid until he could with ease demonstrate all the propositions in the six books. . . . . .

In the *rôle* of a story-teller I . . . regard Mr. Lincoln as without an equal. I have seen him surrounded by a crowd numbering 200 to 300 persons, all deeply interested in a story which, when he had finished it, speedily found repetition in every grocery and lounging-place within reach. His power of mimicry and his manner of recital were unique. . . . His countenance and all his features seemed to take part in the performance As he neared the pith or point of the story every vestige of seriousness disappeared from his face. His little gray eyes sparkled; a smile seemed to gather up, curtain like, the corners of his mouth; his frame quivered with suppressed excitement; and when the point—or "nub" of the story, as he called it—came, no one's laugh was heartier than his. .

Every recital was followed by its "storm of laughter and chorus of cheers." . . . When Lincoln, Murray and Engle met, there was sure to be a crowd. All were more or less masters in their art. . . . I have known these story-telling jousts to continue long after midnight—in some cases till the very small hours of the morning.

I have seen Judge Treat, who was the impersonation of gravity itself, sit up till the last and laugh until, as he often expressed it, he "almost shook his ribs loose." The next day he would ascend the bench and listen to Lincoln in a murder trial, with all the seeming severity of an English judge in wig and gown.

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. I, page 307.

"The Ogmathorial Court" and the Firm of "Catchem & Cheatem"

Early in our practice a gentleman named Scott placed in my hands a case of some importance. He had a demented sister who possessed property to the amount of $10,000, mostly in cash. A "conservator," as he was called, had been appointed to take charge of the estate, and we were employed to resist a motion to remove the conservator. A designing adventurer had become acquainted with the unfortunate girl, and knowing that she had money, sought to marry her, hence the motion.

Scott, the brother and conservator, before we entered on the case, insisted that I should fix the amount of the fee. I told him that it would be $250, adding, however, that he had better wait; it might not give us much trouble, and in that event a less amount would do. He agreed at once to pay $250, as he expected a hard contest over the motion.

The case was tried inside of twenty minutes; our success was complete. Scott was satisfied, and cheerfully paid over the money to me inside the bar, Mr. Lincoln looking on. Scott then went out, and Mr. Lincoln asked,

"What did you charge that man?"

I told him $250. Said he, "Lamon, that is all wrong. The service was not worth that sum. Give him back at least half of it."

I protested that the fee was fixed in advance; that Scott was perfectly satisfied, and had so expressed himself.

"That may be," retorted Mr. Lincoln, with a look of distress and of undisguised displeasure, "but *I* am not satisfied. This is positively wrong. Go, call him back and return half of the money at least, or I will not have one cent of it for my share."

I did go, and Scott was astonished when I handed back half the fee.

This conversation attracted the attention of the lawyers and the court. Judge David Davis, then on our Circuit Bench, called Mr. Lincoln to him. The Judge never could whisper, but in this instance he probably did his best. At all events, in attempting to whisper to Mr. Lincoln he trumpeted his rebuke in about these words and in rasping tones that could be heard all over the court-room:

"Lincoln, I have been watching you and Lamon. You are impoverishing this bar by your picayune charges of fees, and the

lawyers have reason to complain of you. You are now almost as poor as Lazarus, and if you don't make people pay you more for your services you will die 'as poor as Job's turkey!'" . . . .

But Lincoln was immovable. "That money," said he, "comes out of the pocket of a poor, demented girl, and I would rather starve than swindle her in this manner."

That evening the lawyers got together and tried Mr. Lincoln before the mock tribunal called "The Ogmathorial Court." He was found guilty and fined for his awful crime against the pockets of his brethren of the bar. The fine he paid with great good humor, and then kept the crowd of lawyers in uproarious laughter until after midnight! He persisted in his revolt, however, declaring that with his consent his firm should never during its life, or after its dissolution, deserve the reputation enjoyed by those shining lights of the profession, "*Catchem & Cheatem.*"

Recollections of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 17.

"If I'm an Uglier Man than You I Don't Want to Live!"

Lincoln was, naturally enough, much surprised one day when a man of rather forbidding countenance drew a revolver and thrust the weapon almost into his face. . . . . .

"What seems to be the matter?" inquired Lincoln, with all the selfpossession he could muster.

"Well," replied the stranger, who did not appear to be at all excited, "some years ago I swore an oath that if I ever came across an uglier man than myself, I'd shoot him on the spot." . . . . .

On hearing this Lincoln's expression lost all suggestion of anxiety. He said to the stranger:

"Shoot me, then, for if I am an uglier man than you I don't want to live."

"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 65.

Lawyer Lincoln Rescues a Pig

While Lincoln was practising law he used to go from one town to another to try cases before different courts. There were no railroads in those days, and traveling "on the circuit" (going around from court to court) was done mostly on horseback.

One day, when several lawyers besides Mr. Lincoln were traveling in this way, they came to a very muddy place in the road, and

at one side, near the rail fence, was a poor pig stuck fast, and squealing as loud as possible.

The men thought this very funny and laughed at the unfortunate pig; but Lincoln said,

"Let us stop and help the poor thing out."

"Oh, Abe," said one, "you must be crazy! Your clothes would look pretty after you had lifted that dirty pig up, wouldn't they?"

The others all poked fun at Lincoln, and so they rode on until they were out of sight and hearing of the suffering beast.

Lincoln rode on with them also, but little by little he went slower. He was thinking about the pig and the farmer who owned him. He thought: "What a pity for him to lose that pig; he can't afford it! It means shoes for his little children to wear next winter." And then the memory of that pitiful squeal kept ringing in his ears. So, after going quite a long distance with the other gentlemen, Lincoln turned his horse and rode back all alone, to see if he could get the pig out. He found the poor thing still deeper than before in the mud and mire. So he took some rails from the fence, and putting them down by the squealing animal, made a safe footing to stand on. Then he took two other rails, and, putting them under the pig, pried him up out of the mud until he could reach him with his hands. Then he took hold of him, and, pulling him out, placed him on the dry sand.

As the pig ran grunting off toward his home, Lincoln looked at his soiled clothes with a satisfied smile, as much as to say, "Well, a little water and brushing will soon make the clothes look clean again, and I don't care if the other fellows do laugh at me; the pig's out of his misery, and Farmer Jones's children won't have to go barefoot next winter."

Lincoln in Story, Silas G. Pratt, page 57.

"A Seven-foot Whistle on a Five-foot Boiler"

Senator Voorhees told the following story of Lincoln's speech to the jury in answer to an oratorical lawyer:

"I recall one story Lincoln told during the argument in a lawsuit. The lawyer on the other side was a good deal of a glib talker, but not reckoned as deeply profound or much of a thinker.

He was rather reckless and irresponsible in his speechmaking also, and would say anything to a jury which happened to enter his head. Lincoln in his address to the jury, referring to all these, said:

"'My friend on the other side is all right, or would be all right, were it not for the physico-mental peculiarity I am about to explain:

"'His habit—of which you have witnessed a very painful specimen in his argument to you in this case—of reckless assertion and statement without grounds, need not be imputed to him as a moral fault or blemish. He can't help it. For reasons which, gentlemen of the jury, you and I have not time to study here, as deplorable as they are surprising, the oratory of the gentleman completely suspends all action of his mind. The moment he begins to talk his mental operations cease. I never knew of but one thing which compared with my friend in this particular. That was a steamboat. Back in the days when I performed my part as a keel boatman I made the acquaintance of a trifling little steamboat which used to bustle and puff and wheeze about in the Sangamon River. It had a five-foot boiler and a seven-foot whistle, and every time it whistled the boat stopped.'"



LINCOLN'S SADDLE-BAGS

Newspaper clipping from an old scrap-book.

"I Cannot Argue this Case—Our Witnesses Have Been Lying!"

Judge Davis said that one evening, as was the custom, Lincoln and Swett came to his room in the hotel, and during the conversation Lincoln spoke about as follows:

"Swett, Davis and I are old friends, and what we say here

will never be repeated to our injury. Now, we have been engaged in this trial for two days, and I am satisfied that our clients are guilty, and that the witnesses for the State have told the truth. It is my opinion that the best thing we can do for our clients is to have them come in to-morrow morning, and plead guilty to manslaughter, and let Davis give them the lowest punishment."



LEONARD SWETT

Mr. Swett said he would do nothing of the kind. He said, "Mr. Lincoln, you don't know what evidence I have got in reserve to combat the witnesses of the State."

"I don't care," replied Mr. Lincoln, "what evidence you have got, Swett; the witnesses for the State have told the truth, and the jury will believe them."

"Mr. Lincoln," said Mr. Swett, "I shall never agree to your proposition, and propose to carry on our defense to the end."

"All right," replied Mr. Lincoln.

They went on with the trial. The defendants put their witnesses on the stand and the time came for arguments. Then Mr. Lincoln said to Mr. Swett,

"Now, Swett, I cannot argue this case, because our witnesses have been lying, and I don't believe them. You can go on and make the argument."

Swett made the argument, the case went to the jury, and the men were acquitted. The next day Mr. Lincoln went to Mr. Swett and said:

"Swett, here is the $500 which I have received for defending one of these men. It all belongs to you, take it."

Of course Mr. Swett did not take the money, but it showed, as Judge Davis said, that Mr. Lincoln felt he had done nothing to earn the money.

Abraham Lincoln as an Advocate, W. Lewis Frazer. *The Century Magazine*, Vol. XLVII, February, 1894, "Open Letters," page 676.

An Illustrious Pillow Fight

It was while out on the circuit that he was seen for the first time by a young man who afterward became one of the prominent

lawyers of Central Illinois. The latter, with a letter of introduction from a friend, found him one evening at the tavern in the town of Danville.

"I was told," he relates, "that I would find Mr. Lincoln in Judge Davis's room. I climbed the unbanistered stairway, and to my timid knock two voices responded almost simultaneously,

"'Come in!'

"Imagine my surprise, when the door opened, to find two men undressed, or rather dressed for bed, engaged in a lively battle with pillows, flinging them at each other's head; one, a low, heavy-set man, who, leaning against the bed and puffing like a lizard, answered to the description of Judge Davis; the other, a man of tremendous stature, looking as if he were at least seven feet tall, was incased in a long garment, yellow as saffron, which reached to his heels, and from beneath which protruded two of the largest feet that, up to that time, it had ever been my privilege to see. This immense shirt—for such it must have been—looked as if it had literally been chopped out of the original bolt of flannel from which it had been made and the pieces joined together in the dark without reference to fit or measurement. The only thing that kept it from slipping off the gaunt, attenuated frame it so completely enveloped was the single button at the throat. I cannot fully describe my sensations as this apparition, with the modest announcement,



JUDGE DAVID DAVIS
(Afterwards President of the United States Senate.)

"'My name is Lincoln, sir,' strode across the room and grasped my hand."

Lincoln as a Lawyer, Jesse W. Weik. *The Century Magazine*, Vol. XLVI, June, 1904, page 285.

A Rating Not in "Dun" or "Bradstreet"

A New York firm applied to Abraham Lincoln some years before he became President, for information as to the financial standing of one of his neighbors. Mr. Lincoln replied:

"I am well acquainted with Mr. Blank, and know his circumstances.

"First of all, he has a wife and baby; together they ought to be worth $50,000 to any man.

"Secondly, he has an office in which there is a table worth $1.50, and three chairs worth, say, $1.00.

"Last of all, there is in one corner a large rat-hole, which will bear looking into.

"Respectfully,

"A. LINCOLN."

"*Abe*" *Lincoln's Yarns and Stories*, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 377.

How He Fared on the Circuit

Courts lasted nearly six months in the year, and the judge and lawyers generally contrived to spend as many Sabbaths at home as they could. Lincoln did not join in this effort, but, contrariwise, when he set out on a tour of the circuit, generally continued until the end.

Nothing could be duller than remaining on the Sabbath in a country inn of that time after adjournment of court. Good cheer had expended its force during court week, and blank dulness succeeded; but Lincoln would entertain the few lingering roustabouts of the bar-room with as great zest, apparently, as he had previously entertained the court and bar, and then would hitch up his horse, "Old Tom," as he was called, and, solitary and alone, ride off to the next term in course.

Harrison inaugurated President and died.	1841
Vice-President Tyler became President	1841
First line of telegraph completed	1844
First telegraphic message sent, May 24	1844
Polk made President	1845
President signs bill for annexation of Texas	1845
Discovery of ether by Morton	1845
Oregon boundary settled by treaty	1846
Elias Howe invents the sewing-machine	1846
War declared against Mexico (May 13)	1846
Mexican War	1846 and 1847
Peace treaty with Mexico (February 2)	1848
Discovery of gold in California (Spring)	1848
Mormons emigrate to Utah	1848
Emigrants and adventurers go to California	1849
Taylor made President	1849
Death of President Taylor (July 9)	1850
Fugitive Slave Law (in "Omnibus Bill")	1850

One would naturally suppose that the leading lawyer of the circuit, in a pursuit which occupied nearly half his time, would make himself comfortable, but he did not. His horse was as raw-boned and weird-looking as himself, and his buggy, an open one, as rude as either; his attire was that of an ordinary farmer or stock-raiser, while the sum-total of his baggage consisted of a very attenuated carpet-bag, an old weather-beaten umbrella, and a short blue cloak reaching to his hips—a style which was prevalent during the Mexican War. . . .

He was utterly indifferent as to the appearance or merits of

any tavern or place he stopped at; it was a matter of no consequence to him whether a caravansary was good, bad, or indifferent—the chief solicitude with him was the magnitude of the bill, for from necessity he was very prudent in his expenditures, and so would stop at the cheaper taverns. He did not, however, violate good policy in that regard, and whenever it was convenient, roomed with the judge while out on the circuit, the general knowledge of this fact being helpful in the way of securing business from people who argued therefrom that advantages accrued to him in consequence. .

The judge told me he never saw Lincoln angry at poor accommodations on the circuit but once. They arrived at Charleston on a cold, wet afternoon, chilled through and uncomfortable; the landlord was away; there were no fires nor wood. Lincoln was thoroughly incensed; he threw off his coat, went to the woodpile, and cut wood with an ax for an hour. Davis built a fire and when the landlord made his appearance late, Lincoln gave him a good scoring.

Lincoln the Citizen, Henry C. Whitney, page 189.

Mrs. Lincoln Surprises Her Husband

Returning from one of his trips (on the Eighth Circuit) late one night, Mr. Lincoln dismounted from his horse at the familiar corner and then turned to go into the house, but stopped—a perfectly unknown structure stood before him.

Surprised, ... he went across the way and knocked at a neighbor's door. The family had retired, and so called out:

"Who's there?"

"Abe Lincoln," was the reply. "I am looking for my house. I thought it was across the way, but when I went away a few weeks ago there was only a one-story house there, and now it is two. I must be lost."

His neighbors then explained that Mrs. Lincoln had added another story during his absence. Mr. Lincoln laughed and went to his remodeled house.

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Paul Selby, page 98.

"The Story Was Worth the Money"

The court-houses in which Lincoln practised were stiff, old-fashioned wood or brick structures, usually capped by cupola or tower, and fronted by verandas with huge Doric or Ionic pillars. . .



LINCOLN'S HOME IN SPRINGFIED, ILLINOIS

The Lincolns lived in this house most of their married life. Their little Edward died here. Once when Lincoln was absent many weeks on "the Circuit," his wife had it raised half a story as a surprise to him. To this house he hurried twice to tell "the little woman on Eighth street" of his nomination and of his election to the Presidency.

Few of the lawyers had offices in the town; and a corner of the court-room, the shade of a tree in the court-yard, a sunny side of the building, were where they met their clients and transacted business.

In the courts themselves there was a certain indifference to formality engendered by the primitive surroundings, which, however, the judges never allowed to interfere with the seriousness of the work.

Lincoln habitually, when not busy, whispered stories to his neighbors, frequently to the annoyance of Judge Davis. If Lincoln persisted too long the judge would rap on the chair and exclaim:

"Come, come, Mr. Lincoln, I can't stand this! There is no use trying to carry on two courts; I must adjourn mine or you yours, and I think you will have to be the one."

As soon as the group had scattered, the judge would call one of the men to him and ask:

"What was that Lincoln was telling?"

"I was never fined but once for contempt of court," says one of the clerks of the court in Lincoln's day. "Davis fined me five dollars. Mr. Lincoln had just come in, and leaning over my desk, had told me a story so irresistibly funny that I broke out into a loud laugh. The judge called me to order. 'This must be stopped, Mr. Lincoln, you are constantly disturbing this court with your stories.' Then to me, 'You may fine yourself five dollars for your disturbance.'

"I apologized, but told the judge that the story was worth the money. In a few minutes the judge called me to him.

"'What was the story Lincoln told you?' he asked.

"I told him and he laughed aloud in spite of himself.

"'Remit your fine,' he ordered."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 245.

Lincoln Was Never a Clown or Court Jester

Lincoln was a wit, and, as Ingersoll said, he used any word "which wit could disinfect," but his reputation has suffered at the hands of writers who have employed stories as stop-gaps in their information. Of course, it is far easier and more amusing to attribute a lively story to Lincoln than to give a true picture of the man;

but the compilations which have been evolved on this principle, and which picture his life on the circuit as a round of story-telling, are made of whole cloth—some of which is stolen goods.

"Nothing can be more absurd than to picture Lincoln as a combination of buffoon and drummer," protested one of his surviving contemporaries while discussing this subject with the writer. "He was frequently the life of our little company, keeping us good-natured, making us see the funny side of things, and generally entertaining us; but to create the impression that the circuit was a circus of which Lincoln was the clown is ridiculous. He was a lawyer, engaged in serious and dignified work, and a man who felt his responsibility keenly."



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

Whose story, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," begun as a serial in the "National Era" in 1851, did much to arouse and unite anti-slavery sentiment throughout the North. Lincoln once introduced her as "the little woman that caused the War."

. . . When Mr. Lincoln first stayed at the National Hotel [in Bloomington] where all the lawyers used to stop. . . . and for six or seven years afterwards, Mr. James Ewing, of the Illinois bar, saw and heard him in the company of his associates almost every term of court.

"In all my experience," Mr. Ewing informed the writer, "I never heard Mr. Lincoln tell a story for its own sake or simply to raise a laugh. He used stories to illustrate a point, but the idea that

he sat around and matched yarns like a commercial traveler is utterly false. I never knew him to do such a thing, and I had ample opportunity for noting him.

"Lincoln would soon have become a bore if he had traded on his story-telling gifts," remarked another authority. "He traveled with the same men day after day, week after week, and month after month. Even if his fund of anecdotes could have stood the strain, we should not have been able to endure it, for no man exhausts himself or others so quickly as your professional funny man."

But those who have depicted Lincoln on the circuit as a sort of end-man with an itinerant minstrel show have also done a similar injustice to [Judge David] Davis. . . . .

Undoubtedly Davis enjoyed a good story, ...but to suppose that a man of his ability would select a mere jester for a friend, or that Lincoln would have consented to serve as a court fool, is preposterous. . . . .

It was Judge Davis and a handful of men who had learned to know and appreciate Lincoln *as a lawyer*—a small group of his fellow practitioners on the Eighth Circuit; Davis, the judge; Swett the advocate, and Logan, the leader of the bar, but especially Davis —who forced Lincoln upon the Chicago Convention in 1860, and thus gave him to the nation.

Lincoln the Lawyer, Frederick Trevor Hill, page 192.

"Why Didn't You Go at Him with the Other End?"

Stories are more interesting than logic and far more effective with the average audience, and Lincoln's juries usually heard something from him in the way of an apt comparison or illustration which impressed his point upon their minds.

On one occasion when he was defending a case of assault and battery it was proved that the plaintiff had been the aggressor, but the opposing counsel argued that the defendant might have protected himself without inflicting injuries on his assailant.

"That reminds me of the man who was attacked by a farmer's dog, which he killed with a pitchfork," commented Lincoln.

"'What made you kill my dog?" demanded the farmer.

"'What made him try to bite me?" retorted the offender.

"'But why didn't you go at him with the other end of the pitchfork?" persisted the farmer.

" 'Well, why didn't he come at me with his other end?'" was the retort.

Lincoln the Lawyer, Frederick Trevor Hill, page 217.

"Lincoln, I Thought You Was a Lawyer"

Lincoln not only made effective use of stories with the jury, but frequently employed them in arguing to the court, and he once completely refuted a contention that custom makes law with an anecdote drawn from his own experience:

"Old Squire Bagley from Menard, once came into my office and said, 'Lincoln, I want your advice as a lawyer. Has a man what's been elected a justice of the peace a right to issue a marriage license?'

"I told him he had not.

" 'Lincoln, I thought you was a lawyer,' he retorted. 'Bob Thomas and me had a bet on this thing, and we agreed to let you decide it; but if thet is your opinion, I don't want it, fer I know a thunderin' sight better. I've been Squire now for eight years, and I've done it all the time!'" . . . .

Lincoln the Lawyer, Frederick Trevor Hill, page 218.

"He Never Put No Meanin' into His Stories"

"Ever hear Judge Weldon tell that story about what Lincoln said one day up to Bloomington when they was takin' up a subscription to buy Jim Wheeler a new pair of pants? No? Well, perhaps I oughtn't to tell it to you. Ma says it ain't nice It makes me mad to hear people objectin' to Mr. Lincoln's stories. Maybe he did say words you wouldn't expect to hear at a Church supper, but he never put no meanin' into 'em that wouldn't 'a' been fit for the minister to put into a sermon, and that's a blamed sight more'n you can say of a lot of stories I've heard some of the people tell who stick up their noses at Mr. Lincoln's yarns."

He Knew Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, page 7.

"Fairly Entitled" to the Prize

Mr. Lincoln enjoyed a joke at his own expense. Said he:

"In the days when I used to be on the circuit, I was accosted in

the cars by a stranger who said, 'Excuse me, sir, but I have an article in my possession which belongs to you.'

"'How is that?' I asked, considerably astonished.

"The stranger took a jack-knife from his pocket. 'This knife,' said he, 'was placed in my hands some years ago, with the injunction that I was to keep it until I found a man uglier than myself. I have carried it from that time to this. Allow me to say, sir, that I think you are fairly entitled to the property.'"

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Paul Selby, page 130.

"Tell the Judge That My Hands Are Dirty"

On another occasion, when it developed that his client had indulged in fraudulent practices, he walked out of the court-room and refused to continue the case. The judge sent a messenger, directing him to return, but he positively declined.

"Tell the judge that my hands are dirty and I've gone to wash them," was his disgusted response.

Lincoln the Lawyer Frederick Trevor Hill, page 239.

"Try Your Hand at Making $600 in Some Other Way"

This conduct in the court-room was in entire keeping with his office practice, where he declined time and again to undertake the doubtful causes, discouraged litigation and discountenanced sharp practices.

"Yes," Mr. Herndon reports him as advising a client, "we can doubtless gain your case for you; we can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; we can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars to which you seem to have a legal claim, but which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to the woman and her children as it does to you.

"You must remember, however, that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case, but we will give you a little advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man. We would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

Lincoln the Lawyer, Frederick Trevor Hill, page 239.

"Trusted Providence till the Britchen Broke"


STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

In the campaign of 1852, Lincoln, in reply to Douglas' speech, wherein he spoke of confidence in Providence, replied:

"Let us stand by our candidate (General Scott) as faithfully as he has always stood by our country, and I much doubt if we do not perceive a slight abatement of Judge Douglas's confidence in Providence, as well as the people.

"I suspect that confidence is not more firmly fixed with the Judge than it was with the old woman whose horse ran away with her in the buggy. She said she 'trusted in Providence till the britchen broke,' and then she 'didn't know what on airth to do!'"

"*Abe*" *Lincoln's Yarns and Stories*, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 289.

"Skin Defendant. Close"

A successful jury lawyer must needs be something of an actor at times, and during his apprentice years Lincoln displayed no little histrionic ability in his passionate appeals to the juries. Indeed, his notes in the *Wright* case show that he occasionally reverted to first principles even after he had reached the age of discretion. This case was brought on behalf of the widow of a Revolutionary soldier whose pension had been cut in two by a rapacious agent, who appropriated half the sum collected for his alleged services. The facts aroused Lincoln's indignation, and his memorandum for summing up to the jury ran as follows:

No contract. Not professional services. Unreasonable charge. Money retained by defendant—not given by plaintiff. Revolutionary War. Describe Valley Forge privations. Ice. Soldiers' bleeding feet. Plaintiff's husband. Soldier leaving home for army. SKIN DEFENDANT. *Close.*"

Mr. Herndon, who quotes this memorandum, testifies that the soldiers' bleeding feet and other pathetic properties were handled very effectively, and the defendant was skinned to the entire satisfaction of the jury. It was only occasionally, however, that Lincoln indulged in fervid oratory, and his advice to Herndon shows his belief in simplicity and reserve.

Lincoln the Lawyer, Frederick Trevor Hill, page 215.

"We Never Kill Less"

Returning from off the circuit once he said to Mr. Herndon:

"Billy, I heard a good story while I was up in the country. Judge D—— was complimenting the landlord on the excellence of his beef. 'I am surprised,' he said, 'that you have such good beef. You must have to kill a whole critter when you want any.'

"'Yes,' said the landlord, 'we never kill less than a whole critter.'"

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. I, page 317.

"Don't Shoot Too High"

"Don't shoot too high," Herndon reports him as saying. "Aim lower and the common people will understand you. They are the ones you want to reach—at least they are the ones you ought to reach. The educated and refined people will understand you, anyway. If you aim too high, your ideas will go over the heads of the masses and only hit those who need no hitting." . . .

Lincoln the Lawyer, Frederick Trevor Hill, page 216.

"Abe's Got That Fool Idee in His Head"

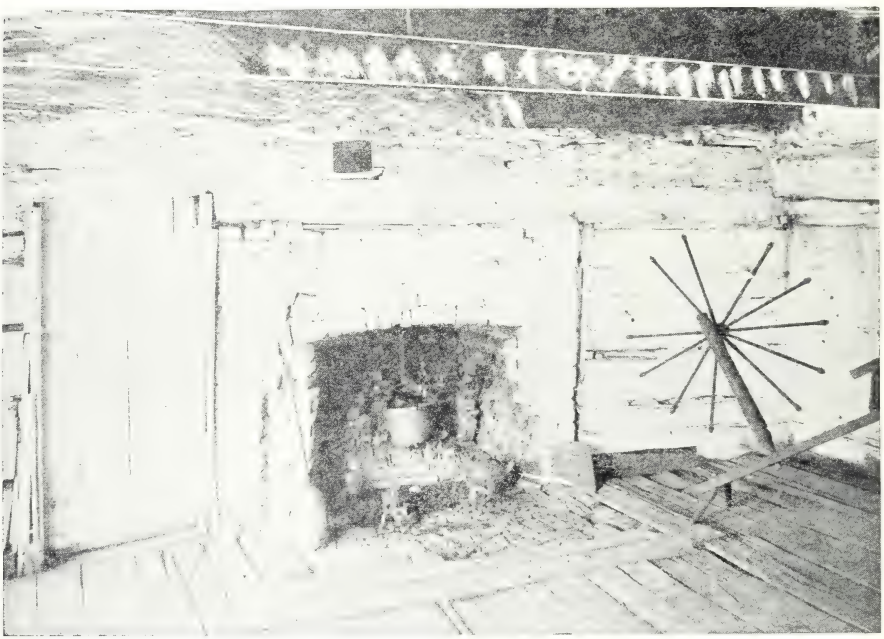
William G. Greene was going to Kentucky on a visit, and as his way would lie near to where Thomas Lincoln lived, Abraham requested him to visit his father and deliver a letter. Greene did so, and as he approached the cabin just before nightfall, his heart sank within him, for he beheld the most wretched hovel he had encountered in his journey. It was without a stable or outhouse of any kind, and not a shrub or tree was in sight.

The proprietor appeared and, as soon as he learned the situation, exclaimed cheerily:

"Get right down here. You're welcome, heartily welcome.

I'm right glad to see you. I'll make you and your beast so comfortable that you'll stay with me a week. Here's just the place to hitch your horse" (indicating a log of the cabin with a projecting end); "I use it to dress deer-hides on, and I've got an iron kettle here; jest the thing for a feed-trough, and lots of shelled corn; so all you've got to do is to make yourself at home as long as you like."

Greene said that Thomas Lincoln was one of the shrewdest



INTERIOR OF THOMAS LINCOLN'S ILLINOIS HOME

The remains of a spinning wheel stood in the corner. This belonged to Abraham's stepmother. With this wheel she spun jeans to make his clothes while a youth, and dyed them with walnut.

ignorant men he ever saw—that he took in, at a glance, the feelings of dismay which possessed the stranger as he rode up to the cabin, and his host made it his task to dispel that feeling, and he did it. . . Seated before the rude hearth, Thomas Lincoln said:

"I s'pose Abe's still a-foolin' hisself with eddication. I tried to stop it, but he's got that fool idee in his head an' it can't be got out. Now I hain't got no eddication, but I git along better than ef I had. Take book-keepin'—why I'm the best book-keeper in the world!

Look up at that rafter thar. Ef I sell a peck o' meal I draw a black line across, an' when they pay I take the dish-cloth an' jest rub it out; an' that thar's a heap better'n yer eddication."

Lincoln the Citizen, Henry C. Whitney, page 74.

Abraham's Masterful Kindness to His Stepbrother

Abraham never lost sight of his parents. He continued to aid and befriend them in every way, even when he could ill afford it, and when his benefactions were imprudently used. He not only comforted their declining years with every aid his affection could suggest, but he did everything in his power to assist his stepbrother Johnston—a hopeless task enough. The following rigidly truthful letter will show how mentor-like and masterful, as well as generous, were the relations that Mr. Lincoln held to these friends and companions of his childhood:

"*Dear Johnston:* Your request for eighty dollars I do not think it best to comply with now. At the various times when I have helped you a little, you have said to me, 'we can get along very well now,' but in a very short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now this can only happen by some defect in your conduct. What that defect is I think I know. You are not *lazy*, and still you are an *idler*. . . . . .

"You are now in need of some money; and what I propose is, that you shall go to work 'tooth and nail' for somebody who will give you money for it. Let Father and the boys take charge of things at home, prepare for a crop, and make the crop; and you go to work for the best money wages—or in discharge of any debt—that you can get; and to secure you a fair reward for your labor, I now promise you that for every dollar you will, between this and the first of next May, get for your own labor, either as money or as discharging your own indebtedness, I will give you one other dollar. By this, if you hire yourself at ten dollars a month, from me you will get ten more, making twenty dollars a month for your work. In this I do not mean you should go off to St. Louis, or the lead mines, or the gold mines of California, but I mean for you to go at it for the best wages you can get close to home, in Coles County. . . . .

"You say you would almost give your place in heaven for seventy or eighty dollars. Then you value your place in heaven very

cheap, for I am sure you can, with the offer I make, get the seventy or eighty dollars for four or five months' work. You say if I will furnish you the money you will deed me the land, and if you don't pay the money back you will deliver possession. Nonsense. If you can't *now* live *with* the land, how will you *then* live *without* it? You have always been kind to me, and I do not mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you will but follow my advice, you will find it worth more than eighty times eighty dollars to you."

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. I, page 74.

"He Will Not Forget the Dying Man"

Lincoln wrote the following at the close of a letter to his step-brother, John Johnston, regarding his father. . . . .who was ill:

"I sincerely hope Father may yet recover his health; but at all events, tell him to remember to call upon, and confide in, our great and merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in any extremity. He notes the fall of the sparrow, and numbers the hairs of our heads, and He will not forget the dying man who puts his trust in Him. Say to him that, if we could meet now, it is doubtful whether it would be more painful than pleasant, but if it is his lot to go now, he will soon have a joyful meeting with loved ones gone before, and where the rest of us, through the mercy of God, hope ere long to join them."

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Paul Selby, page 254.

Death of Thomas Lincoln—Another Letter to Johnston

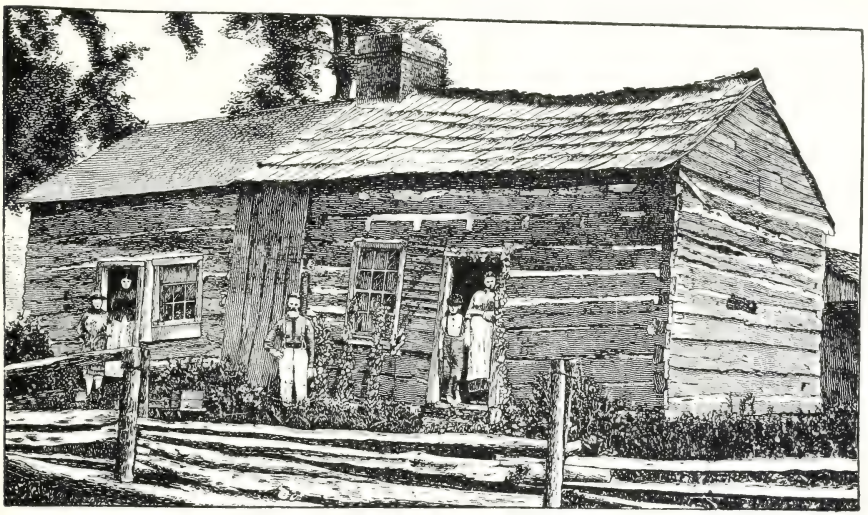
Thomas Lincoln's final move was to Goose Nest Prairie, where he died in 1851, at the age of seventy-three years, after a life which, though not successful in any material or worldly point of view, was probably far happier than that of his illustrious son, being unvexed by enterprise or ambition.

Here is a later epistle, still more graphic and terse in statement, which has the unusual merit of painting both confessor and penitent to the life:

"SHELBYVILLE, Nov. 4, 1851.

"*Dear Brother:* When I came into Charleston, day before yesterday, I heard that you were anxious to sell the land where you

live and move to Missouri. I have been thinking of this ever since, and cannot but think such a notion is utterly foolish. What can you do in Missouri better than here? Is the land any richer? Can you there, any more than here, raise corn and wheat and oats without work? Will anybody there, any more than here, do your work for you? If you intend to go to work there is no better place than right where you are; if you do not intend to go to work, you cannot get along anywhere. Squirming and crawling about from place to place can do no good. You have raised no crop this year, and what you really want is to sell the land, get the money and spend it.



HOUSE IN WHICH THOMAS LINCOLN DIED, IN COLES COUNTY, ILLINOIS

Part with the land you have, and, my life upon it, you will never after own a spot big enough to bury you in. Half you will get for the land you will spend in moving to Missouri, and the other half you will eat and drink and wear out, and no foot of land will be bought.

"Now, I feel it is my duty to have no hand in such a piece of foolery. I feel that it is so even on your own account, and particularly on Mother's account. The eastern forty acres I intend to keep for Mother while she lives; if you will not cultivate it, it will rent for enough to support her; at least it will rent for something. Her

dower in the other two forties she can let you have, and no thanks to me.

"Now do not misunderstand this letter. I do not write it in any unkindness. I write it in order, if possible, to get you to face the truth, which truth is, you are destitute because you have idled away all your time. Your thousand pretenses deceive nobody but yourself. Go to work is the only cure for your case."

A volume of disquisition could not put more clearly before the reader the difference between Abraham Lincoln and the common run of Southern and Western rural laborers. He had the same disadvantages that they had. He grew up in the midst of poverty and ignorance; he was poisoned with the enervating malaria of the Western woods, as all his fellows were, and the consequences of it were seen in his character and conduct to the close of his life. But he had, what very few of them had any glimmering notion of, a fixed and inflexible will to succeed. He did not love work, probably, any better than John Johnston; but he had an innate self-respect, and a consciousness that his self was worthy of respect, that kept him from idleness as it kept him from all other vices, and made him a better man every year that he lived.

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. I, page 76.

Defends His Stepmother from Her Own Son

From the following letter in possession of the writer, written to his stepbrother, her own son, it will be seen that Lincoln was more chary of his stepmother's rights than her own flesh and blood. It bears the superscription, "John D. Johnston, Charleston, Coles County, Illinois," and is dated, "Springfield, Nov. 25, 1851," and reads as follows:

"*Dear Brother:* Your letter of the 22nd is just received. Your proposal about selling the east forty acres of land is all that I want or could claim for *myself*, but I am not satisfied with it on *Mother's* account. I want her to have her living, and I feel that it is my duty, to some extent, to see that she is not wronged. She had a right of dower (that is the use of one-third for life) in the other two forties, but it seems she has already let you take that, hook and line. She now has the use of the whole east forty, as long as she lives; and if

it be sold of course she is entitled to the interest on all the money it brings as long as she lives; but you propose to sell it for three hundred dollars, take one hundred away with you, and leave her two hundred, at 8 per cent., making her the *enormous* sum of sixteen dollars a year! Now, if you are satisfied with treating her in that way, I am not. It is true, that you are to have that forty for two hundred dollars *at* Mother's death; but you are not to have it *before*. I am confident that the land can be made to produce for Mother at least $30 a year, and I cannot, to oblige any living person, consent that she shall be put on an allowance of sixteen dollars a year.

"Yours, etc.,

"A. LINCOLN."

A Biographical Sketch of His Excellency Abraham Lincoln, Late President of the United States, Charles Henry Hart, LL. B., page 5.

Always Glad to See and to Help His "Poor Relations"

One of the most beautiful traits of Mr. Lincoln was his considerate regard for the poor and obscure relatives he had left plodding along in their humble ways of life. Wherever upon his circuit he found them, he always went to their dwellings, ate with them, and, when convenient, made their houses his home. He never assumed in their presence the slightest superiority to them, in the facts and conditions of his life. He gave them money when they needed and he possessed it.

Countless times he was known to leave his companions at the village hotel, after a hard day's work in the court-room, and spend the evening with these old friends and companions of his humbler days. . . .

A little fact in this connection will illustrate his ever-present desire to deal honestly and justly with men. He had always a partner in his professional life, and, when he went out upon the circuit, this partner was usually at home. While out, he frequently took up and disposed of cases that were never entered at the office.

In these cases, after receiving his fees, he divided the money in his pocket-book, labeling each sum (wrapped in a piece of paper,) that belonged to his partner, stating his name, and the case on which it was received. He could not be content to keep an account. He divided the money so that if he, by any casualty, should fail of an opportunity to pay it over, there could be no dispute as to the

exact amount that was his partner's due. This seems trivial, nay boyish, but it was like Mr. Lincoln.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, J. G. Holland, page 85.

"Why, Aunt's Heart Would Be Broken!"

I may take occasion to say here that Abe . . . . never put on airs because of his elevation, nor looked down upon the humble relatives whom he had left behind. Whenever in his journeyings he found himself near the residence of any of his poorer relatives, he took special pains to visit them, and, if possible, to stay with them. Often he pressed upon them money when they appeared to need it—not with the air of a liberal patron, but with straightforward friendliness and cordiality. Once when he was urged to remain at the hotel with his professional friends, instead of making a call on an aged aunt, he said:

"Why, Aunt's heart would be broken if I should leave town without calling upon her."

Let me add that this required something more than ordinary good-natured consideration, for the aunt in question lived several miles away, and her nephew had no horse at his command, but walked all the way.

Abraham Lincoln, the Backwoods Boy, Horatio Alger, Jr., page 113.

The "Pink-and-White Runaway"

His sensitiveness to a child's wants made Mr. Lincoln a most indulgent father. He continually carried his boys about with him, and their pranks, even when they approached rebellion, seemed to be an endless delight to him. Like most boys, they loved to run away, and the neighbors of the Lincolns tell many tales of Mr. Lincoln's captures of the culprits. One of the prettiest of all these is a story of an escape Willie once made, when three or four years old, from the hands of his mother, who was giving him a tubbing. He scampered out of the door without a vestige of a garment on him, flew up the street, slipped under a fence into a great green field, and took across it.

Mr. Lincoln was sitting on the porch, and discovered the pink-and-white runaway, as he was cutting across the greensward. He stood up, laughing aloud, while the mother entreated him to go in pursuit; then he started in chase. Half-way across the field he

caught the child, and gathering him up in his long arms, he covered his rosy form with kisses. Then mounting him on his back, the chubby legs around his neck, he rode him back to his mother and his tub.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 235.

Had to Withdraw the "Colt"

Mr. Alcott, of Elgin, Illinois, tells of seeing Mr. Lincoln coming away from church unusually early one Sunday morning.

"The sermon could not have been more than half through," says Mr. Alcott. "'Tad' was slung across his father's left arm like a pair of saddle-bags, and Mr. Lincoln was striding along with deliberate steps toward his home.

"On one of the street corners he encountered a group of his fellow-townsmen. Mr. Lincoln anticipated the question that was about to be put by the group, and, taking his figure of speech from practices with which they were only too familiar, said:

" 'Gentlemen, I entered this colt, but he kicked around so I had to withdraw him.' "

"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 197.

"The Matter with the Whole World"

It was a frequent custom with Lincoln, this of carrying his children on his shoulders. He rarely went down street that he did not have one of his younger boys mounted on his shoulder, while another hung to the tail of his long coat. The antics of the boys with their father, and the species of tyranny they exercised over him, are still subjects of talk in Springfield.

Mr. Roland Diller, who was a neighbor of Mr. Lincoln, tells one of the best of the stories. He was called to the door one day by hearing a great noise of children crying, and there was Mr. Lincoln striding by with the boys, both of them were wailing aloud:

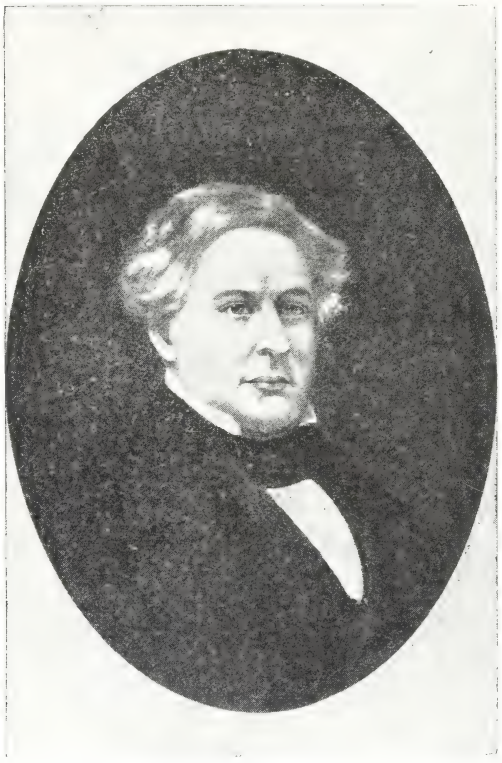
"Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter with the boys?" he asked.

"Just what's the matter with the whole world," Lincoln replied; "I've got three walnuts and each wants two."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 236.

"It Was Just Like Him!"

"My first strong impression of Mr. Lincoln," says a lady of Springfield, "was made by one of his kind deeds. I was going with a little friend for my first trip alone on the railroad cars. It was a great event in my life. I had planned for it and dreamed of it for weeks. The day came, but as train time approached, the hackman, through some neglect, failed to call for my trunk. As the minutes went on, I realized in a panic of grief, that I should miss the train. I was standing by the gate, my hat and gloves on, sobbing as if my heart would break, when Mr. Lincoln came by.



MILLARD FILLMORE

"'Why, what's the matter?' he asked, and I poured out all my story.

"'How big's the trunk? There's still time, if it isn't too big.' And he pushed through the gate and up to the door. My mother and I took him up to my room, where my little old-fashioned trunk stood, locked and tied.

"'Oh, ho! Wipe your eyes and come quick.'

"And before I knew what he was going to do, he had shouldered the trunk, was down stairs, and striding out of the yard. Down the street he went, as fast as his long legs could carry him. I trotted behind, drying my tears as I went.

"We reached the station in time. Mr. Lincoln put me on the train, kissed me good-bye, and told me to have a good time.

"It was just like him!"

"*Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories*, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 77.

In the Court-Room and at Home

We are aware that these stories detract something from the character of the lawyer; but this inflexible, inconvenient, and fastidious morality was to be of vast service afterwards to his country and the world.

The Nemesis that waits upon men of extraordinary wit or humor has not neglected Mr. Lincoln, and the young lawyers of Illinois, who never knew him, have an endless store of jokes and pleasantries in his name; some of them as old as Howleglass or Rabelais.

As a specimen we give the following, well vouched for, as such stories generally are: Lincoln met one day on the court-house steps a young lawyer who had lost his case—his only one—and looked very disconsolate. "What has become of your case?" Lincoln asked. "Gone to hell," was the gloomy response. "Well, don't give it up," Lincoln rejoined cheerfully; "you can try it again there"—a quip that has been attributed to many wits in many ages, and will doubtless make the reputation of jesters yet to be. . . . .

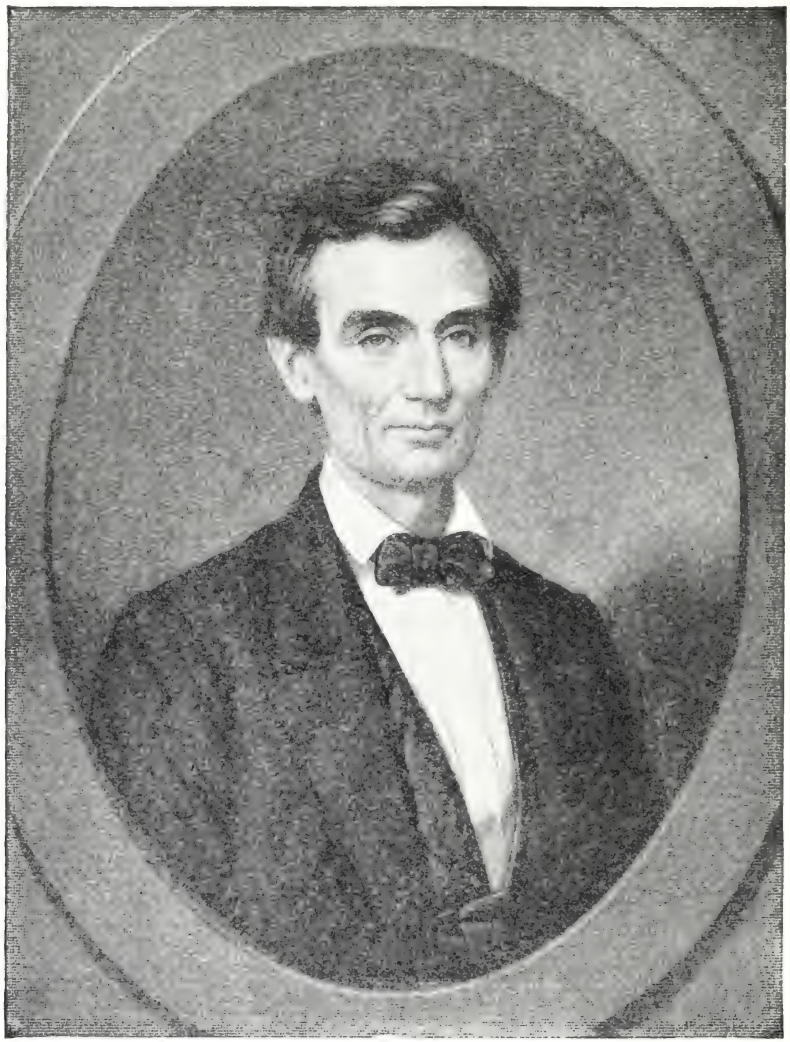
Few of his forensic speeches have been preserved, but his contemporaries all agree as to their singular ability and power. He seemed absolutely at home in a court-room. . . . Sometimes he disturbed the court with laughter by his humorous or apt illustrations, ... but his usual and more successful manner was to rely upon a clear, strong, lucid statement, keeping details in proper subordination and bringing forward, in a way which fastened the attention of court and jury alike, the essential point on which he claimed a decision.

"Indeed," says one of his colleagues, "his statement often rendered argument unnecessary, and often the court would stop him, and say:

" 'If that is the case, we will hear the other side.' "

Whatever doubts might be entertained as to whether he was the ablest lawyer on the circuit, there was never any dissent from the opinion that he was the one most cordially and generally liked. If he did not himself enjoy his full share of the happiness of life, he certainly diffused more of it among his fellows than is in the power of most men. . . . . .

He did not accumulate wealth; as Judge Davis said, "He



LINCOLN, THE PLAIN COUNTRY LAWYER

seemed never to care for it." He had a good income from his profession, though the fees he received would bring a smile to the well-paid lips of the great attorneys of to-day. The largest fee he ever got was one of $5000, from the Illinois Central Railway, and he had to bring suit to compel them to pay it. He spent what he received in the education of his children, in the care of his family, and in a plain and generous way of living.

One who often visited him writes, referring to "the old-fashioned hospitality of Springfield." "Among others I recall with a sad pleasure, the dinners and evening parties given by Mrs. Lincoln. In her modest and simple home, where everything was so orderly and refined, there was always on the part of both host and hostess a cordial and hearty Western welcome which put every guest perfectly at ease. Their table was famed for the excellence of many rare Kentucky dishes, and for the venison, wild turkeys, and other game, then so abundant. Yet it was her genial manner and ever-kind welcome, and Mr. Lincoln's wit and humor, anecdote and unrivaled conversation, which formed the chief attraction."

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. I, page 306.

"Mr. Lincoln Was the Most Loving Husband and Father in the World"

After his admission to the bar, Lincoln never dabbled in farming, trading, or speculating. Besides his city homestead he owned no real-estate except a lot presented to him in the town of Lincoln (Illinois)—named in his honor—and a quarter section of bounty land granted him for service in the Black Hawk War. . . . . .

During the sessions of the Legislature and the courts, Mrs. Lincoln in these years was wont to give occasional dinners and evening parties. As a hostess she was gracious and affable as well as liberal; perhaps no one in the city who entertained was more generally popular than she.

While her father lived (his death occurred in 1849) there were visits with her husband to Lexington, Kentucky, where she had a number of brothers and sisters of the half-blood. When there, Lincoln would naturally call on Henry Clay if he was at the time at Ashland (Clay's home). One such visit, perhaps it was the only one, has been mentioned as chilling the hero-worshiper's devotion, if not effecting a complete disillusion. But this is an extravagant

overstatement, if it has any basis at all. There may have been an unexpected distance in Clay's manner, . . . yet Lincoln was to the last an admirer of the great orator and conciliator, who was his earliest political master.

At the time of his election to Congress, Robert and Edward were his only children—the former born August 1, 1843, the latter March 10, 1846. His family were with him during part of his first term in Washington. "Eddie" died February 1, 1850, and William was born the 21st of December following. The youngest child, born April 4, 1853, was given the name of his grandfather, Thomas, though he was commonly called "Tad."

Of their domestic life, according to Mr. W. H. Herndon, Mrs. Lincoln said:

"Mr. Lincoln was the kindest man and most loving husband and father in the world. He gave us all unbounded liberty. . . . He was exceedingly indulgent to his children. . . . He was a terribly firm man when he set his foot down. None of us—no man or woman—could rule him after he had once made up his mind."

Abraham Lincoln and His Presidency, Joseph H. Barrett, LL.D., Vol. I, page 112.

CHAPTER IX

Enters Politics Again

Evolution of a Great Idea in Lincoln's Mind

Judge T. Lyle Dickey of Illinois once told the Hon. William Pitt Kellogg that when the excitement over the Kansas-Nebraska bill first broke out, he was with Lincoln and several friends attending court. One evening several persons, including himself and Lincoln, were discussing the slavery question. Judge Dickey contended that slavery was an institution which the Constitution recognized, and which could not be disturbed. Lincoln argued that ultimately slavery must become extinct.

"After a while," said Judge Dickey, "we went upstairs to bed. There were two beds in our room, and I remember that Lincoln sat up in his nightshirt on the edge of the bed arguing the point with me. At last, we went to sleep. Early in the morning I woke up and there was Lincoln half sitting up in bed.

"'Dickey,' he said, 'I tell you this nation cannot exist half slave and half free.'

"Oh, Lincoln," said I, "go to sleep!"

As the months went on this idea took deeper root, and in August, 1855, we find it expressed in a letter to George Robertson of Kentucky:

"Our political problem now is, 'Can we as a nation continue together permanently—forever—half slave and half free?' The problem is too mighty for me. May God, in His mercy, superintend the solution."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 287.

Lincoln Returns to Politics after the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise

The famous Missouri Compromise was repealed. Almost all the Northern people now began to feel as if matters were coming to a serious crisis, and that some determined movement must be made to check the extension of slavery.

Mr. Lincoln was very indignant at the passage of this bill, and

thought it was time to give his attention again to political matters. Illinois was to send a new Senator to Congress in place of General Shields, whose six years were up. . . . . .

Now the Legislature which was to choose the new Senator from Illinois had not yet been elected. So Mr. Lincoln begged the people of his State to choose such a Legislature as would send a Senator to Congress who would oppose Mr. Douglas's measures. Mr. Douglas, on the other hand, told the people that his measures were all right, and that Congress had no power to make a law that slavery should not exist in a certain portion of the United States. Thus the people listened to Mr. Lincoln one day, and to Mr. Douglas another day.

The outcome was the election of Judge Trumbull for Senator, a man much opposed to Mr. Douglas's bill. A great part of the Legislature would have preferred Mr. Lincoln to anybody else; but Mr. Lincoln himself thought it would be better to send Judge Trumbull, and it was through his influence that the Judge was nominated.

After this, the people of Illinois wanted to choose Mr. Lincoln as Governor of the State; but he did not wish to be nominated.

The Children's Life of Abraham Lincoln, M. Louise Putnam page 75.

"Bleeding Kansas"

In 1854 a desperate struggle began between the North and the South for the possession of Kansas. No sooner had President Pierce signed the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, thus making it a law, than bands of men armed with rifles commenced to pour into the Territory, resolved to win it either by fraud or by force. The first movement came from the slaveholders of Missouri, who crossed the Missouri River and took up lands in the new Territory. . . . .

Next the New England Aid Society of Boston sent out a body of armed emigrants, who settled about thirty miles farther west, and called their little cluster of tents and log-cabins Lawrence. . . . .

These rival sections soon set up governments to suit themselves. The Free-state settlers had their headquarters at Topeka and Lawrence; the Slave-state at Leavenworth and Lecompton. From 1854 to 1859 that part of the country suffered so much from the efforts of both parties to get control that it fairly earned the name of "Bleeding Kansas." During the greater part of five years the territory was torn by civil war; the Free-state men denounced the

opposite party as "Border Ruffians;" the "Border Ruffians" called the Free-state men "Abolitionists" and "Black Republicans."

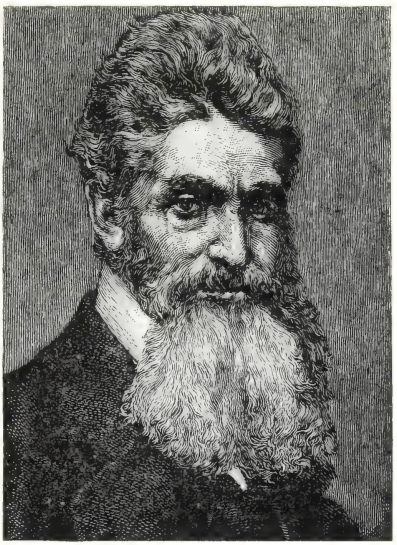
In the course of this period of violence and bloodshed the Slave-state men attacked Lawrence, plundered the town and burned some of its chief buildings.

Leading Facts of American History, D. H. Montgomery, page 272.

John Brown of Osawatomie

Among all the brave and devoted men of that struggle, none was braver or more devoted and none more dreaded by the "Border Ruffians" than John Brown of Osawatomie. He no more forgave than he forgot the atrocious murder of one of his sons, and that another had been driven to insanity by cruel treatment when a prisoner. . . . . From that moment he devoted his life, all that he was, and all that he had, to one single purpose—the extirpation of slavery.

A Popular History of the United States, William Cullen Bryant and Sydney Howard Gay, Vol. IV, page 429.



JOHN BROWN OF OSAWATOMIE

"The Power of Hope"

"Free labor has the inspiration of hope; pure slavery has no hope. The power of hope upon human exertion and happiness is wonderful. The slave-master himself has a conception of it, and hence the system of tasks among slaves. The slave whom you cannot drive with the lash to break seventy-five pounds of hemp in a day, if you will task him to break a hundred, and promise him pay for all he does over, he will break you a hundred and fifty. You have substituted hope for the rod. And yet perhaps it does not occur to you that to the extent of your gain in the case, you have given up the slave system and adopted the free system of labor."

Early Speeches by Abraham Lincoln, Notes on Government, July 1, 1854, page 216.

"A Question of Interest"

"If A can prove, however conclusively, that he may of right enslave B, why may not B snatch the same argument and prove equally that he may enslave A? You say A is white and B is black. It is color, then; the lighter having the right to enslave the darker? Take care. By this rule you are to be slave to the first man you meet with a fairer skin than your own. You do not mean color exactly? You mean the whites are intellectually the superiors of the blacks, and therefore have the right to enslave them? Take care again. By this rule you are to be slave to the first man you meet with an intellect superior to your own. But, say you, it is a question of interest, and if you make it your interest you have the right to enslave another. Very well. And if he can make it his interest he has the right to enslave you."

Early Speeches by Abraham Lincoln, Notes on Government, July 1, 1854, page 217.

"The Most Stupid Slave Knows"

"The ant which has toiled and dragged a crumb to his nest will furiously defend the fruit of his labor against whatever robber assails him. So plain that the most dumb and stupid slave that ever toiled for a master does constantly know that he is wronged. So plain that no one, high or low, ever does mistake it, except in a plainly selfish way; for although volume upon volume is written to prove slavery a very good thing, we never hear of the man who wishes to take the good of it by being a slave himself.

"Most governments have been based, practically, on the denial of the equal rights of men, as I have, in part, stated them; ours began by affirming those rights. They said, some men are too ignorant and vicious to share in government. Possibly so, said we; and, by your system, you would always keep them ignorant and vicious.

"We proposed to give all a chance, and we expected the weak to grow stronger, the ignorant wiser, and all better and happier together.

"We made the experiment, and the fruit is before us. Look at it; think of it! Look at it in its aggregate grandeur of extent, of country, and numbers of population—of ship and steamboat and railroad."

Early Speeches by Abraham Lincoln, Notes on Government, July 1, 1854, page 217.

The Peoria Speech Defining the Missouri Compromise and Its Repeal, the Wilmot Proviso and the Compromise of 1850

"In order to a clear understanding of what the Missouri Compromise is, a short history of the preceding kindred subjects will, perhaps, be proper.

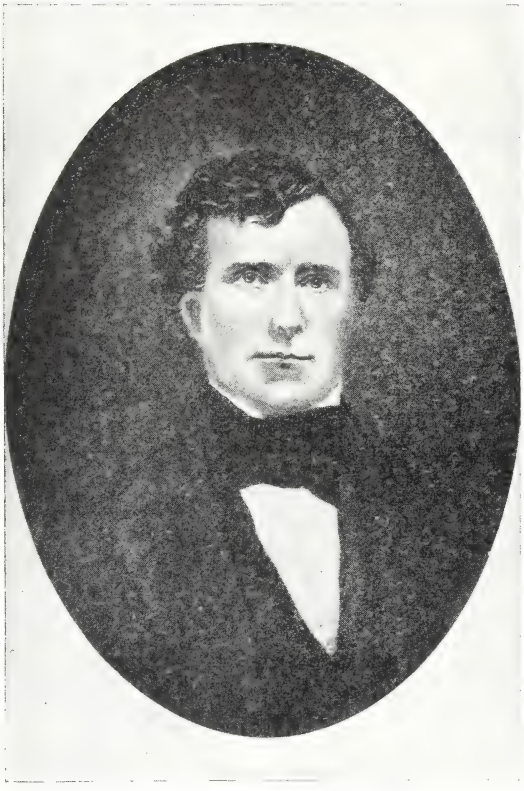
"When we established our independence, we did not own or claim the country to which this compromise applies. Indeed, strictly speaking, the Confederation of States then owned no country at all; the States respectively owned the country within their limits, and some of them owned territory beyond their strict State limits. Virginia thus owned the Northwestern Territory—the country out of which the principal part of Ohio, all Indiana, all Illinois, all Michigan, and all Wisconsin have since been formed. She also owned (perhaps within her then limits) what has since been formed into the State of Kentucky. . . . . .

"We were then living under the Articles of Confederation, which were superseded by the Constitution several years afterward. The question of ceding the territories to the General Government was set on foot. Mr. Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, and otherwise a chief actor in the Revolution, . . who was, is, and perhaps will continue to be, the most distinguished politician of our history; a Virginian by birth and continued residence, and withal a slaveholder,—conceived the idea of taking that occasion to prevent slavery ever going into the Northwestern Territory. . . . . The first ordinance (which the acts of Congress were then called) for the government of the Territory provided that slavery should never be permitted therein. . . . . The Union . . is now what Jefferson foresaw and intended—the happy home of teeming millions of free, white, prosperous people, and no slave among them. . . . . .

"But now new light breaks upon us. Now Congress declares this ought never to have been, and the like of it must never be again. The sacred right of self-government is grossly violated by it. We even find some men who drew their first breath—and every other breath of their lives—under this very restriction, now live in dread of absolute suffocation if they should be restricted in the "sacred right" of taking slaves to Nebraska. That perfect liberty they sigh for—the liberty of making slaves of other people—

Jefferson never thought of, their own fathers never thought of, they never thought of, themselves, a year ago. How fortunate for them they did not sooner become sensible of their great misery! Oh, how difficult it is to treat with respect such assaults upon all we have ever really held sacred!

"But to return to history. In 1803 we purchased what was then called Louisiana, of France. It included the present States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri and Iowa; also the Territory of Minnesota, and the present bone of contention, Kansas and Nebraska. Slavery already existed among the French at New Orleans, and to some extent in St. Louis. In 1812 Louisiana came into the Union as a slave State without controversy. In 1818 or '19, Missouri showed signs of a wish to come in with slavery. This was resisted by the Northern members of Congress; and thus began the first great slavery agitation in the nation. This controversy lasted several months, and became very angry and exciting—the House of Representatives voting steadily for the prohibition of slavery in Missouri, and the Senate voting as steadily against it. Threats of breaking up the Union were freely made, and the ablest public men of the day became seriously alarmed.



FRANKLIN PIERCE

"At length a compromise was made, in which, as in all compromises, both sides yielded something. It was a law, passed on

the 6th of March, 1820, providing that Missouri might come into the Union with slavery, but that in all the remaining part of the territory purchased of France, which lies north of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes north latitude, slavery should not be permitted. This provision of law is the 'Missouri Compromise.' . . . .

. . . ."Thus originated the Missouri Compromise; and thus it has been respected down to 1845, and even four years later. . . .

"But going back a little in point of time. Our war with Mexico broke out in 1846. When Congress was about adjourning that session, President Polk asked them to place two millions of dollars under his control, to be used by him in the recess, if found practicable and expedient, in negotiating a treaty of peace with Mexico, and acquiring some part of her territory. A bill was duly gotten up for the purpose, and was progressing swimmingly in the House of Representatives, when a member by the name of David Wilmot, a Democrat from Pennsylvania, moved as an amendment,

"'Provided, that in any territory thus acquired there shall never be slavery.'

"This is the origin of the far-famed 'Wilmot Proviso.' It created a great flutter; but it stuck like wax, was voted into the bill and the bill passed with it through the House. The Senate, however, adjourned without final action on it, and so both appropriation and proviso were lost for the time. . . . . .

"In the fall of 1848 the gold-mines were discovered in California. This attracted people to it with unprecedented rapidity, so that on, or soon after, the meeting of the new Congress in December, 1849, she already had a population of nearly a hundred thousand, had called a convention, formed a State Constitution excluding slavery, and was knocking for admission into the Union. The Proviso men, of course, were for letting her in, but the Senate, always true to the other side, would not consent to her admission, so there California stood, kept out of the Union because she would not let slavery into her borders. . . . . .

The Union now, as in 1820, was thought to be in danger. . . . A compromise was finally effected. The South got their fugitive-slave law, and the North got California . . . as a free State. The South got a provision that New Mexico and Utah, when admitted as States, may come in with or without slavery as they may then

choose; and the North got the slave-trade abolished in the District of Columbia. . . . . .

"This is the 'Compromise of 1850.' . . . . . .

"During this long period of time, Nebraska had remained substantially an uninhabited country, but now emigration to and settlement within it began to take place. . . . . The restriction of slavery by the Missouri Compromise directly applies to it—in fact was first made, and has since been maintained expressly for it. . . On January 21, 1854, Judge Douglas introduces a new bill to give Nebraska territorial government. He accompanies this bill with a report, in which last he expressly recommends that the Missouri Compromise shall neither be affirmed nor repealed. Before long the bill is so modified as to make two territories instead of one, calling the southern one Kansas.

"Also, about a month after the introduction of the bill on the Judge's own motion, it is so amended as to declare the Missouri Compromise inoperative and void; and substantially, that the people who go and settle there, may establish slavery, or exclude it, as they may see fit. In this shape the bill passed both branches of Congress and became a law.

"This is the 'Repeal of the Missouri Compromise.'"

Early Speeches by Abraham Lincoln, The Missouri Compromise, the Iniquity of its Repeal, and the Propriety of its Restoration. From the Speech at Peoria, Illinois, in Reply to Senator Douglas, October 16, 1854, page 220.

"The State versus Mr. Whiskey"

In 1855 Lincoln was attending court at the town of Clinton, Illinois. Fifteen ladies from a neighboring village in the county had been indicted for trespass. Their offense consisted in sweeping down on one Tanner, the keeper of a saloon in the village, and knocking in the heads of his barrels. Lincoln was not employed in the case, but sat watching the trial as it proceeded. In defending the ladies, their attorney seemed to evince a little want of tact, and this prompted one of the former to invite Mr. Lincoln to add a few words to the jury, if he thought he could aid their case. He was too gallant to refuse and, their attorney having consented, he made use of the following argument:

"In this case I would change the order of indictment and have it read:

"'The State *vs.* Mr. Whiskey,' instead of 'The State *vs.* The Ladies.'

"And touching these there are three laws: 'The law of self-protection; the law of the land, or statute law; and the moral law, or law of God.'

"First, the law of self-protection is a law of necessity, as evinced by our forefathers in casting the tea overboard and asserting their right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.



"In this case it is the only defense the ladies have, for Tanner neither feared God nor regarded man. Second, the law of the land, or statute law, and Tanner is recreant to both. Third the moral law, or law of God, and this is probably a law for the violation of which the jury can fix no punishment."

Lincoln quoted some of his own observations on the ruinous effects of whiskey in society, and demanded its early suppression. After he had concluded, the Court, without awaiting the return of the jury, dismissed the ladies, saying: "Ladies, go home, I will require no bond of you, and if any fine is ever wanted of you, we will let you know."

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. II, page 12.

"These Boys Would Never Have Tried to Cheat Old Farmer Case"

The suit of Case *vs.* Snow, tried at the spring term of the Tazewell Circuit Court, illustrates both Mr. Lincoln's love of justice and his adroitness in managing an ordinary case. He had brought an action in behalf of an old man named Case against the Snow boys to recover the amount of a note given them in payment for what was known as a "prairie team." This consists of a breaking plow and two or three yoke of oxen, making up a team strong enough to break up the strong, tough, thick turf of the prairie.

The defendants, the Snow boys, appeared by their counsel and pleaded that they were infants, or minors, when the note was given. On the trial Lincoln produced the note, and it was admitted that it

was given for the oxen and plow. The defendants then offered to prove that they were under twenty-one years of age when they signed the note.

"Yes," said Lincoln, "I guess that is true and we will admit it."

"Is there a count in the declaration for oxen and plow, sold and delivered?" inquired Judge Treat, the presiding judge.

"Yes," said Lincoln, "and I have only two or three questions to ask of the witness." The witness had been called to prove the age of the Snow boys.

"Where is that prairie team now?" said Lincoln.

"On the farm of the Snow boys."



"Have you seen any one breaking prairie with it lately?"

"Yes," replied the witness, "the Snow boys were breaking up with it last week."

"How old are the boys now?"

"One is a little over twenty-one, and the other near twenty-three."

"That is all," said Mr. Lincoln.

"Gentlemen," said Lincoln to the jury, "these boys would never have tried to cheat old Farmer Case out of these oxen and that plow, but for the advice of counsel. It was bad advice, bad in morals and bad in law. The law never sanctions cheating, and a lawyer must be very smart indeed to twist it so that it will seem to do so. The judge will tell you what your own sense of justice has already told you, that these Snow boys, if they were mean enough to plead the baby act, when they came to be men should have taken the oxen and plow back. They can not go back on their contract and also keep what the note was given for."

The jury, without leaving their seats, gave a verdict for old Farmer Case.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Isaac N. Arnold, page 85.

Railroad, Repudiating Bill for $2,000, Pays $5,000

Probably the most important lawsuit Lincoln and I conducted was one in which we defended the Illinois Central Railroad in an

action brought by McLean County, Illinois, in August, 1853, to recover taxes alleged to be due the county from the road. The Legislature had granted the road immunity from taxation, and this was a case intended to test the constitutionality of the law. The road sent a retainer of $250.

In the lower court the case was decided in favor of the railroad. An appeal to the Supreme Court followed, and there it was argued twice, and finally decided in our favor. This last decision was rendered some time in 1855. Mr. Lincoln soon went to Chicago and presented our bill for legal services. We only asked for $2,000 more.

The official to whom he was referred looking at the bill, expressed great surprise.

"Why, sir," he exclaimed, "this is as much as Daniel Webster himself would have charged! We cannot allow such a claim."

Stung by the rebuff, Lincoln withdrew the bill, and started for home. On the way he stopped at Bloomington. There he met Grant Goodrich, Archibald Williams, Norman B. Judd, O. H. Browning, and other attorneys, who, on learning of his modest charge for such valuable services rendered the railroad, induced him to increase the demand to $5,000, and to bring suit for that sum. This was done at once.

On the trial six lawyers certified that the bill was reasonable, and judgment for that sum went by default. The judgment was promptly paid. Lincoln gave me my half.

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. II, page 20.

[NOTE.—It is often stated that George B. McClellan was the railroad official who insulted Lincoln by telling him that his bill was "as much as a *first-class* attorney would have charged." But McClellan, who was afterwards Vice-President of the Illinois Central Railroad, was in Europe at this time.—W. W.]

Herndon's Half

"There was no order in the office at all. The firm of Lincoln & Herndon kept no books. . . . One day Mr. Lincoln received $5,000 as a fee in a railroad case. He came in and said:

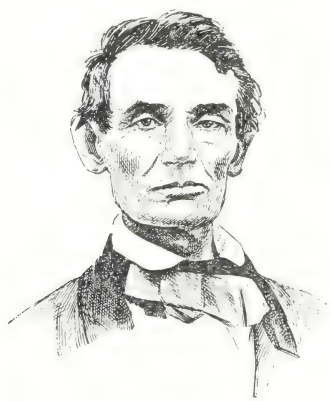
"'Well, Billy,' addressing his partner, Mr. Herndon. 'Here is our fee; sit down and let me divide.' He counted out $2,500

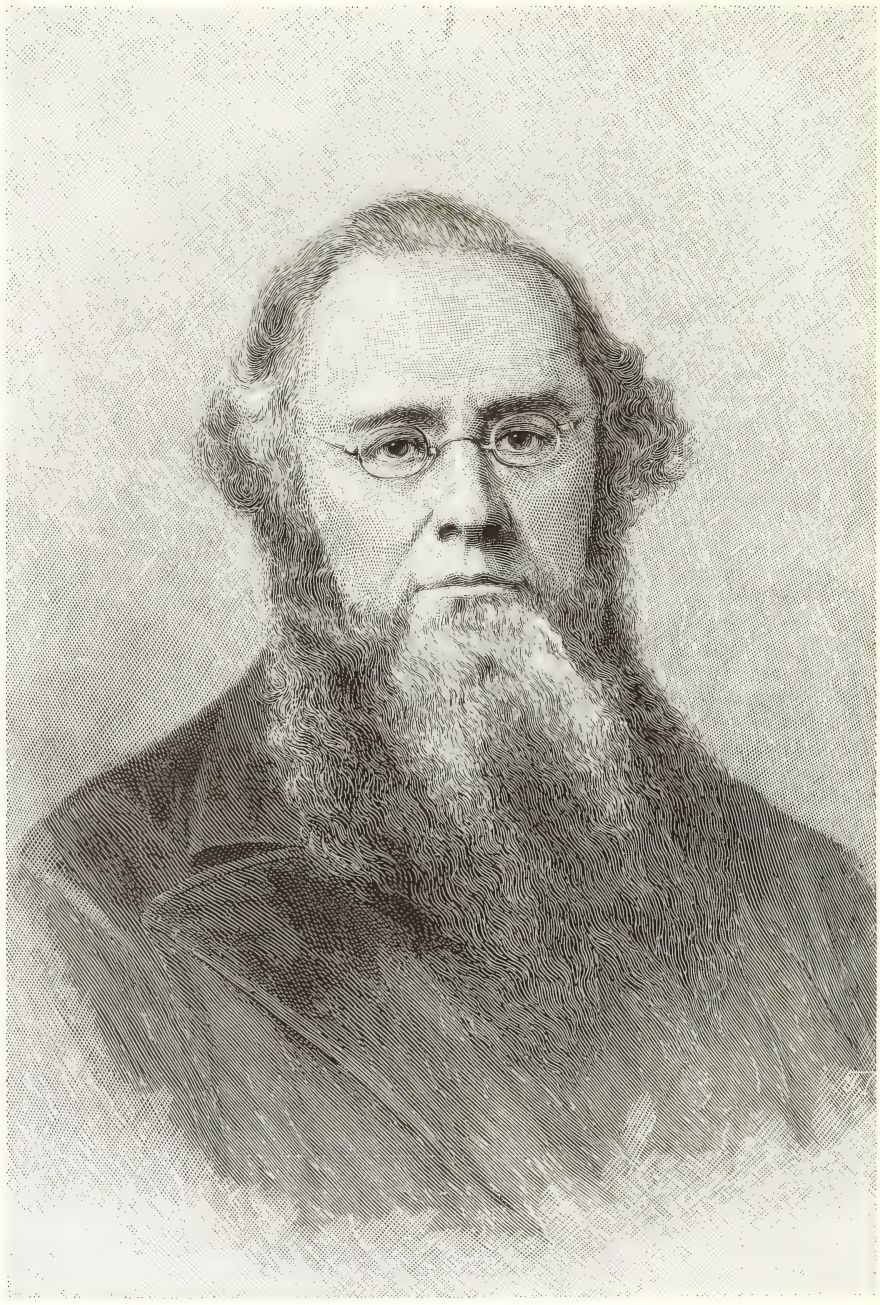
to his partner, and gave it to him with as much *nonchalance* as he would have given a few cents for a paper. Cupidity had no abiding place in his nature."

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. I, page 318.

First Meeting of Lincoln and Stanton

The two had met several years before, [1855] under conditions that left no favorable impression in the recollection of either. As associate counsel with George Harding, in the famous case of McCormick *vs.* Manny, they had appeared for the defendant before Judges McLean and Drummond, in the United States Circuit Court, at Cincinnati. When the trial began, it was found that the plaintiff had but two advocates. . . . . The attorney for the defense was obliged to withdraw a representative—but which one was it to be? Mr. Harding, then in the zenith of his fame as a patent lawyer, had been retained especially to make the technical argument. Choice for the forensic address, therefore, lay between Lincoln and Stanton. The latter was selected, to Mr. Lincoln's keen disappointment. . . . . Lincoln's chagrin, moreover, was greatly intensified by Stanton's behavior. It was not true, as has been generally reported, that the man from Springfield was elbowed out of the case by his Eastern colleague; but there can be no doubt that what at best was a mortifying experience for Lincoln became doubly so by reason of the other's rudeness. Our prairie lawyer, though he ranked high at home, made a poor impression upon Stanton, who described him, in his acrid way, as a "long, lank creature from Illinois, wearing a dirty linen duster for a coat, on the back of which the perspiration had splotched wide stains that resembled a map of the continent." What was worse, Mr. Stanton made no secret of his disdain. The object of it heard him inquiring, "Where did that long-armed creature come from, and what can he expect to do in this case?"





From *Abraham Lincoln: A History*, John G. Nicolay and John Hay.

EDWIN M. STANTON, SECRETARY OF WAR

From a bitter and abusive enemy Stanton became a loyal and devoted admirer of President Lincoln. The story of this transformation is of rare interest.

So gross, indeed, were the discourtesies to which Lincoln was subjected from this quarter, that his magnanimous soul for some time harbored bitter feeling.

"I have never been so brutally treated as by that man Stanton," was his comment on the affair.

Lincoln, Master of Men, Alonzo Rothschild, page 224.

Why Lincoln Was a "Dangerous Man"

During the Presidential campaign of 1856 I lived in Northern Illinois. As one who dabbled a little in politics and a good deal in journalism, it was necessary for me to follow up some of the more important mass meetings of the Republicans. At one of these great assemblies in Ogle County, to which the country people came on horseback, in farm-wagons, or afoot, from far and near, there were several speakers of local celebrity. Dr. Egan of Chicago, famous for his racy stories, was one, and "Joe" Knox of Bureau County, a stump speaker of renown, was another attraction. Several other orators were "on the bills" for this long-advertised "Frémont and Dayton rally," among them being a Springfield lawyer who had won some reputation as a shrewd, close reasoner and a capital speaker on the stump. This was Abraham Lincoln, popularly known as "Honest Abe Lincoln." In those days he was not so famous in our part of the State as the two speakers whom I have named. Possibly he was not so popular among the masses of the people; but his ready wit, his unfailing good-humor, and the candor which gave him his character for honesty, won for him the admiration and respect of all who heard him. I remember once meeting a choleric old Democrat striding away from an open-air meeting where Lincoln was speaking, striking the earth with his cane as he stumped along and exclaiming,

"He's a dangerous man, sir! a deuced dangerous man! He makes you believe what he says in spite of yourself!"

It was Lincoln's manner. He admitted away his whole case apparently, and yet, as his political opponents complained, he usually carried conviction with him. As he reasoned with his audience, he bent his long form over the railing of the platform, stooping lower and lower, as he pursued his argument, until, having reached his point, he clinched it (usually with a question),

and then suddenly sprang upright, reminding one of the springing open of a jack-knife blade.

Personal Reminiscences of Lincoln, Noah Brooks. *Scribner's Monthly*, Vol. XV, February, 1878, page 561.

Lincoln's "Lost Speech" Sealing the New Party at the Bloomington Convention

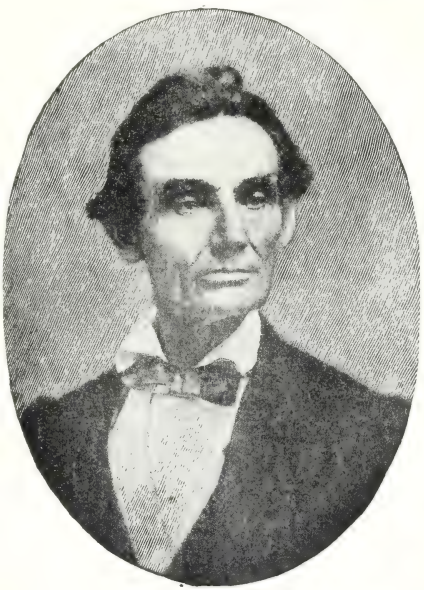
In the interval between the Decatur meeting and the Bloomington Convention called for May 29 [1856], the excitement in the country over Kansas grew almost to a frenzy. The new State was in the hands of a pro-slavery mob, her Governor a prisoner, her capital in ruins, her voters intimidated. . . . . The Convention was opened by John M. Palmer, afterwards United States Senator, in its chair, and in a very short time it had adopted a platform, appointed delegates to the National Convention, nominated a State ticket, completed, in short, all the work of organizing the Republican party in Illinois. After this work of organizing and nominating was finished, there was a call for speeches. The Convention felt the need of some powerful amalgamating force which would weld its discordant elements. . . . . Man after man was called to the platform without producing any marked effect, when suddenly there was a call raised of a name not on the program—"Lincoln"—"Lincoln"—"give us Lincoln!" The crowd took it up and made the hall ring until a tall figure rose in the back of the audience and slowly strode down the aisle. As he turned to his audience there came gradually a great change upon his face. "There was an expression of intense emotion," Judge Scott, of Bloomington once told the author (Miss Tarbell). "It was the emotion of a great soul. Even in stature he seemed greater. He seemed to realize it was a crisis in his life." . . . . .

He began his speech, then, deeply moved, and with a profound sense of the importance of the moment. . . . . Starting from the back of the broad platform on which he stood, his hands on his hips, he slowly advanced towards the front, his eyes blazing, his face white with passion, his voice resonant with the force of his conviction. As he advanced he seemed to his audience fairly to grow, and when at the end of the period he stood at the front line of the stage, hands still on the hips, head back, raised on his tip toes, he seemed like a giant inspired.

"At that moment he was the handsomest man I ever saw," Judge Scott declared.

So powerful was his effect on his audience that men and women wept as they cheered. . . . . As he went on there came upon the Convention the very emotion he sought to arouse.

"Everyone in that before incongruous assembly came to feel as one man," says one of the auditors. He had made every man of them pure Republican. He did something more. The indignation which the outrages in Kansas and throughout the country had aroused was uncontrolled. Men talked passionately of war. It was at this meeting that Lincoln, after firing his hearers by an expression which became a watchword of the campaign, "We won't go out of the Union and you shan't," poured oil on the wrath of the opponents of the Nebraska bill by advising "ballots, not bullets!"



LINCOLN IN '56

Nothing illustrates better the extraordinary power of Lincoln's speech at Bloomington than the way he stirred up the newspaper reporters. . . . Of course, all leading newspapers of the State leaning towards the new party had reporters at the Convention. Among these was Mr. Joseph Medill.

"I well remember," says Mr. Medill, "that after Lincoln sat down and calm had succeeded the tempest, I waked out of a sort of hypnotic trance and then thought of my report for the (Chicago) *Tribune*. There was nothing written but an abbreviated introduction.

"It was some sort of satisfaction to find that I had not been 'scooped,' as all the newspaper men present had been equally carried away by the excitement caused by the wonderful oration, and had made no report or sketch of the speech."

. . . . The result of this excitement was when the Convention was over there was no reporter present who had anything for his newspaper. They all went home and wrote burning editorials about the speech and its great principle, but as to reproducing it they could not. Men came to talk of it all over Illinois. . . . . Gradually it became known as Lincoln's "Lost Speech."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 292.

The Speech as Afterward Reproduced

[But Henry C. Whitney, a young attorney associated with Lincoln both before and after this strange event, was able to make notes during the delivery of this wonderful oration, which he amplified afterward from conversations with other auditors and with Lincoln himself, and has published the result in *Lincoln's Early Speeches*, and from the "Lost Speech" the following is the closing climax as reproduced by Mr. Whitney:]

"Did you ever, my friends, seriously reflect upon the speed with which we are tending downwards? Within the memory of men now present, the leading statesmen of Virginia could make genuine red-hot abolitionist speeches in old Virginia! and, as I have said, now even in 'free Kansas' it is a crime to declare that it is 'free Kansas.' The very sentiments that I and others have just uttered, would entitle us, and each of us, to the ignominy and seclusion of a dungeon; and yet I suppose that, like Paul, we were 'free born.' But if this thing is allowed to continue, it will be but one step further to impress the same rule in Illinois. [*Sensation.*]

"The conclusion of all is, that we must restore the Missouri Compromise. We must highly resolve that *Kansas shall be free!* [*Great applause.*] We must reinstate the birthday promise of the Republic; we must reaffirm the Declaration of Independence; we must make good in essence as well as in form Madison's avowal that 'the word *slave* ought not to appear in the Constitution;' and we must even go further, and decree that only local law, and not that time-honored instrument, shall shelter a slave-holder. We must make this a land of liberty in fact, as it is in name. But in seeking to attain these results—so indispensable if the liberty which is our pride and boast shall endure—we will be loyal to the Constitution and to the 'flag of our Union,' and no matter what our grievance—

even though Kansas shall come in as a slave State—and no matter what theirs—even if we shall restore the Compromise—WE WILL SAY TO THE SOUTHERN DISUNIONISTS, WE WON'T GO OUT OF THE UNION, AND YOU SHAN'T!!! [*This was the climax; the audience rose to its feet en masse, applauded, stamped, waved handkerchiefs, threw hats in the air, and ran riot for several minutes. The arch-enchanter who wrought this transformation looked, meanwhile, like the personification of political justice.*]

Life and Works of Abraham Lincoln, Early Speeches, page 301.

"That Speech Puts Lincoln on the Track for the Presidency"

It is now generally agreed that one of Mr. Lincoln's most eloquent and impressive utterances was the speech he delivered at the first Republican State Convention in Illinois, held at Bloomington, May 29, 1856. . . . . .

"Never was an audience more completely electrified by human eloquence," wrote John L. Scripps to his paper (the Chicago *Tribune*). "Again and again during its delivery they sprang to their feet and upon the benches and testified, by long-continued shouts and the waving of hats, how deeply the speaker had wrought upon their minds and hearts. It fused the mass of incongruous elements into perfect homogeneity; and from that day to the present they have worked together in harmonious and fraternal union.". . . . . .



During the Convention Mr. Lincoln was the guest of Judge David Davis. A few minutes after the delivery of his speech the Convention adjourned, whereupon Mr. Lincoln left the hall in company with Mr. (Henry C.) Whitney, who likewise was sojourning at the Davis home.

"As I passed down stairs with the crowd," relates Whitney, "Jesse K. Dubois, who had been nominated State Auditor, seized me by the arm with a painful grip and made an exclamation close to my ear. Presently Lincoln got disentangled from the applauding crowd, and he and I started off in the direction of Judge Davis's

house. As soon as we were out of hearing, Lincoln at once commenced a line of remark upon the extraordinary scene we had just witnessed, and whose prime mover he was, at the same time bending his head down to make our conversation more confidential. In a glow of enthusiasm I said in reply to a question by him:

" 'You know my statements about your speeches are not good authority, so I will tell you what Dubois, who is not so enthusiastic as I am, said to me as we came out of the hall:

" ' "Whitney," said he, "that is the greatest speech ever made in Illinois, and puts Lincoln on the track for the Presidency." ' "

Lincoln's Vote for Vice-President, Jesse W. Weik. *The Century Magazine*, Vol. LXXVI, June, 1908, page 186.

Playing a Boyish Prank When He Heard of His Votes for Vice-President

Twenty days after this incident (the "Lost Speech" at the Bloomington Convention) the delegates to the first National Republican Convention assembled in the city of Philadelphia to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President. . . . . .

Although, as we have seen, Mr. Lincoln was not in Philadelphia, it is not difficult to account for his presence elsewhere. The truth is that he was in Illinois, diligently engaged in following Judge Davis around the circuit. At the very time of the Convention he was attending a special term of court in Urbana.



Mr. Whitney relates that Judge Davis and the non-resident lawyers were quartered at the leading hostelry of the place. Their slumbers in the early dawn having too often been disturbed by the tones of a vibrant gong summoning them to breakfast, they decided, one morning, that the offending instrument must be removed or in some way forever silenced. By a majority vote Mr. Lincoln was chosen to carry out this decree. Accordingly, a little earlier than usual before noon that day, he was seen to leave the court-room and hasten to the hotel. Slipping unobserved into the dining-room, he managed to secure the gong, secreting it under his coat, and was

in the act of making off with it when Whitney and Judge Davis suddenly appeared on the scene. The former held in his hand a copy of the Chicago *Tribune*, which had just reached town and contained the surprising and gratifying announcement that Mr. Lincoln had received 110 votes for Vice-President at the Philadelphia Convention the day before.

"Great business this," chuckled Davis, "for a man who aspires to be Vice-President of the United States!"

Lincoln only smiled. "Davis and I," declared Whitney, "were greatly excited, but Lincoln was listless and indifferent. His only response was:

" 'Surely it ain't me; there's another great man named Lincoln down in Massachusetts. I reckon it's him.' "

Lincoln's Vote for Vice-President, Jesse W. Weik. *The Century Magazine* Vol. LXXVI, June, 1908, page 189.

"A Prophet without Honor in His Own City"

To reconcile some otherwise irreconcilable incidents of Mr. Lincoln's biography, an understanding of the political and social bias of his neighbors is necessary. In 1856, we are advised by local history that, although Herndon took extra pains to get up an enthusiastic reception to his illustrious partner upon a distinguished occasion, yet no one came except one obscure man, and the discomfited partners turned off the gas and went home very meek and chopfallen. Yet Lincoln had been his townmen's Congressman eight years before, and had been five times elected by this same people to the Legislature—the last time only two years before.

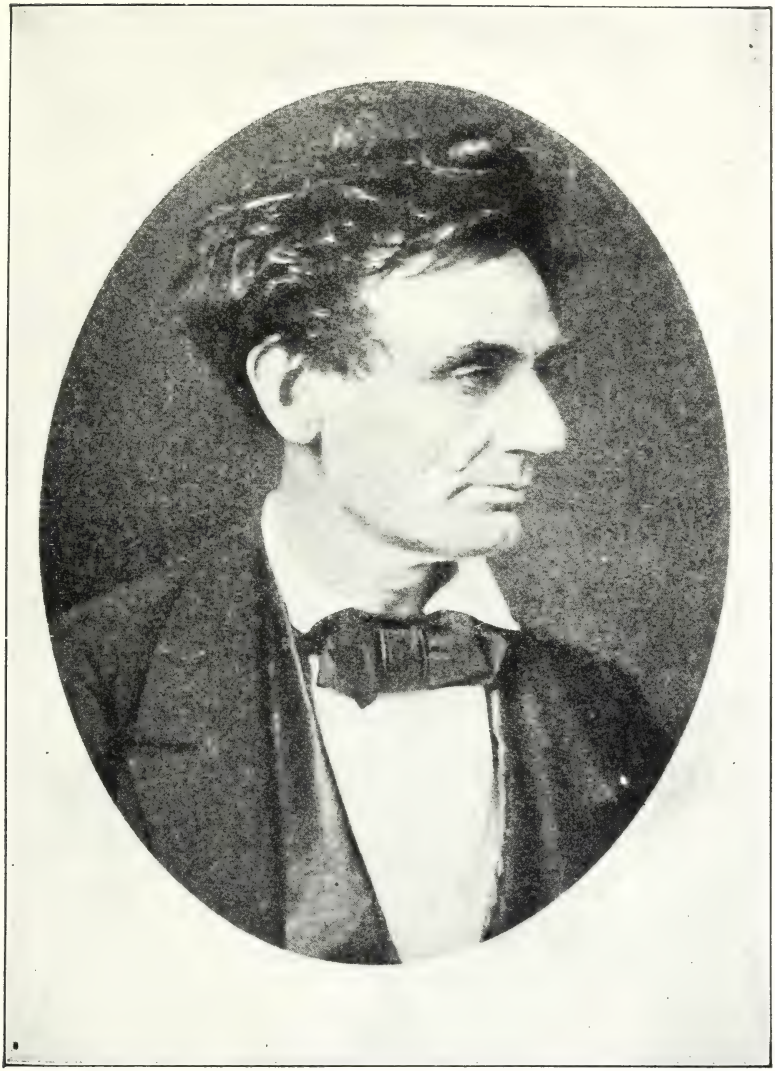
This inharmony between cause and effect had its basis in social and political prejudice; the early settlers of southern Illinois were from the slave States, and they were wedged in between either slave-holding communities, or those having such affiliations, so that the Yankees and Abolitionists were as much below *par* in southern and central Illinois as they were in Kentucky or Missouri. This prejudice invaded the sanctuary, and even when the theme was abounding grace and universal brotherhood, it still was not temporarily laid aside. The virtue of fraternal love could not be assumed, even in the fervor of religious zeal.

A Chadband of the "hardshell" order thus exclaimed in a

sermon: "The overwhelming torrent of free grace *took in the mountings* of *Aishy*, the isles of the sea and the uttermost ends of the *yearth*. It *took in the Eskimos* and the *Hottingtots*, and some, my dear *brethering*, go so *fur* as to suppose it *tuk in* them *air* poor, benighted *Yankees;* but I don't go *that fur!*"

Of course, when the Nebraska bill was passed, this feeling became all the more rancorous, in view of the fact that the adherents of the "Anti-Nebraska" party came from the ranks of the hitherto "pure and undefiled" Democracy, as well as from the moribund Whig party. The line of cleavage which had separated the Whigs and Democrats now divided the Pro-Slavery Democrats from the Anti-Extension of Slavery element, and the prejudices became more intense and unyielding than before.

Lincoln the Citizen, Henry C. Whitney, page 162.



From *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, Ida M. Tarbell.

LINCOLN IN 1857

He sat for this photograph in the gallery of Alexander Hesler, Chicago. It was from this that the first widely circulated cuts were made, and his disheveled hair occasioned general comment.

CHAPTER X

The Battles of the Giants

"The First and Only Choice of the Republicans of Illinois for the United States Senate"

Only the preceding year, 1857, when Douglas, in a speech delivered at Springfield, Illinois, had made an attempt to wriggle out of the dilemma in which the Dred Scott decision had entangled him, Lincoln had, a week later, before a popular meeting held at the same place, thrust the sword of his logic through Douglas's adroit sophistries, and incidentally pronounced his famous vindication of the Declaration of Independence which deserves well to be remembered in the presence of latter-day problems:

"The assertion that all men are created equal' was of no practical use in effecting our separation from Great Britain, and it was placed in the Declaration not for that but for future use. Its authors meant it to be as, thank God, it is now proving itself, a stumbling-block to all those who in after times might seek to turn a free people back into the hateful paths of despotism. They knew the proneness of prosperity to breed tyrants, and they meant when such should reappear in this fair land and commence their vocation, they should find left for them at least one nut hard to crack."

But these discussions had hardly attracted, beyond the boundaries of Illinois, the attention they merited. It was only when the Republican State Convention of Illinois, on the 16th of June, 1858, passed, by unanimous acclamation, a resolve declaring Abraham Lincoln to be "the first and only choice of the Republicans of Illinois for the United States Senate, as the successor of Stephen A. Douglas," that the eyes of the whole American people were turned upon the combat between the two men, as an action which gravely concerned them all.

The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz, Vol. II, page 86.

Locking Horns for "the Irrepressible Conflict"

Illinois was this year the arena of a peculiar contest. Senator Douglas had taken so prominent and so efficient a part in the defeat of the Lecompton abomination that a number of the leading Republicans of other States were desirous that their Illinois brethren should unite in choosing a Legislature pledged to return him, by a vote substantially unanimous, to the seat he had so ably filled. But it was hardly in human nature that those thus appealed to should, because of one good act, recognize and treat as a friend one whom they had known for nearly twenty years as the ablest, most indefatigable, and by no means the most scrupulous, of their adversaries. They held a sort of State Convention therefore and presented Abraham Lincoln as a Republican competitor for Mr. Douglas's seat; and he opened the canvass at once, in a terse, forcible and thoroughly "radical" speech, wherein he enunciated the then startling, if not absolutely novel doctrine that *the Union cannot permanently endure half slave and half free.* Said Mr. Lincoln:

. . . ." 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe the Government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I *do* expect that it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other." . . . .

This almost prophetic statement, from one born in Kentucky, and who had been known, prior to the appearance of the Dred Scott decision, as a rather conservative Whig, was put forth, at Springfield, Illinois, June 17, 1858, more than four months before Governor Seward, as if under a like premonition of coming events, said (at Rochester, New York, October 25, 1858):

. . . . "Shall I tell you what this collision means? They who think that it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or fanatical agitators, and therefore ephemeral, mistake the case altogether. *It is an irrepressible conflict* between opposing and enduring forces; and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slave-holding nation, or entirely a free-labor nation." . . . .

Mr. Lincoln, in his brief Springfield speech, furnished the shortest and sharpest exposition ever yet given of the doctrine vaunted as "Popular Sovereignty," viz:

"This necessity [for a popular indorsement of the policy embodied in the Nebraska–Kansas bill] had not been overlooked; but had been provided for, as well as might be, in the notable argument of 'Squatter Sovereignty,' otherwise called the 'sacred right of self-government;' which latter phrase, though expressive of the only rightful basis of any government, was so perverted in the attempted use of it, as to amount to just this: That, *if any man choose to enslave another, no third man shall be allowed to object.*"

Mr. Douglas promptly joined issue; and a moral canvass of unequalled interest, considering the smallness of the stake, was prosecuted by these capable and practised debaters, before immense audiences of their fellow-citizens up to the eve of the State election.

The American Conflict, Horace Greeley, Vol. I, page 301.

The Great Rock Island Bridge Case

One of the most interesting cases involving mechanical problems which Lincoln ever argued was that of the Rock Island Bridge. . . . The case was a striking episode in the war long waged by the Mississippi against the plains beyond. For decades the river had been the willing burden-bearer of the West. Now, however, the railroad had come. The Rock Island road had even dared to bridge the stream to carry away the traffic which the river claimed.

In May, 1856, a steamboat struck one of the piers of the bridge, and was wrecked and burned. One pier of the bridge was also destroyed. The boat owners sued the railroad company. The suit was the beginning of the long and violent struggle for commercial supremacy between St. Louis and Chicago. In Chicago it was commonly believed that the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce had bribed the captain of the boat to run upon the pier; and it was said that later, when the bridge itself was burned, the steamers gathered near and whistled for joy.

The case was felt to involve the future course of Western commerce, and when it was called in September, 1857, at Chicago, people crowded there from all over the West. Norman B. Judd, afterwards so prominent in the politics of the State, was the attorney of the road, and he engaged Lincoln, among others, as counsel. Lincoln made an address to the jury which those who remember it declare to have been one of his strongest legal arguments. . . .

Lincoln succeeded in showing that had the pilot of the boat been as familiar as he ought to have been with the river, he could easily have prevented the accident. His argument was full of nice mathematical calculations clearly put, and was marked by perfect candor. Indeed, the honesty with which he admitted the points made by the opposite counsel caused considerable alarm to some of his associates. Mrs. Norman B. Judd . . . says that Mr. Joseph B. Knox, who was also engaged with Mr. Lincoln in the defense, dined at her house the day that Lincoln made his speech.



NORMAN B. JUDD

Manager of the Lincoln Presidential campaign in Illinois.

"He sat down at the table in great excitement," writes Mrs. Judd, "saying, 'Lincoln has lost the case for us. The admissions he made in regard to the currents in the Mississippi at Rock Island and Moline will convince the court that a bridge at that point will always be a serious and constant detriment to navigation on the river.' "

" 'Wait until you hear the conclusion of his speech,' replied Mr. Judd; 'you will find that his admission is a strong point instead of a weak one, and on it he will found a strong argument that will satisfy you.' "

And, as it proved, Mr. Judd was right.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 275.

Lawyer Lincoln's Letter to Hannah Armstrong

"SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Sept., 1857.

"*Dear Mrs. Armstrong:*

"I have just heard of your deep affliction, and the arrest of your son for murder.

"I can hardly believe that he can be capable of the crime alleged against him.

"It does not seem possible. I am anxious that he should be given a fair trial at any rate; and gratitude for your long-continued kindness to me in adverse circumstances prompts me to offer my humble services gratuitously in his behalf.

"It will afford me an opportunity to requite, in a small degree, the favors I received at your hand, and that of your lamented husband, when your roof afforded me a grateful shelter, without money and without price.

"Yours truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Paul Selby, page 254.

Saved by Lincoln with an Almanac

The time for the [Armstrong] trial arrived, and it drew together a crowd of interested people. . . . The witnesses for the State were introduced; some to testify of Armstrong's previous vicious character; and others to relate what they saw of the affair on the night of the murder. His accuser testified in the most positive manner, that he saw him make the dreadful thrust that killed his victim. . . . .

"Couldn't there be some mistake about this?" asked [Lincoln] the counsel for the defense.

"None at all," said the witness.

"What time in the evening was it?"

"Between nine and ten o'clock."

"Well, how far between? Was it quarter past nine, or half past nine o'clock—or still later? Be more exact, if you please."

"I should think it might have been about half past nine o'clock," answered the witness.

"And you are sure that you saw the prisoner at the bar give the blow? Be particular—and remember that you are under oath."

"I am; there can be no mistake about it."

"Wasn't it dark?"

"No; the moon was bright."

"Then it was not very dark, as there was a moon?"

"No, the moon made it light enough for me to see it all."

"Be particular on this point. Do I understand you to say that the murder was committed about half past nine o'clock, and the moon was shining at the time?"

"Yes, that is what I mean to say."

"Very well; that is all." . . . .

The counsel for the Commonwealth considered that the

evidence was too strong against Armstrong to admit of a reasonable doubt of his guilt; therefore his plea was short and formal.

All eyes now turned to Lincoln. What could he say for the accused, in the face of such testimony? Few saw any possible chance for the supposed culprit to escape: his condemnation was sure.

Mr. Lincoln rose, while a deeply impressive stillness reigned throughout the court-room. The prisoner sat with a worried, despairing look, such as he had worn ever since his arrest. . . . .

His counsel [Lincoln] proceeded to review the testimony and called attention to discrepancies in the statements of the principal witness, which he showed to be inconsistent . . . and indicating a plot against an innocent man. Then, raising his clear, full voice to a higher key, and lifting his long, wiry right arm above his head, as if about to annihilate his client's accuser, he exclaimed:

"And he testifies that the moon was shining brightly when the deed was perpetrated, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock, when *the moon did not appear on that night*, as your Honor's almanac will show, until an hour or more later, and consequently the whole story is a fabrication."

. . . . . .

"Where is Mr. Lincoln?" inquired the acquitted son as the crowd pressed around him. Then, seeing his attorney's tall form on the other side of the room, he pushed through the assembly and grasped his deliverer by the hand, but he could not speak. Tears of gratitude filled the young man's eyes, expressing far more than he could have done by words.

The Pioneer Boy, William M. Thayer, page 297.

A Lawyer's Account of the Great Armstrong Trial

Lincoln's skill as a cross-examiner effected some of his most dramatic triumphs, and his *cause célèbre* is undoubtedly the trial of William Armstrong for the killing of James Metzker, where his talents in this particular saved the day for his client.

The story of this now famous case has often been recounted, and its dramatic features have been skilfully utilized in at least one volume of fiction. [As in "The Graysons," by Edward Eggleston.]

The defendant, William Armstrong, popularly known as

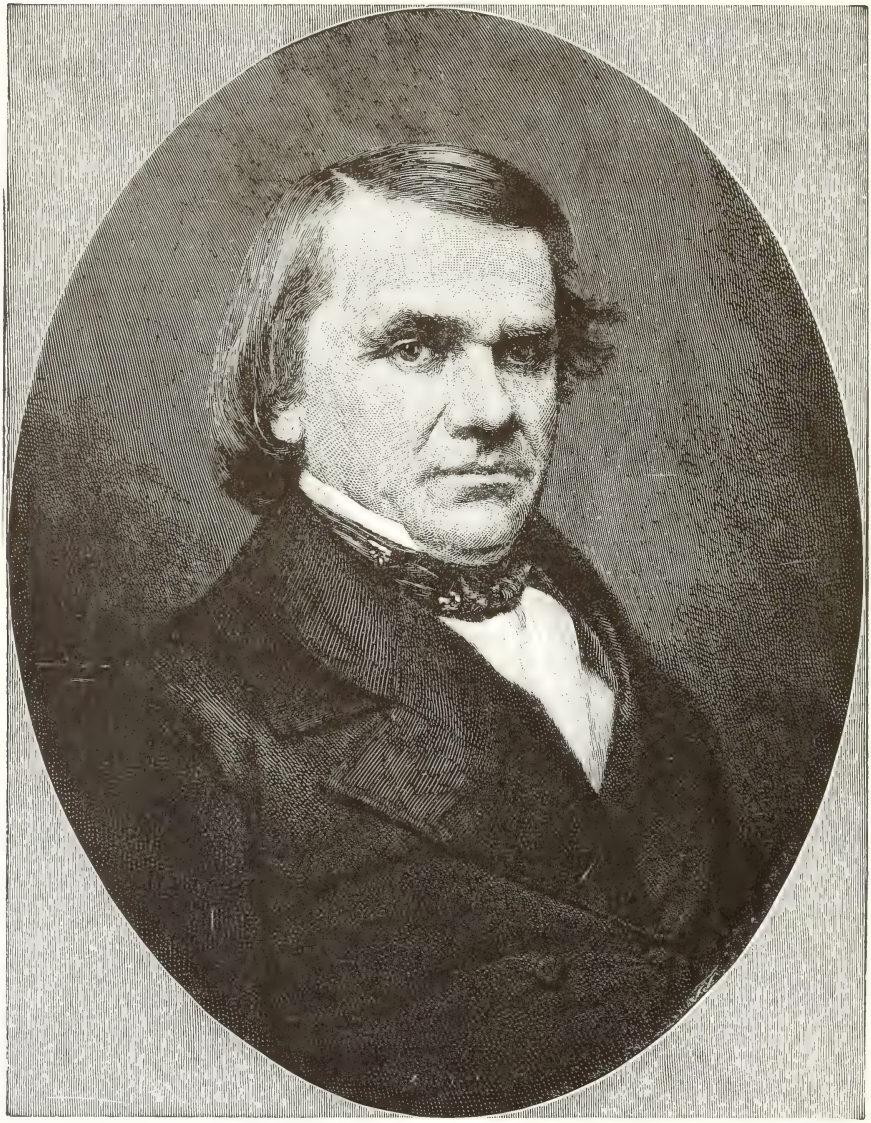
"Duff," was a youth of bad habits, and on August 29, 1857, while under the influence of liquor, he had quarreled with another young man by the name of Metzker, and had beaten him severely. This occurred during the afternoon; but when the quarrel was renewed late at night, one Norris joined in the fracas, and between him and Armstrong, Metzker received injuries which resulted in his death. Popular indignation against the accused was so violent in Mason County that Armstrong's lawyer moved for a change of venue, claiming that his client could not receive a fair trial in the local court, and the judge was apparently of the same opinion, for he removed the case to Beardstown, the county-seat of Cass County. . .

Despite the gloomy outlook, Lincoln took a hopeful view and reassured the anxious mother. Not only were the facts against his client, but the Illinois law of that day did not permit a defendant to testify in his own behalf, so that Armstrong was precluded from giving his own version of the story and denying the testimony of the accusing witnesses.

The Assistant Prosecuting Attorney was Mr. J. Henry Shaw, and Caleb J. Dillworth, another able lawyer, was associated with him, but Lincoln scored against them at the start by securing a jury of young men whose average age was not over twenty-five. Most of the witnesses were also young, and these Lincoln handled so skilfully on cross-examination that their testimony did not bear heavily against the accused. Almost all of them were from the neighborhood of New Salem, and whenever the examiner heard a familiar name he quickly took advantage of the opening to let the witness know that he was familiar with his home, knew his family, and wished to be his friend. These tactics succeeded admirably, and no very damaging testimony was elicited until a man by the name of Allen took the stand. This witness, however, swore that he actually saw the defendant strike the fatal blow with a slung-shot or some such weapon; and Lincoln, pressing him closely, forced him to locate the hour of the assault as about eleven at night, and then demanded that he inform the jury how he had managed to see so clearly at that time of night.

"By the moonlight," answered the witness, promptly.

"Well, was there light enough to see everything that happened?" persisted the examiner.



From *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.*

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS

Called "Judge" Douglas and "The Little Giant," with whom Lincoln engaged in the great debates Douglas defeated Lincoln in the election for Senator in 1858, but Lincoln defeated him for the Presidency in 1860. Douglas held Lincoln's hat during Lincoln's first Inaugural Address.

The witness responded that the moon was about in the same place that the sun would be at ten o'clock in the morning and was almost full—and the moment the words were out of his mouth the cross-examiner confronted him with a calendar showing that the moon, which at its best was only slightly past its first quarter on August 29, had afforded practically no light at eleven o'clock and that it had absolutely set at seven minutes after midnight. This was the turning-point in the case, and from that point Lincoln carried everything before him, securing an acquittal of the defendant after a powerful address to the jury.

There is a singular myth connected with this case, to the effect that Mr. Lincoln played a trick on the jurors by substituting an old calendar for the one for the year of the murder, and virtually manufacturing the testimony that carried the day. How such a rumor started no one can say, but it goes far to prove the impossibility of ever successfully refuting a lie; for, though repeatedly exposed, it still persists on the Illinois circuit to-day. The facts are, of course, that the calendar for August 29, 1857, shows the position of the moon precisely as Lincoln claimed it, . . . and an exhibit of that sort would be examined by the judge and the opposing lawyers as well as by the jury. . . . Therefore Lincoln would have been a fool as well as as a disreputable trickster, if he had resorted to the asinine practice outlined in this silly tale, which, practically disproves itself.

Lincoln the Lawyer, Frederick Trevor Hill, page 229.

[The same almanac story was told against General Benjamin F. Butler, a celebrated criminal lawyer in Massachusetts.—W. W.]

Douglas Accepts Lincoln's Challenge with—Regrets

With characteristic eagerness, Lincoln lost no time in beginning the contest. The evening of the day on which his nomination was made, he addressed the Convention in a speech which has since become famous because of its radical development of the test, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." . . . . .

A lion indeed . . . did the people make of the Democratic leader three weeks later. Returning home to Chicago, with the glory of his gallant fight against the Administration fresh about him,

he opened his canvass there on the evening of July 9th, at a magnificent public reception.

The speech made by the Senator on that occasion, from a balcony of the Tremont House, was a vigorous reply to Lincoln, of whom, in the flush of his pride, he spoke patronizingly as "a kind, amiable, and intelligent gentleman." The speaker might have added "alert" to this catalogue of good qualities, for Lincoln was present at the meeting, and when Douglas had concluded, he announced, in answer to calls for a speech, that he would reply from the same place, on the following evening.

At the time appointed the audience for the most part returned, but Douglas, not deigning to do so, went to a theater instead. When he spoke in Bloomington, on the 16th of July, Lincoln was again a watchful auditor, and the Senator's speech in Springfield, the next day, was followed within a few hours by his opponent's rejoinder to the Bloomington address. This continued, meeting after meeting. . . . .

Then Lincoln, recalling his old tactics at close quarters, challenged Douglas to a series of debates. In response, the latter having accepted the proposition, stipulated that there be seven meetings, at places and on dates specified by him. . . . . .

When the challenge was received, the Democratic leader said to certain of his political friends:

"I do not feel, between you and me, that I want to go into this debate. The whole country knows me and has me measured. Lincoln, as regards myself, is comparatively unknown, and if he gets the best of this debate—and I want to say he is the ablest man the Republicans have got,—I shall lose everything and Lincoln will gain everything. Should I win, I shall gain but little. I do not want to go into the debate with Abe."

Moreover, after agreeing to the proposed meetings—for there was no escape from them in 1858, any more than there had been in 1854—he declared to some of his supporters who spoke slightingly of his antagonist:

"Gentlemen, you do not know Mr. Lincoln. I have known him long and well, and I know that I shall have anything but an easy task. I assure you I would rather meet any other man in the country, in this joint debate, than Abraham Lincoln." . . . . .

A more emphatic, if not so dignified, form of the comment was that in which it had been expressed privately, on several occasions:

"Of all the damned Whig rascals about Springfield, Abe Lincoln is the ablest and most honest."

Discussing the nominee with John W. Forney, Douglas had observed:

"I shall have my hands full. He is the strong man of his party—full of wit, facts, dates—and the best stump-speaker, with his droll ways and dry jokes, in the West. He is as honest as he is shrewd; and if I beat him, my victory will be hardly won."

Lincoln, Master of Men, Alonzo Rothschild, page 94.

Dates of the Seven Debates

No one recognized more clearly than Lincoln the difference between himself and his opponent. "With me," he said sadly, in comparing the careers of himself and Douglas, "the race of ambition has been a failure—a flat failure. With him it has been one of splendid success." . . . . .

"Senator Douglas is of world-wide renown," he said; "all the anxious politicians of the party, or who have been of his party for years past, have been looking upon him as certainly, at no distant day, to be the President of the United States. They have seen in his round, jolly, fruitful face, post-offices, land-offices, marshalships, and Cabinet appointments, chargéships and foreign missions, bursting and sprouting out in wonderful exuberance, ready to be laid hold of by their greedy hands. . . .

"On the contrary, nobody has ever expected me to be President. In my poor, lean, lank face, nobody has ever seen that any cabbages were sprouting out. These are disadvantages, all taken together, that the Republicans labor under. We have to fight this battle upon principle, and principle alone."

If one will take a map of Illinois and locate the points of the Lincoln and Douglas debates held between August 21 and October 15, 1858, he will see that the whole State was traversed in the contest. The first took place at Ottawa, about seventy-five miles southwest of Chicago, on August 21; the second at Freeport, near the Wisconsin boundary, on August 27. The third was in the extreme southern part of the State, at Jonesboro, on September 15.

Three days later the contestants met one hundred and fifty miles northeast of Jonesboro, at Charleston. The fifth, sixth and seventh debates were held in the western part of the State; at Galesburg, October 7; Quincy, October 13; and Alton, October 15.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 309.

"Smelt No Royalty in Our Carriage"

Constant exposure and fatigue were unavoidable in meeting these engagements. Both contestants spoke almost every day through the intervals between the joint debates; and as railroad communication in Illinois in 1858 was still very incomplete, they were often obliged to resort to horse, carriage or steamer to reach the desired points.

Judge Douglas succeeded, however, in making this difficult journey something of a triumphal procession. . . . . On the Illinois Central Railroad he had always a special car, sometimes a special train. Frequently he swept by Lincoln, side-tracked in an accommodation or freight train.

"The gentleman in that car evidently smelt no royalty in our carriage," laughed Lincoln one day, as he watched from the caboose of a laid-up freight train the decorated special of Douglas flying by.

It was only when Lincoln left the railroad and crossed the prairie to speak at some isolated town, that he went in state. The attentions he received were often very trying to him. He detested what he called "fizzlegigs and fireworks," and would squirm in disgust when his friends gave him a genuine prairie ovation. Usually, when he was going to a point distant from the railway, a "distinguished citizen" met him at the station nearest the place with a carriage. When they were come within two or three miles of the town, a long procession with banners and band would appear, winding across the prairie to meet the speaker. A speech of greeting was made, and then the ladies of the entertainment committee would present Lincoln with flowers, sometimes even winding a garland about his head and lank figure. . . . . At the Ottawa debate the enthusiasm of his supporters was so great that they insisted on carrying him from the platform to the house where he was to be entertained. Powerless to escape from the clutches of his admirers he could only cry:

"Don't, boys; let me down; come now, don't!"

On arrival at the towns where the joint debates were held, Douglas was always met by a brass band and a salute of thirty-two guns (the Union was composed of thirty-two States in 1858), and was escorted to the hotel in the finest equipage to be had. Lincoln's supporters took delight in showing their contempt for Douglas's elegance by affecting a Republican simplicity, often carrying their candidate through the streets on a high and unadorned hay-rick.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 311.

Average of 10,000 People Attended Each Debate—Bands and Banners

The scenes in the towns on the occasion of the debates were perhaps never equalled at any other of the hustings of this country. No distance seemed too great for the people to go; no vehicle too slow or fatiguing. At Charleston there was a great delegation of men, women and children present which had come in a long procession from Indiana by farm wagons, afoot, on horseback, and in carriages.

The crowds at three or four of the debates were for that day immense. There were estimated to be from eight thousand to fourteen thousand people at Quincy, some six thousand at Alton, from ten thousand to fifteen thousand at Charleston, some twenty thousand at Ottawa. Many of those at Ottawa came the night before. . . . . .

When the crowd was massed at the place of the debate, the scene was one of the greatest hubbub and confusion. On the corners of the squares, and scattered around the outskirts of the crowd, were "fakirs" of every description, selling pain-killers and ague cures, watermelons and lemonade; jugglers and beggars plied their trades, and all the brass bands within twenty-five miles tooted and pounded at "Hail Columbia, Happy Land," or "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

Conspicuous in the procession at all the points was what Lincoln called the "Basket of Flowers," thirty-two young girls in a resplendent car, representing the Union. At Charleston a thirty-third young woman rode behind the car, representing Kansas. . . .

The mottoes at the different meetings epitomized the popular

conception of the issues and the candidates. Among the Lincoln sentiments were:

"Abe the Giant-Killer."

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way;
The girls link on to Lincoln, their mothers were for Clay."

"Free Territories and Free Men,
Free Pulpits and Free Preachers,
Free Press and a Free Pen,
Free Schools and Free Teachers."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 312.

Douglas, then Lincoln, at Havana, Illinois

"The next morning, August 13th, we boarded the steamer *Editor* and went to Havana, Mason County. Mr. Lincoln was in excellent spirits. Several of his old Whig friends were on board, and the journey was filled up with politics and story-telling. . . . . From the beginning to the end of our travels the fund of anecdotes never failed, and, wherever we happened to be, all the people within ear-shot would begin to work their way up to this inimitable story-teller. . . . . .

"Although the intervals between the meetings were filled up brimful with mirth in this way, Mr. Lincoln indulged very sparingly in humor in his speeches. I asked him one day why he did not oftener turn the laugh on Douglas. He replied that he was too much in earnest, and that it was doubtful whether turning the laugh on anybody really gained any votes.

"We arrived at Havana while Douglas was still speaking. The deputation that met Mr. Lincoln at the (steamboat) landing suggested that he should go up to the grove where the Democratic meeting was going on and hear what Douglas was saying. But he declined to do so, saying:

" 'The Judge was so put out by my listening to him at Bloomington and Clinton that I promised to leave him alone at his own meetings for the rest of the campaign. I understand that he is calling Trumbull and myself liars, and if he should see me in the

crowd he might be so ashamed of himself as to omit the most telling part of his argument.'

"I strolled up to the meeting just before its conclusion, and there met a friend who had heard the whole. He was in a state of high indignation. He said that Douglas must certainly have been drinking before he came on the platform, because he called Lincoln 'a liar, a coward, a wretch, and a sneak.'

"When Mr. Lincoln replied, on the following day, he took notice of Douglas's hard words in this way:

" 'I am informed that my distinguished friend yesterday became a little excited, nervous (?) perhaps, and he said something about fighting, as though looking to a personal encounter between himself and me. Did anybody in this audience hear him use such language?' ('Yes,' 'yes.') 'I am informed further, that somebody in his audience, rather more excited or nervous than himself, took off his coat and offered to take the job off Judge Douglas's hands and fight Lincoln himself. Did anybody here witness that warlike proceeding?' (Laughter and cries of 'yes.') 'Well, I merely desire to say that I shall fight neither Judge Douglas nor his second. I shall not do this for two reasons, which I will explain. In the first place, a fight would prove nothing which is in issue in this election. It might establish that Judge Douglas is a more muscular man than myself, or it might show that I am a more muscular man than Judge Douglas. But this subject is not referred to in the Cincinnati platform, nor in either of the Springfield platforms. Neither result would prove him right or me wrong. And so of the gentleman who offered to do his fighting for him. If my fighting Judge Douglas would not prove anything, it would certainly prove nothing for me to fight his bottle-holder.

" 'My second reason for not having a personal encounter with Judge Douglas is that I don't believe he wants it himself. He and I are about the best friends in the world, and when we get together he would no more think of fighting me than of fighting his wife. Therefore, when the Judge talked about fighting he was not giving vent to any ill-feeling of his own, but was merely trying to excite—well, let us say *enthusiasm* against me on the part of his audience. And, as I find he was tolerably successful in this, we will call it quits.' "

Horace White in *Herndon's Lincoln*, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. II, page 101.

"Let Me Entreat You to Come Back!"

"My countrymen, if you have been taught doctrines conflicting with the great landmarks of the Declaration of Independence; if you have listened to suggestions which would take away from its grandeur and mutilate the fair symmetry of its proportions; if you have been inclined to believe that all men are not created equal in those inalienable rights in our chart of liberty, let me entreat you to come back! Return to the fountain whose waters spring close by the blood of the Revolution. . . . . You may do anything with me you choose, if you will but heed these sacred principles; you may not only defeat me for the Senate, but you may take me and put me to death. . . . . I charge you to drop every paltry and insignificant thought for any man's success. It is nothing; I am nothing; Judge Douglas is nothing. But do not destroy that immortal emblem of Humanity—the Declaration of Independence."

Life and Works of Abraham Lincoln. Speech at Lewiston, Ill., August 17, 1858. *Douglas Debate*, Vol. I, page 127.

[The Chicago *Tribune*, commenting on this speech, called it "Lincoln's greatest inspiration."—W. W.]

The First of the Great Lincoln-Douglas Debates, at Ottawa, Illinois

It was half past two in the afternoon before a great shout announced the arrival of the champions, and a short, stout, but powerfully built man forced his way through the crowd and, stepping to the edge of the platform, bowed gracefully to the cheering multitudes. There was confidence in every line of Douglas's strong, clear-cut, clean-shaven face; confidence and complete self-possession in his every movement—confidence and determination in the glance he cast at his awkward rival, who, accompanied by his host, Mayor Glover, and the Congressional candidate, Owen Lovejoy, clumsily acknowledged the genuine burst of acclamation which greeted his appearance.

No time was wasted in introducing the speakers. Neither of them required such a formality, and yet it is improbable that a majority of the spectators had ever seen either man before. Certainly Lincoln was not personally known to many men in Illinois outside of the Eighth Judicial Circuit, and Douglas had spent far more time in Washington than he had in his own State during the last six years, while the population was increasing by leaps

and bounds. Douglas's reputation was, however, national in its scope—every one knew his record—while Lincoln was comparatively unknown. Such were the advantages and disadvantages of the combatants as Douglas rose and, with a brief reference to the vast audience confronting him, plunged at once into an argument attacking Lincoln and the Black Republicans as Abolitionists in disguise. Almost from his opening words the speaker assumed an air of superiority, stating his facts in a convincingly authoritative tone and belittling his adversary's political pretensions and generally treating him with such marked condescension that many of Lincoln's friends, watching his dark, homely, care-worn face, began to fear that he had displayed more courage than wisdom in courting comparison with so brilliant a rival. Douglas was not slow to press his advantage, and, encouraged by the laughter of his auditors, he proceeded to attack his opponent's doctrines.

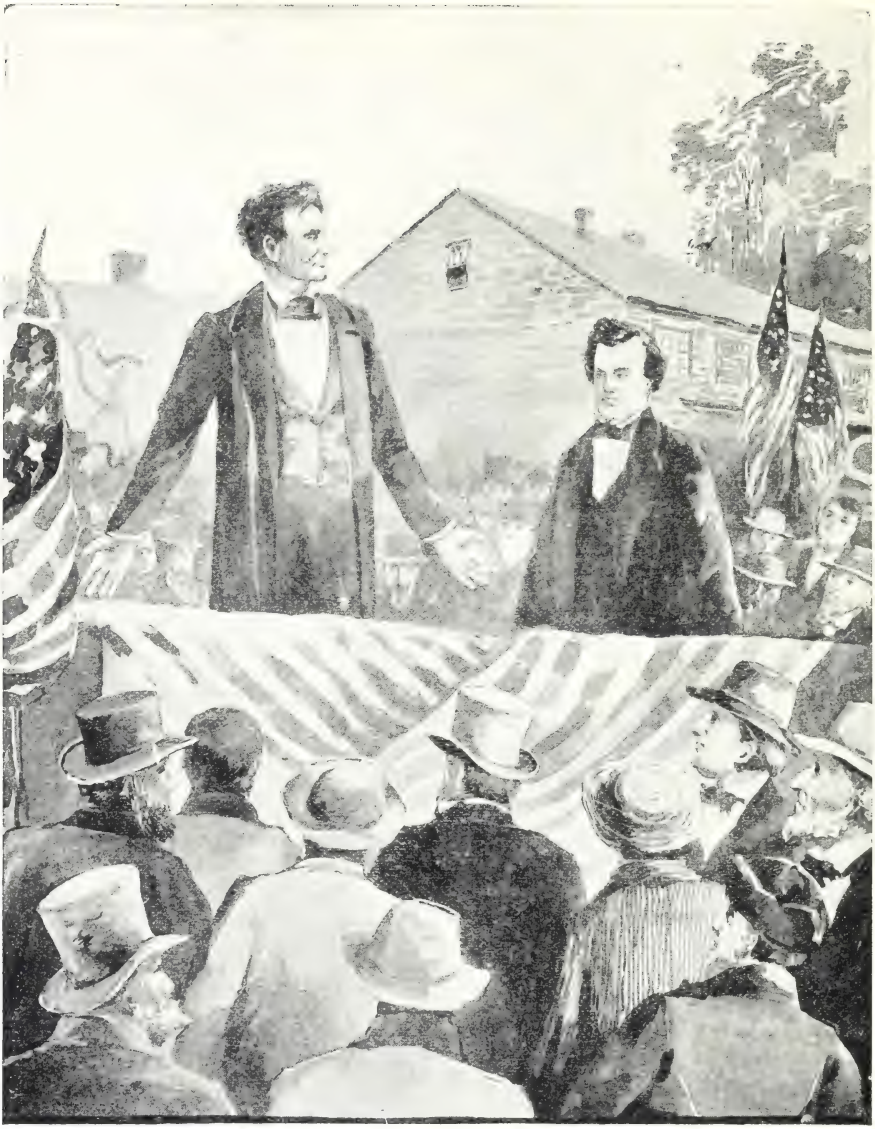
"Let me read a part of them," he continued, contemptuously. "In his speech at Springfield to the convention which nominated him for the Senate, Lincoln said: 'A house divided against itself can not stand. I believe this Government can not endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become lawful for all the States—old as well as new—North as well as South!' "

The words were scarcely uttered before a spontaneous burst of cheering rent the air, swelling to a mighty shout of approval and admiration from thousands of lusty lungs.

For a moment Douglas stood disconcerted by the unwelcome demonstration, but, almost immediately recovering his self-possession, he savagely attacked the interrupters.

"I am delighted to hear you, Black Republicans!" he roared. "I have no doubt that doctrine expresses your sentiments, and I will prove to you now that it is revolutionary and destructive of this Government!"

From that moment, however, the orator changed his tactics,



From *The True Story of Abraham Lincoln*, Elbridge S. Brooks.

A LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE

Each debate lasted three hours, the speakers alternating. If Lincoln spoke first he had an hour, then Douglas took an hour and a half, and Lincoln spoke a half hour in closing. It was by the wit, sound sense and good humor of his immediate half-hour replies that Lincoln scored so heavily against Douglas before audiences of many thousands who could all hear Lincoln's voice. At first Douglas attempted to confuse and worry his opponent with smart questions, until Lincoln, by **sharp retorts,** put a stop to this annoyance. This illustration shows one of these unwarranted **interruptions.**

indulging in no further personal comments and devoting himself to serious argument and pointed question until he again fixed the attention of his hearers and, regaining his confidence and good temper, closed his speech to a burst of well-earned cheering.

Then Lincoln slowly rose from his chair and faced the expectant multitude, presenting a contrast to his opponent almost as painful as it was apparent. His long, lank figure was clothed in garments as rusty and ill-fitting as the Judge's were fresh and well made. His coarse black hair was disheveled, his sad, anxious face displayed no confidence, his posture was an ungainly stoop, his manner was abjection itself. For a moment he gazed over the audience as though at a loss for words, and when at last be began speaking another disappointment chilled his supporters' hopes. His voice was unpleasantly high pitched, penetrating, and almost shrill, and his opening sentences, commonplace enough in themselves, were uttered hesitatingly, as though he were groping for words. Finally he took a note-book from his pocket and asked permission of the audience to read part of a printed speech he had made in 1854.

"Put on your specs!" called some one in the crowd, and the audience roared, expecting a smart reply. But no repartee came from the man whose reputation as a wit and a jester was supposedly assured.

"Yes, sir, I am obliged to do so," he responded gravely. "I am no longer a young man."

The disappointment of the speaker's friends was plainly visible, but even as they strove to conceal their embarrassment their champion began to retrieve himself. Still speaking slowly, but with gathering energy, he gradually straightened to his full height, his voice lost something of its rasp and gained in volume and quality, his eyes brightened, his face became more animated, his gestures freer, and his words commenced to flow more easily. Little by little the hopes of his supporters revived and all signs of restlessness disappeared, the audience listening silently and with growing interest, for Lincoln's voice, carrying much further than his opponent's, reached the very outskirts of the crowd. Those who had come expecting to be amused by anecdotes had reason to feel aggrieved, however, for no funny stories or drolleries of any kind fell from the

speaker's lips, yet the vast assemblage listened quietly to every word he spoke. It was no sudden burst of eloquence nor any trick of declamation which won that tribute of respectful silence, and yet the man was eloquent with his earnest sincerity, his simple logic, his clear analysis, his orderly presentment of intelligent argument. With steadily increasing force he spoke directly to those before him, his wonderful eyes seeking individuals in the crowd and holding them enthralled until each hearer felt himself the one distinguished and specially addressed. There was no escaping him; he appealed personally to all within sound of his voice, meeting his adversary's arguments with a clarity and simplicity of statement that all could grasp, until he dominated the audience, swaying it to his will. Then slowly, and almost imperceptibly, he passed to his peroration, his sentences ringing out boldly and defiantly and arousing a tumult of cheering that died down only to burst out again, swelling to shout after shout of frenzied approbation as he closed.

With half an hour at his disposal for reply, Douglas struggled hard to stem this tide of popular approval and regain his lost advantage, but in vain. At the close of his rejoinder the audience applauded and then—as though by common consent—stormed the platform and carried his opponent off on their shoulders, five thousand men struggling to share in the ovation.

A Battle of the Giants, Frederick Trevor Hill, *Collier's* for February 9, 1907, page 14.

"Hold My Coat while I Stone Stephen!"

Douglas led off with so captivating a discourse that his opponent's adherents believed the battle was won. . . . But Lincoln got up as soon as the cheers died away, looking taller and more angular than ever. Taking off his long linen duster, he dropped it on the arm of a young bystander, remarking in his far-pervading voice:

"Hold my coat *while I stone Stephen!*"

This went far toward annulling the good effect of Stephen A. Douglas's harangue and Lincoln was heard with keen attention.

Lincolnics, Henry Llewellyn Williams, page 77.

A Good-Humored Retort

"Fellow-Citizens: My friend, Judge Douglas, made the startling announcement to-day that the Whigs are all dead.

"If that be so, fellow-citizens, you will now experience the novelty of hearing a speech from a dead man; and I suppose you might properly say, in the language of the old hymn:

" 'Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound.' "

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Paul Selby, page 115.

"Nasby" Contrasts Lincoln and Douglas

The difference between the two men was illustrated that day in their opening remarks. Lincoln said (I quote from memory):

"I have had no immediate conference with Judge Douglas, but I am sure that he and I will agree that your entire silence when I speak and he speaks will be most agreeable to us."

Douglas said at the beginning of his speech: "The highest compliment *you can pay* ME is by observing a strict silence. *I desire rather to be heard than applauded.*"

The inborn modesty of the one and the boundless vanity of the other could not be better illustrated. Lincoln claimed nothing for himself—Douglas spoke as if applause *must* follow *his* utterances.

The character of the two men was still better illustrated in their speeches. The self-sufficiency of Douglas in his opening might be pardoned, for he had been fed on applause; . . . . but his being a popular idol could not justify the demagogy that saturated the speech itself. Douglas was the demagogue all the way through. There was no trick of presentation that he did not use. He suppressed facts, twisted conclusions, and perverted history. He wriggled and turned and dodged; he appealed to prejudices; in short, it was evident that what he was laboring for was Douglas and nothing else. . . . .

Lincoln, on the other hand, kept strictly to the questions at issue, and no one could doubt but that the cause for which he was speaking was the only thing he had at heart; that his personal interests did not weigh a particle. . . . . He knew that the people had intelligence enough to strike the average correctly. His great strength was in trusting the people instead of considering them as babes in arms. He did not profess to know everything.

The audience admired Douglas, but they respected his simple-minded opponent.

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, David R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby"). Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 443.

Discussing the Dred Scott Decision

From the moment of collision it was evident that a great struggle was imminent, and, despite the applause and flattery of his supporters, Douglas must have known in his heart of hearts that he had at last met his match.

Brilliant and resourceful as he was in popular appeal, his dexterity with the weapons of debate was more than offset by Lincoln's better knowledge of law and his greater familiarity with legal argument, and the contest hinged largely upon the effect of the Dred Scott case decided by the Supreme Court.

Dred Scott, it will be remembered, was a negro whose Missouri master, after a short residence in Illinois, had moved into what was then Wisconsin Territory (now Minnesota) with the slave, and, after living there for a time, had returned to Missouri and sold him.

Scott thereupon sued in a Missouri court to establish his freedom, claiming that his residence in the free State of Illinois and the free Territory of Wisconsin had emancipated him. The first local court sustained his contention, but the decision was reversed on appeal. He was then sold to a man in New York, and began another suit in the federal courts of St. Louis, which promptly ruled against him.

The case was then appealed to the United States Supreme Court at Washington, where the plaintiff was represented by Montgomery Blair and George Ticknor Curtis, and the defendant by Reverdy Johnson, whom Lincoln had hoped to meet in the McCormick case, and after two elaborate hearings Scott was declared a slave by a divided vote of the judges, two of whom wrote dissenting opinions. This decision of the highest tribunal in the country was expected to settle the slavery issue, for it decreed protection to slave-owners in the enjoyment of their property wherever situated, as a constitutional right.

Lincoln, however, promptly challenged the authority of any court to dispose of a great national issue such as the slavery question, and early in the debate with Douglas he forced the discussion of this subject to the fore.

"In the field of argumentative statement, Mr. Webster at the time of his death had no rival in America," says Mr. Boutwell, "but

he has left nothing more exact, explicit and convincing than this extract from Lincoln's first speech in the great debate:

"'If any man choose to enslave another, no third man shall be allowed to object,'

which embodies the substance of the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Dred Scott case."

Douglas instantly responded by declaring that those who resisted the finding of the Court were traitors fomenting revolution, and that his adversary's duty as a lawyer was to uphold the law and discountenance resistance to its decrees. But Lincoln's reply was so calm, fair, dignified, and professionally correct, that it not only put his accuser completely in the wrong, but placed his opposition on a high and perfectly legal plane:

"We believe as much as Judge Douglas (perhaps more) in obedience to and respect for the judicial department of government," he asserted. "But we think the Dred Scott decision is erroneous. We know the Court that made it has often overruled its own decisions and we shall do what we can to have it overrule this. We offer no resistance to it. If this important decision had been made by the unanimous concurrence of the judges, and without any apparent partizan bias and in accordance with legal public expectation and the steady practice of the departments throughout our history, and had been in no part based on assumed historical facts which are not really true; or if, wanting in some of these, it had been before the Court more than once, and had there been affirmed and reaffirmed through a course of years, it then might be, perhaps would be, factious, nay, even revolutionary, not to acquiesce in it as a precedent. But when, as is true, we find it wanting in all these claims to the public confidence, it is not resistance, it is not factious, it is not even disrespectful, to treat it as not having yet quite established a settled doctrine for the country."

Lincoln the Lawyer, Frederick Trevor Hill, page 270.

The Conference over Lincoln's Proposed Questions

"The next joint debate was to take place at Freeport six days later. In the interval, Mr. Lincoln addressed meetings in Henry, Marshall County; Augusta, Hancock County; and Macomb, McDon-

ough County. During this interval he prepared the answer to the seven questions put to him by Douglas at Ottawa, and wrote the four questions that he propounded to Douglas at Freeport. The second of these, viz:

" 'Can the people of a United States Territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a State Constitution?'

was made the subject of a conference between Mr. Lincoln and a number of his friends from Chicago, among whom were Norman B. Judd and Dr. C. H. Ray, the latter the chief editor of the (Chicago) *Tribune*. This conference took place at the town of Dixon. I was not present, but Doctor Ray told me that all who were there counseled Mr. Lincoln not to put that question to Douglas, because he would answer it in the affirmative and thus probably secure his re-election. . . . Mr. Lincoln replied that to draw an affirmative answer from Douglas on this question was exactly what he wanted."

Horace White in *Herndon's Lincoln*, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. II, page 108.

"The Battle of 1860 Is Worth a Hundred of This"

"If he does that," said Mr. Lincoln, "he can never be President." " But," said the friends, "he may be Senator."

"Perhaps," he replied, "but I am after larger game; the battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Isaac N. Arnold, page 151.

The Second Debate, at Freeport—Its Fatal Question and Answer

Freeport, the place of their next meeting (August 27th), was in a region where, as in the Ottawa district, even the "regular" Democrats had repeatedly indorsed what Douglas was now calling Abolition sentiments.

The opening was made lively and picturesque by the arrival of the Little Giant in a gay *barouche* drawn by four white horses and loudly greeted by the throng; and still wilder applause hailed the advent of Lincoln, whose chariot was a plain "prairie schooner."

This occasion is chiefly memorable for one of the series of questions propounded to Douglas and for the answer given, which bore on his subsequent career with the power of inexorable fate.

After some preliminary remarks, Lincoln said of the questions asked of him at Ottawa:

"I now propose that I shall answer any of the interrogatories upon condition that he will answer questions from me not exceeding the same number. I give him an opportunity to respond. [*A pause.*] The Judge remains silent. I will now say that I will answer his interrogatories, whether he answers mine or not; and after I have done so, I shall propound mine to him."

He then read the seven questions of Douglas, answering in substance that he was . . . . "impliedly, if not expressly, pledged to a belief in the right and duty of Congress to prohibit slavery in all the United States Territories; and was not generally opposed to the honest acquisition of territory." . . . . . .

After a fuller expression of his views on some of these points, he propounded four questions to Douglas, of which the second was as follows:

"Can the people of a United States Territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits?"

The friends of Lincoln were "thunderstruck" when they heard this question read from the stand, feeling that this insured their candidate's defeat.

When Douglas in his response came to this interrogatory, he read it with assurance and exultation in his voice, promptly answered it in the affirmative, and was "immensely applauded." It seemed as if this were just the opportunity he had longed for.

"It matters not," he said, "what way the Supreme Court may hereafter decide as to the abstract question as to whether slavery may or may not go into a Territory under the Constitution, the people have the lawful means to introduce it or exclude it, as they please, for the reason that slavery cannot exist a day or an hour anywhere unless it is supported by local police regulations. . . . I hope Mr. Lincoln deems my answer satisfactory on that point."

Lincoln's questioning brought so explicit and direct an answer at this time—in spite of the Supreme Court's decision—as to make a positive impression at the South. Douglas in vain tried to remove it, even quoting from a speech made by Jefferson Davis in

Maine, before the Kansas-Nebraska act was passed, as sustaining his own view. He was not forgiven, and on no one did his Freeport avowal take effect more adversely to Douglas than upon Jefferson Davis himself. By forcing Douglas to commit himself upon this question in exact terms, Lincoln counted on widening the breach in the Democratic party to the advantage of the Republican cause, whatever the first effect on himself. His sagacity in this will not now be disputed.

Abraham Lincoln and His Presidency, Joseph H. Barrett, LL.D., Vol. I, page 177.

The "Thinness" of Douglas's Freeport Sophism

This rare sophism, "as thin," to use a Lincolnian illustration, "as the homeopathic soup that was made by boiling the shadow of a pigeon that had been starved to death," had nevertheless served Douglas's purpose with the Democrats of Illinois. But how had it affected his popularity with the party at large, and, above all, would it, as Lincoln had predicted, cost him the Presidency?

Lincoln, Master of Men, Alonzo Rothschild, page 117.

Douglas Falls into Lincoln's Trap

The answer to this question required Douglas *to interpret the Dred Scott decision.* If he replied in the negative the people of Illinois would repudiate him, because they would not countenance the idea that the mischief had been done and that slavery had already been forced upon the Territories. If, on the other hand, he answered that the Territories were still free to choose or reject slavery, he would have to explain away the Dred Scott decision, which guaranteed protection to slave property in the Territories as a *constitutional right;* and this would displease the Southern Democracy, which was then listening to his every word to determine whether he was or was not a safe Presidential candidate. . . .

As soon as he had uttered it, Douglas must have seen that his answer involved a gross blunder in law; but if he had any doubt on the matter, Lincoln speedily dispelled it. 'How could the *constitutional* right of peaceful enjoyment of slave property guaranteed in the Dred Scott case be canceled by police or any other hostile legislation?' he demanded. Any such ordinance or law would be contrary to the Constitution *and absolutely void.* Either Judge

Douglas's answer or the doctrine of the Supreme Court was bad law, for the one was inconsistent with the other.

But illogical as it was, this fallacy caught the popular fancy, and Douglas, seeing that it satisfied his constituents, held to it and was elected to the Senate. Nevertheless, as Lincoln anticipated, his blunder in law cost him the Presidency, and not long afterward Judah Benjamin, one of the most ardent and able representatives of the South, arraigned him as a renegade and traitor.

Lincoln the Lawyer, Frederick Trevor Hill, page 276.

"It's Too Big a Thing for You; You Will Never Get It!"

He and I met accidentally, about nine o'clock on a hot, sultry evening, at a flag railroad station about twenty miles west of Springfield, on my return from a great meeting at Petersburg in Menard County. He had been driven to the station in a buggy and left there alone. I was already there. The train that we intended to take for Springfield was about due. After vainly waiting for half an hour for its arrival, a thunderstorm compelled us to take refuge in an empty freight car standing on a side track, there being no buildings of any sort at the station. We squatted on the floor of the car and fell to talking on all sorts of subjects. It was then and there that he told me that, when he was clerking in a country store, his highest political ambition was to be a member of the State Legislature. "Since then, of course," he said laughingly, "I have grown some, but my friends got me into *this* business [meaning the canvass]. I did not consider myself qualified for the United States Senate, and it took me a long time to persuade myself that I was. Now, to be sure," he continued with another of his peculiar laughs, "I am convinced that I am good enough for it; but in spite of it all, I am saying to myself every day: 'It's too big a thing for you; you will never get it.' Mary [his wife] insists, however, that I am going to be Senator and President of the United States, too." These last words he followed with a roar of laughter, with his arms around his knees, and shaking all over with mirth at his wife's ambition. "Just think," he exclaimed, "of such a Sucker as me as President!"

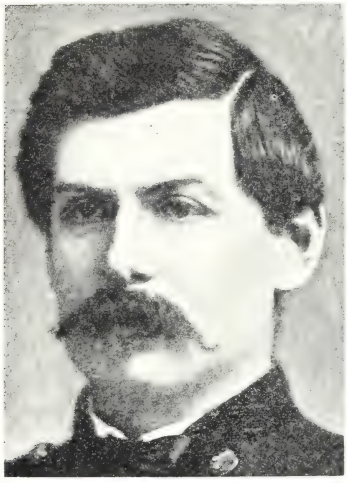
Memoirs of Henry Villard, Vol. I, page 96.

[NOTE.—"Sucker" is a name applied facetiously to a resident of Illinois, as "Hoosier" is given to a native of Indiana.—W. W.]

McClellan, Vice-President of the Illinois Central Railroad, with Douglas and against Lincoln

Another incident in point is recalled by Major Whitney:

"Lincoln and I," says he, "were at the Centralia agricultural fair the day after the debate at Jonesboro. Night came on and we were tired, having been on the fair grounds all day. We were to go north on the Illinois Central Railroad. The train was due at midnight and the depot was full of people. I managed to get a chair for Lincoln in the office of the superintendent of the railroad, but small politicians would intrude so that he could get scarcely a moment's sleep. The train came and was filled instantly. I got a seat near the door for Lincoln and myself. He was worn out and had to meet Douglas the next day at Charleston. An empty car, called a saloon car, was hitched on to the rear of the train and locked up. I asked the conductor, who knew Lincoln and myself well,—we were both attorneys of the road,—if Lincoln could not ride in that car; that he was exhausted and needed rest; but the conductor refused. I afterwards got him in by a stratagem.



GEORGE B. McCLELLAN IN '58

"At the same time, George B. McClellan in person [then Vice-President of the road] was taking Douglas around in a special car and special train; and that was the unjust treatment Lincoln got from the Illinois Central Railroad!"

Henry C. Whitney as quoted in *Lincoln, Master of Men*, Alonzo Rothschild, page 112.

"You Can't Disprove a Proposition by Calling Euclid a Liar"

During this debate [at Charleston] many points made by Lincoln were suggestive of his training: his figures of speech were almost always drawn from his personal experience in the backwoods, on the farm, or from his more recent studies in American history. To one who has followed the history of the man, an examination of these remarkable traces of Lincoln's mental habits and earlier

pursuits is exceedingly interesting. For example, after he had been admitted to the Bar, noticing the frequent use of the word "demonstrate," and feeling that a mathematical proposition, as demonstrated, was a good illustration of the power of truth, he manfully went at the study of Euclid, and, to use his own expression, "collared" it before he left it.

In the debates with Douglas he was irritated with Douglas's constant iteration of the charge that he, Lincoln, had endorsed certain statements of Senator Trumbull's that were, as Douglas said, untrue. Finally Lincoln said:

"Why, sir, there is not a single statement in Trumbull's speech that depends on Trumbull's veracity. Why does not Judge Douglas answer the facts? . . . . . If you have studied geometry you remember that by a course of reasoning Euclid proves that all the angles in a triangle are equal to two right angles. Euclid has shown how to work it out. Now, if you undertook to disprove that proposition, to prove that it was erroneous, could you do it by calling Euclid a liar?

"That is the way Judge Douglas answers Trumbull."

Abraham Lincoln and the Downfall of American Slavery, Noah Brooks, page 177.

Douglas Like a Cuttlefish

(Part of Lincoln's reply to Douglas in the Debate at Charleston, September 18, 1858.)

"Judge Douglas is *playing cuttlefish*—a small species of fish that has no mode of defending itself when pursued except by throwing out a black fluid which makes the water so dark the enemy cannot see it; and thus it escapes."

Life and Works of Abraham Lincoln, Douglas Debate, Vol. II, page 33.

How Lincoln Shook a Witness

During the joint debates [at Charleston] Douglas accused Lincoln of having, while in Congress, voted against the appropriation for supplies to be sent the United States soldiers in Mexico. In reply Lincoln said:

"This is a perversion of the facts. I was opposed to the policy of the administration in declaring war against Mexico; but when war was declared I never failed to vote for the support of any proposition looking to the comfort of our poor fellows who were main-

taining the dignity of our flag in a war that I thought unnecessary and unjust."

He gradually became more and more excited; his voice thrilled and his whole frame shook. Sitting on the stand was O. B. Ficklin, [a Douglas man] who had served in Congress with Lincoln in 1847.

Lincoln reached back, took Ficklin by the coat-collar, back of his neck, and in no gentle manner lifted him from his seat, as if he were a kitten, and roared:

"Fellow-citizens, here is Ficklin, who was at that time in Congress with me, and he knows it is a lie."

After the speaking was over, Ficklin, who had a warm personal friendship with him, said:

"Lincoln, you nearly shook all the Democracy out of me to-day."

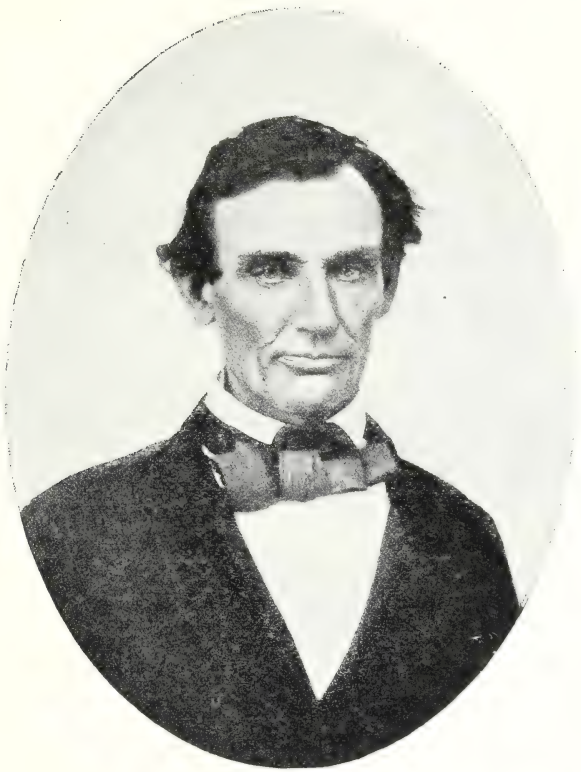
"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 167.

"The Judge Was on the Wrong Side of the Bar"

I was in Macomb, Illinois, and heard that Lincoln and Douglas were to have a joint debate in Galesburg. I determined to hear that discussion, and, with much difficulty, for I was penniless, managed to get there. Nearly every detail of that memorable occasion has vanished from my memory except the introduction to Lincoln's speech and the closing part of that of Douglas. I never shall forget them.

Judge Douglas closed his speech with a very bitter attack upon Lincoln's career. He said that Lincoln had tried everything and had always been a failure. He had tried farming, and had failed at that,—had tried flatboating, and had failed at that,—had tried school-teaching, and had failed at that,—had sold liquor in a saloon, and had failed at that, —had tried law, and had failed at that,—and now he had gone into politics, and was doomed to make the worst failure of all. "That is the man," said Judge Douglas, "who wants my place in the Senate. You don't know him in the northern part of the State so well as we do who live in the southern part."

That part of Judge Douglas's speech aroused my anger to white heat, and I was provoked at Lincoln as he sat there and laughed during its delivery. He seemed to be greatly amused by it. At length he rose to reply. He came forward and said that he was very



LINCOLN IN 1858

While the great debates were in progress, he sat for this ambrotype at Pittsfield, Illinois, October 1 just after making a speech in the public square.

much obliged to Judge Douglas for the very accurate history that he had taken the trouble to compile. It was all true,—every word of it. "I have," said Lincoln, "worked on a farm; I have split rails; I have worked on a flatboat; I have tried to practise law. There is just one thing that Judge Douglas forgot to relate. He says that I sold liquor over a counter. He forgot to tell you that, while I was one side of the counter, the Judge was always on the other side."

[Some auditors state that Lincoln added: "But *I* have quit the business!"—W. W.]

That allusion to Judge Douglas's well-known infirmity set the whole audience wild. The people rent the heavens with their shouts. It was quite a long time before quiet was restored. Then Mr. Lincoln delivered one of those masterly orations that made him famous.

Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln, Thomas H. Tibbles. *Success Magazine*, Vol. IX, February, 1906, page 137.

"Just Before the Battle" at Quincy

One of the appointments called me to Quincy (Illinois) on the day when one of the great debates between Lincoln and Douglas was to take place there, and on that occasion I was to meet Abraham Lincoln myself. On the evening before the day of the debate, I was on a railroad train bound for Quincy. The car in which I traveled was full of men who discussed the question with great animation. A member of the Republican State Committee accompanied me and sat by my side.

All at once, after the train had left a way station, I observed a great commotion among my fellow-passengers, many of whom jumped from their seats and passed eagerly around a tall man who had just entered the car. They addressed him in the most familiar style: "Hello, Abe! How are you?" and so on. And he responded in the same manner: "Good evening, Ben! How are you, Joe? Glad to see you, Dick!" and there was much laughter at some things he said, which, in the confusion of voices, I could not understand.

"Why," exclaimed my companion, the committee-man, "there's Lincoln himself!" He pressed through the crowd and introduced me to Abraham Lincoln, whom I then saw for the first time. . . . .

He received me with an off-hand cordiality, like an old acquaintance, having been informed of what I was doing in the cam-

paign, and we sat down together. In a somewhat high-pitched but pleasant voice he began to talk to me, telling me much about the points he and Douglas had made in the debates at different places, and about those he intended to make at Quincy on the morrow.

When, in a tone of perfect ingenuousness, he asked me—a young beginner in politics—what I thought about this and that, I should have felt very much honored by his confidence, had he permitted me to regard him as a great man. But he talked in so simple and familiar a strain, and his manner and homely phrase were so absolutely free from any semblance of self-consciousness or pretension to superiority, that I soon felt as if I had known him all my life, and we had long been close friends. . . . .

When we arrived at Quincy, we found a large number of friends waiting for him, and there was much hand-shaking and many familiar salutations again. Then they got him into a carriage, much against his wish, for he said he would prefer to "foot it to Browning's," an old friend's house, where he was to have supper and a quiet night. But the night was by no means quiet outside. The blare of brass bands and the shouts of enthusiastic and not in all cases quite sober Democrats and Republicans, cheering and hurrahing for their respective champions, did not cease until the small hours.

The next morning the country people began to stream into town for the great meeting, some singly, on foot or on horseback, or small parties of men and women, and even children, in buggies or farm wagons; while others were marshaled in solemn procession from outlying towns or districts with banners and drums, many of them headed by maidens in white with tri-colored scarfs, who represented the Goddess of Liberty and the different States of the Union, and whose beauty was duly admired by everyone, including themselves. On the whole, the Democratic displays were much more elaborate and gorgeous than those of the Republicans, and it was said that Douglas had plenty of money to spend for such things. He himself also traveled in what was called in those days "great style," with a secretary and servants and a numerous escort of somewhat loud companions, moving from place to place by special train with cars specially decorated for the occasion, all of which contrasted strongly with Lincoln's extremely modest simplicity.

The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz, Vol. II, page 89.

The Sixth Joint Debate, at Quincy

The great debate took place in the afternoon on the open square, where a large pine-board platform had been built for the committee of arrangements, the speakers, and the persons they wished to have with them. I thus was favored with a seat on that platform. In front of it many thousands of people were assembled, Republicans and Democrats standing peaceably together, only chaffing one another now and then in a good-tempered way.

As the champions arrived they were demonstratively cheered by their adherents. The presiding officer agreed upon by the two parties called the meeting to order and announced the program of proceedings. Mr. Lincoln was to open with an allowance of an hour, and Senator Douglas was to follow with a speech of one hour and a half, and Mr. Lincoln was to speak half an hour in conclusion. The first part of Mr. Lincoln's opening address was devoted to a refutation of some things Douglas had said at previous meetings. This refutation may, indeed, have been required for the settlement of disputed points, but it did not strike me as anything extraordinary, either in substance or in form. . . . .

There was, however, in all he said, a tone of earnest truthfulness, of elevated, noble sentiment, and of kindly sympathy, which added greatly to the strength of his argument, and became, as in the course of his speech he touched upon the moral side of the question in debate, powerfully impressive. Even when attacking his opponent with keen satire or invective, which, coming from any other speaker, would have sounded bitter and cruel, there was still a certain something in his utterance making his hearers feel that those thrusts came from a reluctant heart, and that he would much rather have treated his foe as a friend.

When Lincoln had sat down amid the enthusiastic plaudits of his adherents, I asked myself with some trepidation in my heart, "What will Douglas say now?" . . . .

No more striking contrast could have been imagined than that between those two men as they appeared upon the platform. By the side of Lincoln's tall, lank, and ungainly form, Douglas stood almost like a dwarf, very short of stature, but square-shouldered and broad-chested, a massive head upon a strong neck, the very embodiment of force, combativeness, and staying power. . . . .

On the stage at Quincy he looked rather natty and well groomed in excellently fitting broadcloth and shining linen. But his face seemed a little puffy, and it was said that he had been drinking hard with some boon companions either on his journey or after his arrival. The deep horizontal wrinkle between his keen eyes was unusually dark and scowling. While he was listening to Lincoln's speech, a contemptuous smile now and then flitted across his lips, and when he rose, the tough parliamentary gladiator, he tossed his mane with an air of overbearing superiority, of threatening defiance, as if to say, "How dare any one stand up against me?"

As I looked at him, I detested him deeply; but my detestation was not free from an anxious dread as to what was to come. His voice, naturally a strong baritone, gave forth a hoarse and rough, and at times even something like a barking sound. His tone was, from the very start, angry, dictatorial, and insolent in the extreme. In one of his first sentences he charged Lincoln with "base insinuations," and then he went on in that style with a wrathful frown on his brow, defiantly shaking his head, clenching his fists, and stamping his feet. No language seemed too offensive for him, and even inoffensive things he would sometimes bring out in a manner which sounded as if intended to be insulting; and thus he occasionally called forth, instead of applause from his friends, demonstrations of remonstrance from the opposition. But his sentences were well put together, his points strongly accentuated, his argumentation seemingly clear and plausible, his sophisms skilfully woven so as to throw the desired flood of darkness upon the subject and thus beguile the untutored mind, his appeals to prejudice unprincipled and reckless, but shrewdly aimed, and his invectives vigorous and exceedingly trying to the temper of the assailed party. On the whole, his friends were well pleased with his performance, and rewarded him with vociferous cheers.

But then came Lincoln's closing speech of half an hour, which seemed completely to change the temper of the atmosphere. He replied to Douglas's arguments and attacks with rapid thrusts so deft and piercing, with humorous retort so quaint and pat, with witty illustrations so clinching, and he did it all so good-naturedly, that the meeting, again and again, broke out into bursts of delight by which even many of his opponents were carried away, while the scowl on Douglas's face grew darker and darker.

The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz, Vol. II, page 92.

"A Chance to Breathe"

I succeeded in obtaining an interview with him after the crowd had departed. He sat in the room with his boots off to relieve his very large feet from the pain occasioned by continuous standing,—or to put it in his own words:

"I like to give my feet a chance to breathe."

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, David R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby"). Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 441.

The Seventh and Last Debate, at Alton

At their last joint discussion in October, at Alton, where Lovejoy, twenty-one years before, had been killed because of his fidelity to freedom, Lincoln, in closing the debate, said:

"Is slavery wrong? That is the real issue. That is the issue that will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time; and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the divine right of kings. It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says:

" 'You work, and toil, and earn bread, and I'll eat it.' No matter in what shape it comes, whether from the mouth of a king who seeks to bestride the people of his own nation, and live by the fruit of their labor, or from one race of men, as an apology for enslaving another race, it is the same tyrannical principle. . . . .

"Has anything ever threatened the existence of the Union, save and except this very institution of slavery? What is it that we hold most dear among us? Our own liberty and prosperity. What has ever threatened our liberty and prosperity except this institution of slavery? If this is true how do you propose to improve the condition of things by enlarging slavery? By spreading it out and making it bigger?. . . . . That is no proper way of treating what you regard as wrong."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Isaac N. Arnold, page 151.

Senator Trumbull in the Campaign

"Mention should be made of the services of Senator Trumbull in the campaign. Mr. Trumbull was a political debater, scarcely,

if at all, inferior to either Lincoln or Douglas. He had given Douglas more trouble in the Senate, during the three years he had been there, than anybody else in that body. He had known Douglas from his youth, and he knew all the joints in his armor. He possessed a courage equal to any occasion, and he wielded a blade of tempered steel. . . . . .

"Douglas scented danger when Trumbull took the field, and with his usual adroitness sought to gain sympathy by making it appear that it was no fair game. At Havana . . . he made a rather moving remonstrance against this 'playing of two upon one,' as he called it. Mr. Lincoln, in his speech at the same place, thought it worth while to reply:

"'I understand,' he said, 'that Judge Douglas yesterday referred to the fact that both Judge Trumbull and myself are making speeches throughout the State to beat him for the Senate, and that he tried to create sympathy by the suggestion that this was playing *two upon one* against him. . . . Judge Trumbull is a Republican like myself, and he naturally feels a lively interest in the success of his party. Is there anything wrong about that?'

"Douglas had as many helpers as Lincoln had. His complaint implied that there was nobody on the Democratic side who was anywhere near being a match for Trumbull, and this was the fact."

Horace White, quoted in *Herndon's Lincoln*, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. II, page 129.

"It Hurt Too Bad to Laugh, and He Was Too Big to Cry"

The immediate result of the campaign was the triumph of Douglas, who had certainly made not only a very able and brilliant but a splendidly gallant fight, with Republicans assailing him in front and Administrationists in rear. Lincoln was disappointed. His feelings had been so deeply engaged, and he had worked so strenuously, and the result had been so much in doubt, that defeat was trying. But he bore it with his wonted resolute equanimity. He said he felt "like the boy that stumped his toe,—'it hurt too bad to laugh, and he was too big to cry.'" In fact, there were encouraging elements. The popular vote stood: Republicans, 126,084; Douglas Democrats, 121,940; Lecompton Democrats, 5,091. But the apportionment of districts was such that the Legislature contained a majority for Douglas.

So the prestige of victory seemed separated from its fruits; for the nation, attentively watching this duel, saw that the new man had convinced upwards of four thousand voters more than had the great leader of the Democracy. Douglas is reported to have said that, during his sixteen years in Congress, he had found no man in the Senate whom he would not rather encounter in debate than Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln, John T. Morse, Jr., Vol. I, page 149.

No "Bar'l of Money" for Lincoln in That Campaign

The result of the campaign of 1858 wrought more disaster to Lincoln's finances than to his political prospects. The loss of over six months from his business, and the expenses of the canvass, made a severe strain on his personal income. He was anxious to get back to the law once more and earn a little ready money. A letter written about this time to his friend Norman B. Judd, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, will serve to throw some light on the situation he found himself in.

"I have been on expenses so long without earning anything," he says, "that I am absolutely without money now for even household expenses. Still, if you can put in $250 for me towards discharging the debt of the committee, I will allow it when you and I settle the private matter between us. This, with what I have already paid, with an outstanding note of mine, will exceed my subscription of $500. This, too, is exclusive of my ordinary expenses during the campaign, all of which being added to my loss of time and business, bears pretty heavily upon one no better off than I am. But as I had the post of honor, it is not for me to be over-nice."

At the time this letter was written his property consisted of the house and lot on which he lived, a few law books and some household furniture. He owned a small tract of land in Iowa which yielded him nothing, and the annual income from his law practice did not exceed $3,000; yet the party's committee in Chicago were dunning their late standard-bearer, who, besides the chagrin of his defeat, his own expenses, and the sacrifice of his time, was asked to aid in meeting the general expenses of the campaign. At this day one is a little surprised that some of the generous and wealthy members of the party in Chicago or elsewhere did not come

forward and volunteer their aid. But they did not, and whether Lincoln felt in his heart the injustice of this treatment or not, he went straight ahead in his own path and said nothing about it.

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. II, page 157.

"It Gave Me a Hearing on the Great and Durable Question"

But able as were Lincoln's arguments, deep as was the impression he had made, he was not elected to the senatorship. Douglas won fairly enough; though it is well to note that if the Republicans did not elect a senator they gained a substantial number of votes over those polled in 1856.

Lincoln accepted the result with a serenity inexplicable to his supporters. To him the contest was but one battle in a "durable" struggle. Little matter who won now, if in the end the right triumphed. From the first he looked at the final result—not at the senatorship.

"I do not claim, gentlemen, to be unselfish," he said at Chicago in July. "I do not pretend that I would not like to go to the United States Senate; I make no such hypocritical pretense; but I do say to you that in this mighty issue it is nothing to you, nothing to the mass of the people of this nation, whether or not Judge Douglas or myself shall ever be heard of after this night; it may be a trifle to either of us, but in connection with this mighty question, upon which hang the destinies of the nation perhaps, it is absolutely nothing."

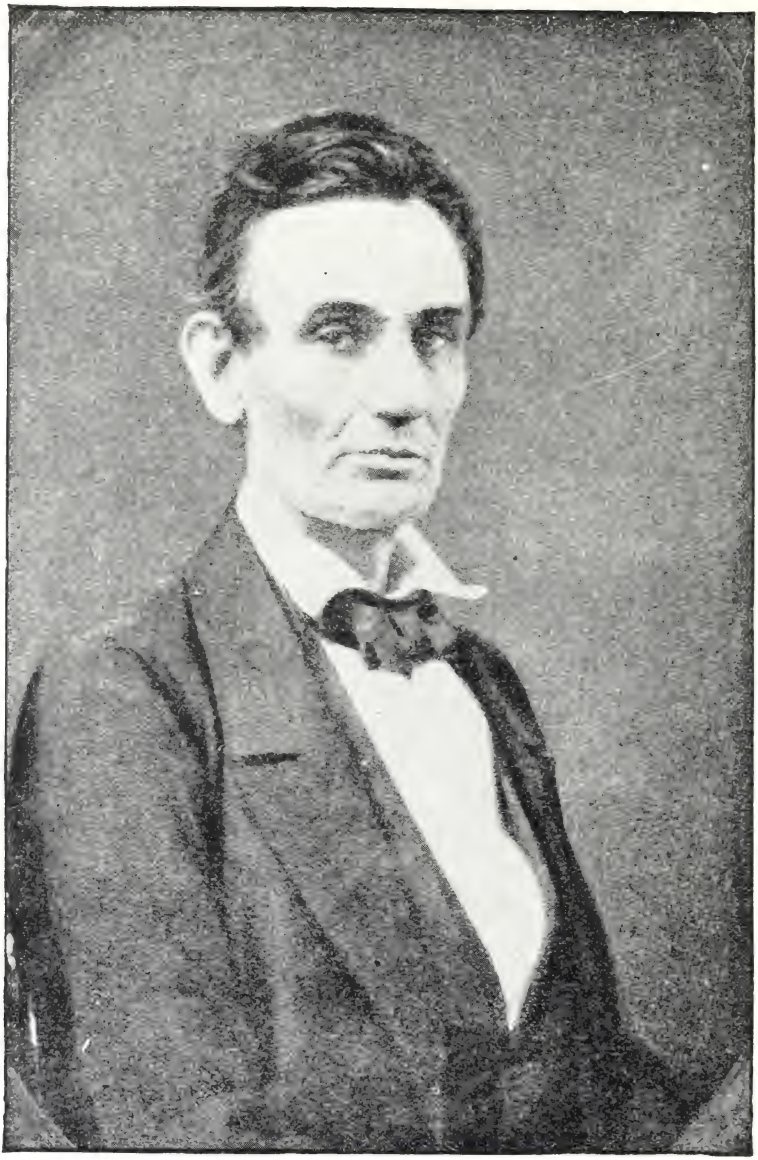
The intense heat and fury of the debates, the defeat in November, did not alter a jot this high view:

"I am glad I made the late race," he wrote Dr. A. G. Henry. "It gave me a hearing on the great and durable question of the age which I would have had in no other way; and though I now sink out of view and shall be forgotten, I believe I have made some marks which shall tell for the cause of civil liberty long after I am gone."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell Vol. I, page 323.

Parallel Careers of Lincoln and Douglas

The careers of Lincoln and Douglas were closely connected. In their professions and in their politics, they were rivals, and finally became rival candidates for the Presidency.



LINCOLN IN 1859

Mrs. Lincoln pronounced this the best likeness ever taken of her husband.

1839—Both were admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of Illinois on the same day.

1841—Both courted the same lady.

1846—Both represented Illinois in Congress.

1858—They were opposing candidates for United States Senator.

1860—They were both candidates for the Presidency.

Winnowings for Lincoln's Birthday, Agnes Mawson, Note 16, page 86.

Called to Speak in Kansas and in Ohio

The close of his letter (to the Hon. N. B. Judd):

"You are feeling badly, '*and this, too, shall pass away*,' never fear," shows that so far from feeling chagrin or depression over his defeat, Lincoln had a word of cheer for his friends.

In the autumn of 1859 he visited Kansas, and the people of that young commonwealth received him as one who had so eloquently pleaded their cause should be received. . . . . .

In the autumn of 1859 Douglas visited Ohio and made a canvass for the Democratic party. On his appearance, the cry arose at once:

"Where is Lincoln, the man who beat him in Illinois? Send for him!"

Lincoln was sent for. He came and spoke with great ability, at Columbus and at Cincinnati, and at the latter place addressed himself especially to Kentuckians. He said, among other things, that they ought to nominate for President "my distinguished friend, Judge Douglas." "In my opinion it is," says he, "for you to take him or be beaten."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Isaac N. Arnold, page 155.

Letter Explaining What Was Gained by Making the Contest for the Senatorship

"SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 30, 1859.

"HON. S. P. CHASE.

"*Dear Sir:* Reaching home yesterday I found your kind note of the 14th, informing me that you have given Mr. Whitney the appointment he desired; and also mentioning the present encouraging aspects of the Republican cause—and our Illinois canvass of last year.

"I thank you for the appointment; allow me also to thank you as being one of the very few distinguished men whose sympathy we in Illinois did receive last year, of all those whose sympathy we thought we had reason to expect.

"Of course I would have preferred success; but, failing in that, I have no regrets for having rejected all advice to the contrary, and resolutely made the struggle. Had we thrown ourselves into the arms of Douglas, as re-electing him by our votes would have done, the Republican cause would have been annihilated in Illinois, and, as I think, demoralized and prostrated everywhere for years, if not forever. As it is, in the language of Benton, 'we are clean,' and the Republican star gradually rises higher everywhere.

"Yours truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

From the original in the Collection of the Pennsylvania Historical Society.

CHAPTER XI

Widening Renown

Speaking in Ohio

I met Lincoln again in 1859, in Columbus, Ohio, where he made a speech, which was only a continuation of the Illinois debates of the year before. . . . . It is curious to note in this speech that Lincoln denied being in favor of negro suffrage, and took pains to affirm his support of the law of Illinois forbidding the intermarriage of whites and negroes. I asked him if such a denial were worth while, to which he replied:

"The law means nothing. I shall never marry a negress, but I have no objection to any one else doing so. If a white man wants to marry a negro woman, let him if the negro woman can stand it."

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, David R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby"). Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 446.

Another Great Murder Trial

Another murder case in which Lincoln defended the accused occurred in August, 1859. The victim was a student in his own law office, Greek Crafton. The murderer, Peachy Harrison, was the grandson of Lincoln's old political antagonist, Peter Cartwright. Both young men were connected with the best families in the county; the brother of one was married to the sister of the other; they had been lifelong friends. In an altercation upon some political question hot words were exchanged, and Harrison, beside himself, stabbed Crafton, who three days later died from the wound. The best known lawyers of the State were engaged for the case. Senator John M. Palmer and General A. McClernand were on the side of the prosecution. Among those who represented the defendant were Lincoln, Herndon, Logan, and Senator Shelby M. Cullom.

The tragic pathos of a case which involved, as this did, the deepest affections of almost the entire community, reached its climax in the appearance in court of the venerable Peter Cartwright.

No face in Illinois was better known than his, no life had been spent in a more relentless war on evil. Eccentric and aggressive as he was, he was honored far and wide; and when he arose in the witness stand, his white hair crowned with this cruel sorrow, the most indifferent spectator felt that his examination would be unbearable. It fell to Lincoln to question Cartwright. With the rarest gentleness he began to put his questions.

"How long have you known the prisoner?"

Cartwright's head dropped on his breast for a moment; then straightening himself, he passed his hand across his eyes and answered in a deep, quavering voice:

"I have known him since a babe, he laughed and cried on my knee."

The examination ended by Lincoln drawing from the witness the story of how Crafton had said to him, just before death:

"I am dying; I will soon part with all I love on earth, and I want you to say to my slayer that I forgive him. I want to leave this earth with a forgiveness of all who have in any way injured me."

This examination made a profound impression on the jury. Lincoln closed his argument by picturing the scene anew, appealing to the jury to practise the same forgiving spirit that the murdered man had shown on his death-bed. It was undoubtedly to his handling of the grandfather's evidence that Harrison's acquittal was due.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 273.

The "Bucking" of the Chess-board

On one occasion Mr. Lincoln was engaged in a game of chess with Judge Treat, when the irrepressible Tad entered the office to bring his father home to supper. As Mr. Lincoln did not obey the summons, Tad attempted one or two offensive movements against the chess-board, but was warded off by the long outstretched arm of his father. When a cessation of hostilities occurred, Mr. Lincoln, intent on the game, fell off his guard. It was not long, however, before the table suddenly *bucked*, sending the chess-board and pieces to the floor. Judge Treat was naturally vexed, and strongly urged the infliction of summary punishment upon the miscreant. But Mr. Lincoln only said, as he calmly took his hat to go home:

"Considering the position of your pieces, Judge, at the time of the upheaval, I think you had no reason to complain."

The Judge, however, has always said that he never could forgive Lincoln for not chastising that urchin.

The Every-Day Life of Lincoln, F. F. Browne, page 206.

John Brown at Harper's Ferry

There now occurred another strange event which, if it had been specially designed as a climax for the series of great political sensations since 1852, could scarcely have been more dramatic. This was John Brown's invasion of Harper's Ferry in order to create a slave insurrection. . . . . .

On the 4th of July, 1859, John Brown, under an assumed name, with two sons and another follower, appeared near Harper's Ferry, and soon after rented the Kennedy farm, in Maryland, five miles from town, where he made a pretense of cattle-dealing and mining, but in reality collected secretly his rifles, revolvers, ammunition, pikes, blankets, tents, and miscellaneous articles for a campaign. His rather eccentric actions, and the irregular coming and going of occasional strangers at his cabin, created no suspicion in the neighborhood. . . . He appointed the attack for the 24th of October; but for some unexplained reason he precipitated his movement in advance of that date. From this point the movements exhibit no foresight or completeness of preparation, no diligent pursuit of an intelligent plan, nor skill to devise momentary expedients; only a blind impulse to act.

On Sunday evening, October 16, 1859, Brown gave his final orders, humanely directing his men to take no life where they could avoid it. Placing a few pikes and other implements in his one-horse wagon, he started with his company of eighteen followers at eight o'clock in the evening, leaving five men behind. They cut the telegraph wires on the way, and reached Harper's Ferry about 11 o'clock. He himself broke open the armory gates, took the watchmen prisoners, and made that place his headquarters. Separating his men into small detachments, he took possession of, and attempted to hold, the two bridges, the arsenal and the rifle-factory. Next he sent six of his men five miles into the country to bring in several prominent slave-owners and their slaves. This was accom-



JOHN BROWN AFTER HIS CAPTURE

plished before daylight, and all were brought as prisoners to Brown at the armory. . . . . .

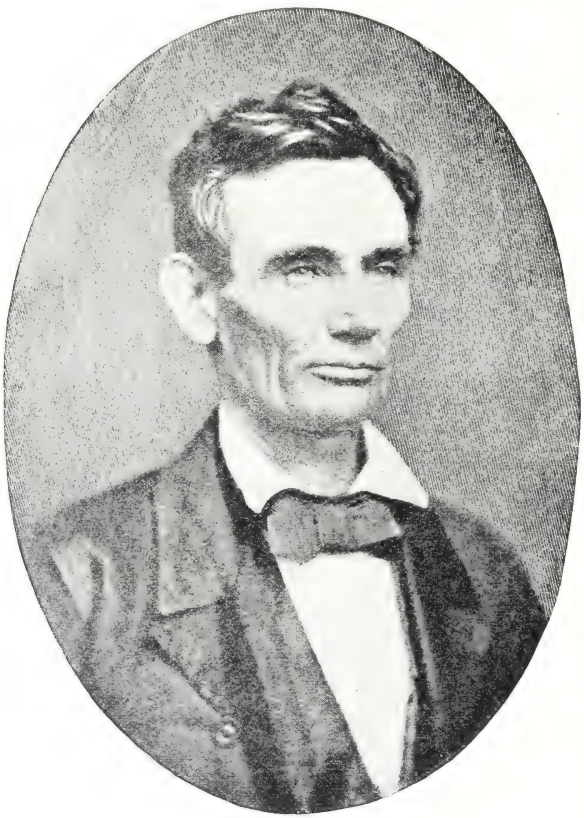
Meanwhile, about midnight of Sunday, they detained the railroad train three hours, but finally allowed it to proceed. A negro porter was shot on the bridge. The town began to be alarmed. Citizens were captured at various points, and brought to swell the number of prisoners at the armory, counting forty or fifty by morning. Still, not until daylight, and even until the usual hour of rising on Monday morning, did the town comprehend the nature and extent of the trouble.

What, now, did Brown intend to do? . . . . . Both he and his men gave everybody to understand without reserve that they had come not to kill whites, but only to liberate slaves. Soon, also, he placed pikes in the hands of his black prisoners. But that ceremony did not make soldiers of them, as his favorite maxim taught. They held them in their hands with listless indifference, remaining themselves, as before, an incumbrance instead of a reënforcement. He gave his white prisoners notice that he would hold them as hostages, and informed one or two that, after daylight, he would exchange them for slaves.

Before the general fighting began, he endeavored to effect an armistice, or compromise with the citizens, to stop bloodshed, on condition that he be permitted to hold the armory and retain the liberated negroes. . . . . .

As the day dawned upon the town and the truth upon the citizens, his situation in a military point of view was already hopeless—eighteen men against perhaps 1000 adults, and these eighteen scattered in four or five squads, without means of mutual support, communication, or even contingent orders! . . . . By Monday noon the squad in the rifle-works, distant one mile from the armory, had been driven out, killed, and captured. The other squads, not so far from their leader, joined him at the armory, minus their losses. Already he was driven to take refuge with his diminished force in the engine-house, a low, strong, brick building in the armory yard, where they barricaded doors and improvised loop-holes, and into which they took with them ten selected prisoners as hostages. But the expedient was one of desperation. By this movement Brown literally shut himself up in his own prison, from which escape was impossible.

A desultory fire was kept up through doors and loop-holes. But now the whole country had become thoroughly aroused, and sundry military companies from neighboring towns and counties poured into Harper's Ferry. . . . . President Buchanan also took prompt measures; and on Monday night a detachment of eighty marines from the Washington Navy Yard under command of Brevet Colonel Robert E. Lee, of the United States Army, . . . reached the scene of action, and were stationed in the armory yard so as to cut off the insurgents from all retreat.



LINCOLN IN '59

At daylight on Tuesday morning Brown was summoned to surrender at discretion, but he refused. The instant the officer left the engine-house a storming party of marines battered in the doors; in five minutes the conflict was over. One marine was shot dead in the assault; Brown fell under severe sword and bayonet wounds, two of his sons lay dead or dying, and four or five of his men were made prisoners, only two remaining unhurt. . . . . After an experimental campaign of thirty-six hours ten men of Brown's total force of twenty-two were killed; five escaped, and seven were cap-

tured, tried and hanged. Of the towns-people, five had been killed and eight wounded.

While John Brown's ability for military leadership was too insignificant even for comment, his moral and personal courage compelled the admiration of his enemies. Arraigned before a Virginia court, the authorities hurried through his trial for treason, conspiracy, and murder, with an unseemly precipitancy, almost calculated to make him seem the accuser and the Commonwealth the trembling culprit. He acknowledged his acts with frankness, defended his purpose with a sincerity that betokened honest conviction, bore his wounds and met his fate with a manly fortitude. . .

He was convicted, sentenced and hanged on the 2nd of December. Congress met a few days afterward, and the Senate appointed an investigating committee to inquire into the seizure of the United States armory and arsenal. . . . Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi; Mason, of Virginia; and Fitch, of Indiana, Democratic members of the Senate investigating committee, sought diligently but unsuccessfully to find grounds to hold the Republican party at large responsible for Brown's raid. . . . . Senator Douglas, . . apparently with the object of still further setting himself right with the South, and atoning for his Freeport heresy, made a long speech in advocacy of a law to punish conspiracies in one State or Territory against the government, people or property of another; once more quoting Lincoln's Springfield speech, and Seward's Rochester speech, as containing revolutionary doctrines.

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. II, pages 190–210.

["John Brown's body" was taken by friends and buried at North Elba, New York.—W. W.]

Orator of the Day at the Wisconsin State Fair

Mr. Lincoln's triumphs of physical strength led him into the practice of almost unconsciously comparing himself, in this respect, with other men. The habit is well illustrated in an incident related by Governor John Wesley Hoyt, for many years secretary and manager of the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society. He escorted Lincoln in the autumn of 1859, through the fair of the association, at which the Illinois visitor had made the address.

He spent some time in one of the tents, watching the perform-

ance of a "strong man," who tossed about huge iron balls, catching and rolling them on his arms and back with remarkable brawn and agility. The exhibition appeared to interest the orator of the day so intensely that, at its conclusion, the manager introduced the athlete to him.

Mr. Lincoln stood looking down upon the man, who was very short, as if wondering that one so much smaller than he could be so much stronger. Then he said abruptly, in his quaint fashion:

"Why, I could lick salt off the top of your hat!"

Lincoln, Master of Men, Alonzo Rothschild, page 27.

How He Came to Lecture at Cooper Institute

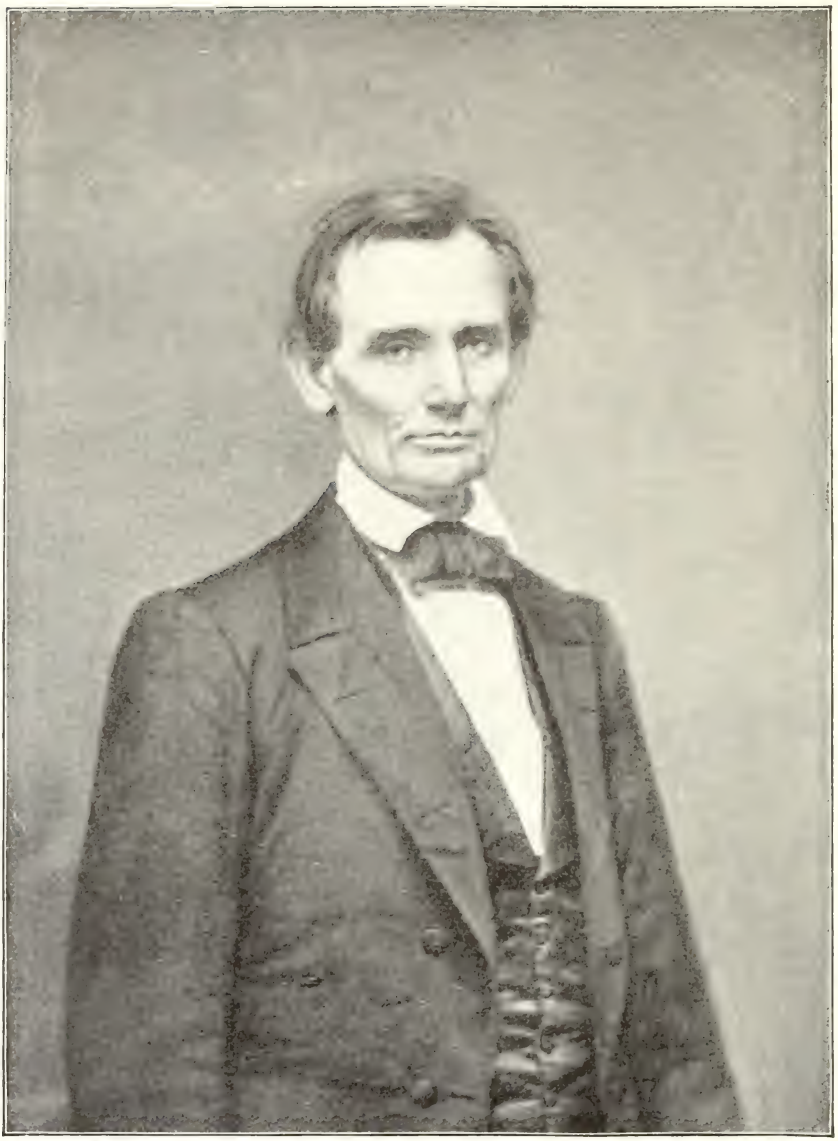
During the winter of 1859 several young men in New York . . wanted a man who could draw a crowd and make a lecture a success, they said, and asked me if I could name such a man. . . . I gave it as my decided opinion that Mr. Lincoln would be the best man to fill Cooper Institute. The expense would be large, but the young men decided to take the risk of inviting him. The compensation offered was $200, which included all his expenses. The proposal made to him was promptly accepted, and on Mr. Lincoln's arrival in New York he came directly to my office. . . . .

The introductory conversation was quickly over, and he immediately made himself at home, completely covering the sofa, which was quite too small and short for his extended figure. I soon saw he was a talker. He bubbled over with stories and jokes, and speedily convinced me that I had made no mistake in recommending him as a lecturer. After an hour's talk I asked him where he was stopping in the city, and he said he had a quiet room in the Metropolitan Hotel where he could have a chance to think. I invited him to be my guest in Brooklyn; but he declined, saying he was afraid he had made a mistake in accepting the call to New York, and feared his lecture would not prove a success. He said he would have to give his whole time to it, otherwise he was sure he would make a failure, in which case he would be very sorry for the young men who had kindly invited him.

Abraham Lincoln: Tributes from His Associates, Edited by William Hayes Ward. *Recollections*, Henry C. Bowen, page 26.

The Stranger Who Talked in the Five Points Mission

When in New York he visited one of the charitable institutions of the city, known as the Five Points Home of Industry, and the



From *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, Ida M. Tarbell.

THE COOPER INSTITUTE PORTRAIT

While Lincoln was in New York to deliver his great speech in Cooper Institute, February 27, 1860, he was taken by the committee to Brady's gallery and this excellent portrait is the result.

superintendent of the Sabbath-school there wrote this account of the event:

"One Sunday morning I saw a tall remarkable-looking man enter the room and take a seat among us. He listened with fixed attention to our exercises, and his countenance expressed such genuine interest that I approached him and suggested that he might be willing to say something to the children. He accepted the invitation with evident pleasure, and coming forward began a simple address which at once fascinated every little hearer, and hushed the room into silence. His language was strikingly beautiful and his tones musical with intense feeling. The little faces would droop into sad conviction as he uttered sentences of warning, and would brighten into sunshine as he spoke cheerful words of promise. Once or twice he attempted to close his remarks, but the imperative shout of 'Go on! Oh, do go on!' would compel him to resume.

"As I looked upon the gaunt and sinewy frame of the stranger and marked his powerful head and determined features now touched into softness by the impressions of the moment, I felt an irrepressible curiosity to learn something more about him, and while he was quietly leaving the room I begged to know his name. He courteously replied:

"'I'm Abraham Lincoln from Illinois.'"

Abraham Lincoln, Ernest Foster, page 76.

The Cooper Institute Speech

We went to Cooper Institute and there was a crowd, as there was at Beecher's church. We finally got on the stairway and far in the rear of the great crowd, but my brother stood on the floor, and I sat on the ledge of the window-sill, with my feet on his shoulders while I told him down there what was going on over yonder. The first man that came on the platform and presided at that meeting was William Cullen Bryant, our dear old neighbor. . . . . He took his seat on the stage, the right of which was left vacant for some one yet to come. Next came a very heavy man, but immediately following him a tall, lean man.

Mr. Bryant arose and went toward him, bowing and smiling. He was an awkward specimen of a man and all about me people were asking, "Who is that?"

But no one seemed to know. I asked a gentleman who that

man was, but he said he didn't know. He was an awkward specimen indeed; one of the legs of his trousers was up about two inches above his shoe; his hair was disheveled and stuck out like rooster's feathers; his coat was altogether too large for him in the back, his arms much longer than his sleeves, and with his legs twisted around the rungs of the chair—he was the picture of embarrassment.

When Mr. Bryant arose to introduce the speaker of that evening, he was known seemingly to few in that great hall. Mr. Bryant said: . . . . "Gentlemen of New York, it is great honor that is conferred upon me to-night, for I can introduce to you the next President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln." Then through that audience flew the query as to who Abraham Lincoln was. There was but weak applause.

Mr. Lincoln had in his hand a manuscript. He had written it with great care and exactness, and the speech which you read in his biography is the one that he wrote, not the one that he delivered as I recall it, and it is fortunate for the country that they did print the one that he wrote. . . . . He had read three pages and had gone on to the fourth when he lost his place and then he began to tremble and stammer. He then turned it over two or three times, threw the manuscript upon the table, and, as they say in the West, "let himself go."

Now the stammering man who had created only silent derision up to that point, suddenly flashed out into an angel of oratory and the awkward arms and disheveled hair were lost sight of entirely in the wonderful beauty and lofty inspiration of that magnificent address. The great audience immediately began to follow his thought, and when he uttered that quotation from (Frederick) Douglass, "It is written in the sky of America that the slaves shall some day be free," he had settled the question that he was to be the next President of the United States.

The applause was so great that the building trembled and I felt the windows shake behind me.

Personal Glimpses of Celebrated Men and Women, Russell H. Conwell, page 354.

What the Cooper Union Speech Was about

Unquestionably the most effective piece of work he did that winter was the address at Cooper Institute, New York, on February 27th, (1860). . . . .

Mr. Lincoln's audience was a notable one even for New York. It included William Cullen Bryant, who introduced him, Horace Greeley, David Dudley Field, and many more well known men of the day. . . . . .

The Cooper Union speech was founded on a sentence from one of Douglas's Ohio speeches:

"Our fathers when they framed the government under which we live understood this question just as well, and even better, than we do now."

Douglas claimed that the "fathers" held that the Constitution forbade the Federal government controlling slavery in the Territories. Lincoln, with infinite care, had investigated the opinions and votes of each of the "fathers"—whom he took to be the thirty-nine men who signed the Constitution—and showed conclusively that a majority of them "certainly understood that no proper division of local from Federal authority nor any part of the Constitution forbade the Federal government to control slavery in the Federal Territories."

Not only did he show this of the thirty-nine framers of the original Constitution, but he defied anybody to show that one of the seventy-six members of the Congress which framed the Constitution ever held any such view.

It is doubtful if there were any persons present, even his best friends, who expected that Lincoln would do more than interest his hearers by his sound arguments. Many have confessed since that they feared his queer manner and quaint speeches would amuse people so much that they would fail to catch the weight of his logic. But to the surprise of everybody Lincoln impressed his audience from the start by his dignity and his seriousness.

"His manner was, to a New York audience, a very strange one, but it was captivating," wrote an auditor. "He held the vast meeting spellbound, and as one by one his oddly expressed but trenchant and convincing arguments confirmed the soundness of his political conclusions, the house broke out in wild and prolonged enthusiasm. I think I never saw an audience more thoroughly carried away by an orator."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 326.

Lincoln Defends the Republicans from the Charge of Complicity with John Brown

"You charge that we stir up insurrections among your slaves. We deny it; and what is your proof? Harper's Ferry! John Brown!! John Brown was no Republican; and you have failed to implicate a single Republican in his Harper's Ferry enterprise. . . .

"John Brown's effort was peculiar. It was not a slave insurrection. It was an attempt by white men to get up a revolt among slaves, in which the slaves refused to participate. In fact, it was so absurd that the slaves, with all their ignorance, saw plainly enough it could not succeed. That affair, in its philosophy, corresponds with the many attempts, related in history, at the assassination of kings and emperors. An enthusiast broods over the oppression of a people till he fancies himself commissioned by Heaven to liberate them. He ventures the attempt which ends in little else than his own execution. Orsini's attempt on Louis Napoleon, and John Brown's attempt at Harper's Ferry, were, in their philosophy, precisely the same. The eagerness to cast the blame on old England in the one case, and on New England in the other, does not disprove the sameness of the two things."

Lincoln's Cooper Institute Address, February 27, 1860.

"He's the Greatest Man since St. Paul!"

This is the testimony of one who was present on that historic occasion.

"When Lincoln rose to speak, I was greatly disappointed. He was tall, tall—oh, how tall!—and so angular and awkward that I had, for an instant, a feeling of pity for so ungainly a man. His clothes were black and ill-fitting, badly wrinkled—as if they had been jammed carelessly into a small trunk. His bushy head, with stiff black hair thrown back, was balanced on a long and lean head-stalk, and when he raised his hands in an opening gesture, I noticed that they were very large. He began in a low tone of voice—as if he were used to speaking out-doors, and was afraid of speaking too loud. He said, 'Mr. *Cheerman*,' instead of 'Mr. *Chairman*,' and employed many other words with an old-fashioned pronunciation. I said to myself:

" 'Old fellow, you won't do; it's all very well for the wild West, but this will never go down in New York.'

"But pretty soon he began to get into his subject; he straightened up, made regular and graceful gestures; his face lighted as with an inward fire; the whole man was transfigured. I forgot his clothes, his personal appearance, his individual peculiarities. Presently, forgetting myself, I was on my feet with the rest, yelling like a wild Indian, cheering this wonderful man. In the close parts of his argument, you could hear the gentle sizzling of the gas-burners. When he reached a climax the thunders of applause were terrific. It was a great speech.

"When I came out of the hall, my face glowing with excitement and my frame all a-quiver, a friend with his eyes aglow, asked me what I thought of Abe Lincoln the rail-splitter. I said:

"'He's the greatest man since St. Paul.' And I think so yet."

Abraham Lincoln and the Downfall of Slavery, Noah Brooks, page 186.

Speaking in New England

The day following the Cooper Institute meeting, the leading New York dailies published the speech in full, and made editorial mention of it and of the speaker as well. It was plain now that Lincoln had captured the metropolis. From New York he traveled to New England to visit his son, Robert, who was attending college (Phillips Academy at Exeter, N. H.). In answer to the many calls and invitations which showered on him, he spoke at various places in Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Hampshire. In all these places he not only left deep impressions of his ability, but he convinced New England of his intense earnestness in the great cause. The newspapers treated him with no little consideration. One paper [the Manchester, N. H., *Mirror*] characterized his speech as one of "great fairness," delivered with "great apparent candor and wonderful interest. For the first half hour his opponents would agree with every word he uttered; and from that point he would lead them off little by little, until it seemed as if he had got them all into the fold. He is far from prepossessing in personal appearance, and his voice is disagreeable; and yet he wins your attention from the start. He indulges in no flowers of rhetoric, no eloquent passages. . . . . He displays more shrewdness, more knowledge of the masses of mankind than any public speaker we have heard since Long Jim Wilson left for California."

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. II, page 165.

"What's the Use of Talking of Me for the Presidency?"

The possibility of Abraham Lincoln becoming the Presidential candidate of the Republican party in 1860 was probably first discussed by a few of his friends in 1856. The dramatic speech which in May of that year gave him the leadership of his party in Illinois, and the unexpected and flattering attention he received a few weeks later at the Republican National Convention suggested the idea. . . The impression Lincoln made two years later in the Lincoln and Douglas debates kindled a different feeling. It convinced a number of astute Illinois politicians that judicious effort would make Lincoln strong enough to justify the presentation of his name as a candidate in 1860 on the ground of pure availability.

One of the first men to conceive this idea was Jesse W. Fell, a local politician of Bloomington, Illinois. During the Lincoln and Douglas debates Fell was traveling in the Middle and Eastern States. . One evening, soon after returning home, he met Lincoln in Bloomington, where the latter was attending court, and drew him into a deserted law-office for a confidential talk.

"I have been East, Lincoln," said he, "as far as Boston, and up into New Hampshire, traveling in all the New England States, save Maine; in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Indiana; and everywhere I hear you talked about. Very frequently I have been asked, 'Who is this man Lincoln of your State, now canvassing in opposition to Senator Douglas?' Being, as you know, an ardent Republican and your friend, I usually told them we had in Illinois *two* giants instead of one; that Douglas was the *little* one, as they all knew, but that you were the *big* one, which they didn't all know.

"But, seriously, Lincoln, Judge Douglas being widely known, you are getting a national reputation *through him*, and the truth is I have a decided impression that if your popular history and efforts on the slavery question can be sufficiently brought before the people, you can be made a formidable, if not a successful, candidate for the Presidency."

"What's the use of talking of me for the Presidency," was Lincoln's reply, "whilst we have such men as Seward, Chase, and others, who are so much better known to the people and whose names are so intimately associated with the principles of the Repub-

lican party? Everybody knows them; nobody scarcely outside of Illinois knows me. Besides, is it not, as a matter of justice, due to such men, who have carried this movement forward to its present *status*, in spite of fearful opposition, personal abuse, and hard names? I really think so."

Fell continued his persuasions, and finally requested Lincoln to furnish him with a sketch of his life which could be put out in the East. The suggestion grated on Lincoln's sensibilities. He had no chance. Why force himself?

"Fell," he said, rising and wrapping his old gray shawl around his tall figure, "I admit that I am ambitious and would like to be President. I am not insensible of the compliment you pay me and the interest you manifest in the matter, *but there is no such good luck in store for me as the Presidency of these United States.* Besides, there is nothing in my early history that would interest you or anybody else; and, as Judge Davis says, '*It won't pay.*' Good night."

And he disappeared into the darkness.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 334.

"I Do Not Think I Am Fit for the Presidency"

The opening of the year 1860 found Mr. Lincoln's name freely mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination for the Presidency. To be classed with Seward, Chase, McLean and other celebrities was enough to stimulate any Illinois lawyer's pride; but in Lincoln's case, if it had any such effect he was most artful in concealing it. Now and then, some ardent friend, an editor, for example, would run his name up to the masthead, but in all cases he discouraged the attempt.

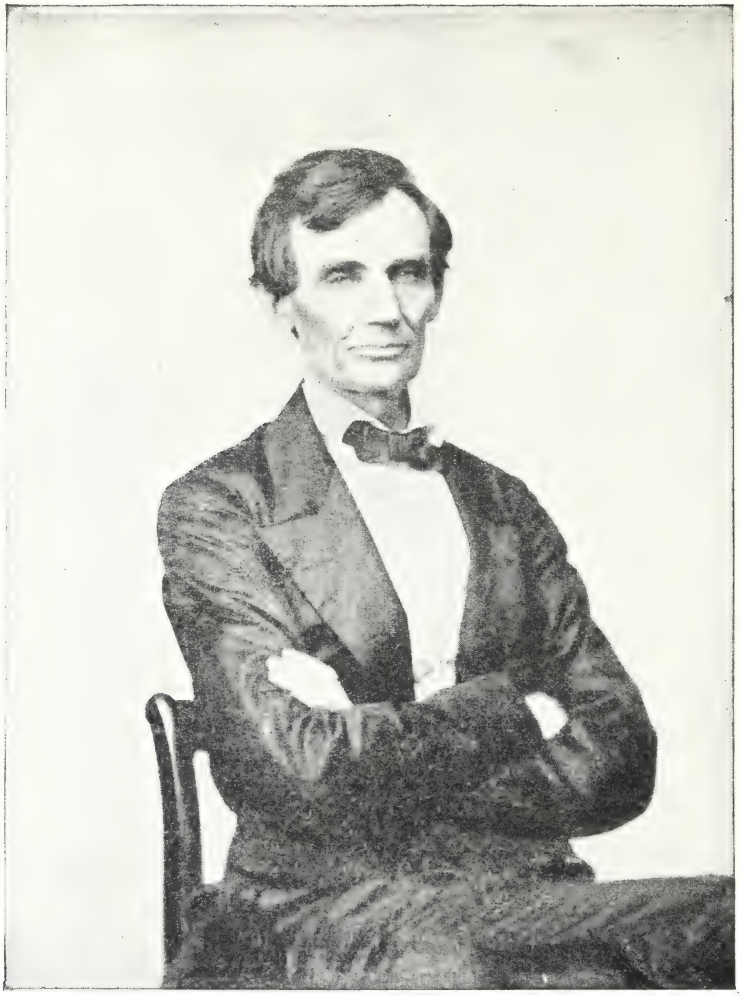
"In regard to the matter you spoke of," he answered one man who proposed his name, "I beg you will not give it further mention. Seriously, I do not think I am fit for the Presidency."

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Paul Selby, page 128.

How the Rails Were Brought in

I may as well mention here the first public occasion on which Mr. Lincoln's name was mentioned for the Presidency.

On the 9th and 10th of May (1860) the Republican State Convention met at Decatur (Illinois). Mr. Lincoln was present as a



From *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, Ida M. Tarbell.

LINCOLN IN 1860

From an ambrotype taken at Springfield, Illinois, August 13, 1860. The original is now in the collection of Major William H. Lambert, Philadelphia.

spectator, but he attracted the attention of Gov. Oglesby, who rose and said:

"I am informed that a distinguished citizen of Illinois, and one whom Illinois will ever delight to honor, is present; and I wish to move that this body invite him to a seat on the stand."

Public interest and curiosity were aroused. Who was this distinguished citizen?

The Governor paused a moment, and then uttered the name, "Abraham Lincoln."

Instantly there was a roar of applause, there was a rush to where the astonished Lincoln sat, he was seized, and the crowd being too dense to pass through, he was literally passed over the heads and shoulders of the great throng until, breathless, he found himself on the platform. Willing or unwilling, he was for the time being "in the hands of his friends."

Later on Gov. Oglesby rose once more and said: "There is an old Democrat outside who has something which he wishes to present to the Convention."

"What is it?" "What is it?" "Receive it!" shouts the crowd.

The door of the Wigwam opens, and an old man, bluff and hearty, comes forward, bearing on his shoulder two small rails, surmounted by a banner, with this inscription:

TWO RAILS
From a lot made by Abraham Lincoln and John Hanks, in the Sangamon Bottom, in the year 1830.

This old man was John Hanks himself! His entrance was greeted with tumultuous applause.

"Lincoln! Lincoln! A speech!" shouts the crowd.

Mr. Lincoln seemed amused. He rose at length and said:

"Gentlemen, I suppose you want to know something about these things" (the rails). "Well, the truth is, John Hanks and I did make rails in the Sangamon Bottom. I don't know whether we made those rails or not; fact is, I don't think they are a credit to their makers" (laughing as he spoke). "But I do know this: I made rails then and I think I could make better ones than these

now." Before the Convention dissolved, a resolution was passed, declaring that "Abraham Lincoln is the first choice of the Republican Party of Illinois for the Presidency, and instructing the delegates to the Chicago Convention to use all honorable means to secure his nomination, and to cast the vote of the State as a unit for him."

Abraham Lincoln, the Backwoods Boy, Horatio Alger, Jr., page 170.

A "Dismal" Portrait that "Put an End to Hope"

He returned from this tour on the 14th of March, and was soon after busy with an important suit at Chicago, the last in which he was to be actively engaged as counsel. This was a case which may be classed among the celebrated, involving the title to certain valuable real estate—land which the waves of Lake Michigan had gradually extended in one quarter by removal of soil from another, without the intervention of one party or the consent of the other. The suit, that of Jones against Johnson, was tried before Judge Drummond, of the United States District Court. The plaintiff, who retained Lincoln in addition to other counsel, after once losing the case, now had the satisfaction of obtaining a decision in his favor.

Lincoln was at home with his family three days before the meeting of the Republican National Convention at Chicago, where its delegates were already gathering. It was a quiet Sunday, the like of which, to him, would never return. Said Mrs. Lincoln, a week or two later, speaking of this occasion:

"We had before us a New York illustrated weekly, in which a number of Presidential candidates were represented in a double-page group, Mr. Seward's portrait being conspicuous over all, as that of the coming man. Mr. Lincoln's picture was there, such as it was, and it couldn't have been made more dismal. Half seriously I said to him:

" 'A look at that face is enough to put an end to hope.' "

Abraham Lincoln and His Presidency, Joseph H. Barrett, LL.D., Vol. I, page 215.

CHAPTER XII

Candidate for President

"Carleton" Tells of Thurlow Weed and "the Mob"

Arriving in Chicago several days in advance of the assembling of the Convention, I found a number of delegates from Missouri actively advocating the nomination of Mr. Bates. In no city of the Union had there been so rapid a development of Republican sentiment as in St. Louis. The Republicans of that city believed, or affected to believe, that with Mr. Bates they could secure the electoral vote of that State.

There was but one name on the lips of the Republicans of Illinois—that of Abraham Lincoln. . . . .

Thurlow Weed had charge of Mr. Seward's affairs, and employed all the means and appliances known to New York political managers—even to enrolling delegates who reported themselves from Texas. I discovered a band of *claqueurs* in the interests of Mr. Seward, who hurrahed upon the streets and in the Convention at every mention of his name. They overdid their part.

Norman B. Judd had charge of Mr. Lincoln's canvass, but there had been no such systematic pulling of distant wires or organization on his part. Nor was there need. It was manifest from the outset that there was a ground-swell of public opinion, if I may use the term, which promised to sweep all before it, and which rose, like tides of the sea, during the second day of the Convention, brought into quick action by the determination to devour Weed's organized band.

Arnold, in his *Life of Lincoln*, has narrated how this was done, by the employment of a Dr. Ames, who had a voice sufficiently powerful to be heard above the uproar of the Lake in the wildest storm. He was a Democrat, but readily consented to shout for Lincoln. With an organized band he was placed at one end of the Wigwam; another body was stationed at the opposite end. Mr. Cook, of Ottawa, a delegate, was upon the platform. Whenever

he waved his handkerchief they were to cheer. It was that handkerchief which set the ten thousand Illinoisians in the Wigwam wild with enthusiasm. . . . .

During the Convention I chanced to sit at a small table with Thurlow Weed, and had an excellent opportunity to study his face. I doubt if during his long and eventful life he ever experienced a greater disappointment or a keener sorrow. I saw him press his fingers *hard* upon his eyelids to keep back the tears. His plans all miscarried. It was the sinking of a great hope. The rail-splitter, story teller—the ungainly uneducated practitioner of the Sangamon bar . . . . instead of the able, learned, classical, polished senator, [and] Mr. Weed did not comprehend that the *mob* in the Wigwam was the best possible representative of the rising public opinion.

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Charles Carleton Coffin, Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 164.

"I Authorize No Bargains"

Among my visitors in the early part of May was the Hon. Mr. Alley, of Massachusetts, who gave me a deeply interesting inside glimpse of the Chicago Republican Convention of 1860. The popular current had, at first, set very strongly in favor of Mr. Seward, who, many supposed, would be nominated almost by acclamation. The evening before the balloting the excitement was at the highest pitch. Mr. Lincoln was telegraphed at Springfield, that his chances with the Convention depended on obtaining the votes of two delegations which were named in the despatch; and that, to secure this support, he must pledge himself, if elected, to give places in his Cabinet to the respective heads of those delegations. A reply was immediately returned over the wires, characteristic of the man. It was to this effect:

"*I authorize no bargains and will be bound by none.*

"A. LINCOLN."

Six Months at the White House, F. B. Carpenter, page 119.

How Lincoln Was Nominated

The Republican National Convention met, according to appointment, at Chicago on May 16 (1860). A large temporary wooden building, christened "The Wigwam," had been erected in which



THE WIGWAM, AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

In which the Republican National Convention was held in May, 1860, and Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency.

to hold its sessions, and it was estimated that ten thousand persons were assembled in it to witness the proceedings. William H. Seward of New York was recognized as the leading candidate, but Chase of Ohio, Cameron of Pennsylvania, Bates of Missouri, and several prominent Republicans from other States were known to have active and zealous followers. . . . .

It was almost self-evident that in the coming November election victory or defeat would hang upon the result in the four pivotal States of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana and Illinois. . . . There was a chance that one or more of these four pivotal free States might cast its vote for Douglas and popular sovereignty.

A candidate was needed, therefore, who could successfully cope with Douglas and the Douglas theory; and this ability had been convincingly demonstrated by Lincoln. As a mere personal choice, a majority of the convention would have preferred Seward; but in the four pivotal States there were many voters who believed Seward's antislavery views to be too radical. They shrank apprehensively from the phrase in one of the speeches that "there is a higher law than the Constitution." These pivotal States all lay adjoining slave States, and their public opinion was infected with something of the undefined dread of "abolitionism." . . . .

When the Convention met, the fresh, hearty hopefulness of its members was a most inspiring reflection of the public opinion in the States that sent them. . . . . Few conventions have ever been pervaded by such a depth of feeling, or exhibited such a reserve of latent enthusiasm. . . . . Not alone the delegates on the central platform, but the multitude of spectators as well, felt that they were playing a part in a great historical event.

The temporary, and afterward the permanent organization, was finished on the first day. On the second day the platform committee submitted its work, embodying the carefully considered and skilfully framed body of doctrines upon which the Republican party, made up only four years before . . . was now able to find common and durable ground of agreement. . . . .

The platform was about to be adopted without objection when a flurry of discussion arose over an amendment, proposed by Mr. Giddings of Ohio, to incorporate in it that phrase of the Declaration of Independence which declares the right of all men to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Impatience was at once

manifested lest any change should produce endless delay and dispute.

"I believe in the Ten Commandments," commented a member, "but I do not want them in a political platform;" and the proposition was voted down. Upon this the old antislavery veteran felt himself aggrieved, and, taking up his hat, marched out of the Convention. . . . .

On the third day it was certain that balloting would begin, and crowds hurried to the Wigwam in a fever of curiosity. Having grown restless at the indispensable routine preliminaries, when Mr. Evarts nominated William H. Seward of New York for President, they greeted his name with a perfect storm of applause. Then Mr. Judd nominated Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, and in the tremendous cheering that broke from the throats of his admirers and followers the former demonstration dwindled to comparative feebleness. Again and again these contests of lungs and enthusiasm were repeated as the choice of New York was seconded by Michigan, and that of Illinois by Indiana.

When other names had been duly presented, the cheering at length subsided, and the chairman announced that balloting would begin. Many spectators had provided themselves with tally-lists, and when the first roll-call was completed were able at once to perceive the drift of popular preference. Cameron, Chase, Bates, McLean, Dayton and Collamer were indorsed by the substantial votes of their own States; but two names stood out in marked superiority: Seward, who had received one hundred and seventy-three and one-half votes, and Lincoln, one hundred and two.

The New York delegation was so thoroughly persuaded of the final success of their candidate that they did not comprehend the significance of this first ballot. Had they reflected that their delegation alone had contributed seventy votes to Seward's total, they would have understood that outside of the Empire State, upon this first showing, Lincoln held their favorite almost an even race.

As the second ballot progressed, their anxiety visibly increased. They watched with eagerness as the complimentary votes first cast for State favorites were transferred now to one, now to the other of the recognized leaders in the contest, and their hopes sank when the result of the second ballot was announced: Seward, one hundred

and eighty-four and one-half; Lincoln, one-hundred and eighty-one; and a volume of applause, which was with difficulty checked by the chairman, shook the Wigwam at this announcement.

Then followed a short interval of active caucusing in the various delegations, while excited men went about rapidly interchanging questions, solicitations and messages between delegations from different States. Neither candidate had yet received a majority of all the votes cast, and the third ballot was begun amid a deep, almost painful suspense, delegates and spectators alike recording each announcement of votes on their tally-sheets with nervous fingers.

But the doubt was of short duration. The second ballot had unmistakably pointed out the winning man. Hesitating delegations and fragments from many States steadily swelled the Lincoln column. Long before the secretaries made the official announcement, the totals had been figured up: Lincoln, two hundred and thirty-one and one-half; Seward, one hundred and eighty. Counting the scattering votes, four hundred and sixty-five ballots had been cast, and two hundred and thirty-three were necessary to a choice. Seward had lost four and one-half, Lincoln had gained fifty and one-half, and only one and one-half votes more were needed to made a nomination.

The Wigwam suddenly became as still as a church, and everybody leaned forward to see whose voice would break the spell. Before the lapse of a minute, David K. Cartter sprang upon his chair and reported a change of four Ohio votes from Chase to Lincoln. Then the teller shouted a name toward a skylight, and the boom of cannon from the roof of the Wigwam announced the nomination and started the cheering of the overjoyed Illinoisians down the long Chicago streets; while in the Wigwam, delegation after delegation changed its vote to the victor amid a tumult of hurrahs.

When quiet was somewhat restored, Mr. Evarts, speaking for New York and for Seward, moved to make the nomination unanimous, and Mr. Browning gracefully returned the thanks of Illinois for the honor the Convention had conferred upon the State. In the afternoon the Convention completed its work by nominating Hannibal Hamlin of Maine for Vice-President; and as the delegates sped homeward in the night trains, they witnessed, in the bonfires and

cheering crowds at the stations, that a memorable Presidential campaign was already begun.

A Short Life of Abraham Lincoln, John G. Nicolay, page 144.

A Woman's Description of that Nomination Scene

It was my good fortune to be present at the National Convention in Chicago, in 1860, which nominated Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency. It was held in an immense building erected for the occasion, and known as the "Wigwam." I had undertaken to report the proceedings for an editor friend and a seat was assigned me near the platform, ... in the midst of the great reportorial army collected from all parts of the country. . . . . From the immensity of the Wigwam, the proceedings could not be heard in the gallery, and seemed there like a gigantic pantomime. . . .

Women reporters were then almost unheard of; and inconspicuous as I had endeavored to make myself by dressing in black, like my brethren of the press, the marshal of the day spied me, after the lower floor was densely packed with masculinity. In stentorian tones that rang through the building, while his extended arm and forefinger pointed me out, and made me the target for thousands of eyes, he ordered me to withdraw my profane womanhood from the sacred enclosure provided for the men, and "go up higher." I rose mechanically to obey, but the crowd rendered this impossible. . . The reporters about me then took the matter into their own hands, and in a tumult of voices cavalierly bade me, "Sit still!" and the marshal, "Dry up!" . . . and then I was left in peace. . . . .

I was well repaid for the annoyance, by being a near witness of the electric scenes which followed the nomination of Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency, on the third ballot.

Who that saw the tumultuous rapture of that occasion could ever forget it! Men embraced each other, and fell on one another's neck, and wept out their repressed feeling. They threw their hats in air, and almost rent the roof with their huzzahs. Thousands and thousands were packed in the streets outside, who stood patiently receiving accounts of the proceedings within, from reporters posted on the roof, listening at the numerous open skylights and shouting them in detail to the crowd below. Sometimes, messengers ran from these reporters at the skylights to the eaves of the building, thence to vociferate to the remote but patiently waiting

crowd outside what had just been said or done. They would then take up the subsiding chorus of shouts within, and re-echo them still more wildly, until they drowned the city's multitudinous roar, and were heard a mile away. The billows of this delirious joy surged around me, as I sat amid the swaying, rocking forms of men who had sprung to their feet and grasped each other by the hand, or had fallen into one another's arms, and were laughing, crying and talking incoherently.

I confess I was not *en rapport* with the insanity of gladness raging around me. It seemed to me these demonstrations were made rather because the antislavery principle had triumphed, than because Mr. Lincoln himself was a special favorite. The great majority knew him only as a country lawyer, and not very distinguished at that. But they also knew that he was intensely hostile to human slavery, and had so avowed himself.

"Is it *certain* that Mr. Lincoln is an uncompromising antislavery man?" I inquired of a Massachusetts reporter next me. "There is no humbug about it? Mr. Lincoln is not antislavery just now for the sake of getting votes, is he? Can you inform me?"

For answer, he took from his pocketbook a little fragment of newspaper, which contained this extract from his "Peoria, Ill., Speech," made October 16, 1854, and passed it to me with the simple query, "Do you think he can take the back track after saying that?" This is the quotation:

"Slavery is founded in the selfishness of man's nature—opposition to it, in the love of justice. These principles are in eternal antagonism; and when brought into collision as fiercely as slavery extension brings them, shocks and throes and convulsions must follow ceaselessly.

"Repeal the Missouri Compromise; repeal all compromise; repeal the Declaration of Independence; repeal all past history; you cannot repeal human nature. It will still be in the abundance of man's heart that slavery extension is wrong, and out of the abundance of the heart his mouth will continue to speak."

My Story of the War, Mary A. Livermore, page 550.

The Candidate Receives the News of His Nomination

And while all this went on, where was Lincoln? Too much of a candidate, as he had told Swett, to go to Chicago, yet hardly

enough of one to stay away, he had ended by remaining in Springfield, where he spent the week in restless waiting and discussion. He drifted about the public square, went often to the telegraph office, looked out for every returning visitor from Chicago, played occasional games of ball, made fruitless efforts to read, went home at unusual hours. He felt in his bones that he had a fighting chance, so he told a friend, but the chance was not so strong that he could indulge in much exultation. By Friday morning he was tired and depressed, but still eager for news.

One of his friends, the Hon. James C. Conkling, returned early in the day from Chicago, and Lincoln soon went around to his law office.

"Upon entering," says Mr. Conkling, "Lincoln threw himself upon the office lounge, and remarked rather wearily,

"'Well, I guess I'll go back to practising law.'

"As he lay there on the lounge, I gave him such information as I had been able to obtain. I told him the tendency was to drop Seward; that the outlook for him was very encouraging. He listened attentively, and thanked me, saying I had given him a clearer idea of the situation than he had been able to get from any other source. He was not very sanguine of the result. He did not express the opinion that he would be nominated."



RICHARD YATES

Lincoln's friend when a young man and War Governor of Illinois while Lincoln was President.

But he could not be quiet, and soon left Mr. Conkling to join the throng around the telegraph office, where the reports from the convention were coming in. The nominations were being reported, his own among the others. Then news came that the balloting had begun. He could hardly endure to wait for the result.

He remembered a commission his wife had given him that morning, and started across the square to execute it. His errand was done, and he was standing in the door of the shop, talking, when a shout went up from the group at the telegraph office. The next instant an excited boy came rushing pell-mell down the stairs of the office, and, plunging through the crowd, ran across the square, shouting,

"Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Lincoln, you are nominated!'"

The cry was repeated on all sides. The people came flocking about him, half laughing, half crying, shaking his hand when they could get it, and one another's when they could not. For a few minutes, carried away by excitement, Lincoln seemed simply one of the proud and exultant crowd. Then, remembering what it all meant, he said:

"My friends, I am glad to receive your congratulations, and as there is a little woman down on Eighth Street who will be glad to hear the news, you must excuse me until I inform her."

He slipped away, telegram in hand, his coat-tails flying out behind, and strode towards home, only to find when he reached there that his friends were before him, and the "little woman" already knew the honor which for twenty years and more she had believed and stoutly declared her husband deserved, and which a great multitude of men had sworn to do their best to obtain for him, at last had come.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 357.

A Neighbor's Incredulity

Some of Mr. Lincoln's immediate neighbors were taken as completely by surprise as those in distant States. An old resident of Springfield told me that there lived within a block or two of his house, in that city, an Englishman, who, of course, still cherished to some extent the ideas and prejudices of his native land. Upon hearing of the choice at Chicago he could not contain his astonishment.

"What!" said he, "*Abe Lincoln* nominated for President of the United States? Can it be possible! A man that buys a ten-cent beefsteak for his breakfast, and carries it home himself!"

Six Months at the White House, F. B. Carpenter, page 121.

The Committee Formally Informs Mr. Lincoln and Is Informally Entertained

On the morning after the adjournment of the Convention a single passenger car, drawn by one of the fastest locomotives of the Illinois Central road, glided out from the Grand Central depot, bearing the Committee appointed by the Convention to notify Mr. Lincoln of his nomination. . . . There were in all, including correspondents, about thirty persons.

The sun was setting when we reached Springfield. A crowd

was gathering in the public square, not to welcome the Committee but to listen to a speech from John A. McClelland (afterwards general), member of Congress from that district, in support of Mr. Douglas.

It was past eight o'clock Saturday evening when the Committee called upon Mr. Lincoln at his home—a plain, comfortable, two-storied house, a hallway in the center, a plain white paling in front. The arrival of the Committee had awakened no enthusiasm on the part of the townspeople. A dozen citizens gathered in the street. One of Mr. Lincoln's sons was perched on the gatepost. The Committee entered the room at the left hand of the hall.

Mr. Lincoln was standing in front of the fireplace, wearing a black frock-coat. He bowed, but it was not gracefully done. There was an evident constraint and embarrassment. He stood erect, in a stiff and unnatural position, with downcast eyes. There was a diffidence like that of an ungainly schoolboy standing alone before a critical audience. Mr. Ashmun stated briefly the action of the Convention and the errand of the Committee.

Then came the reply. . . . It was a sympathetic voice, with an indescribable charm in the tones. . . . There was that about him that commanded instant admiration. A stranger meeting him on a country road, ignorant of his history, would have said, "He is no ordinary man."

Mr. Lincoln's reply was equally brief. With the utterance of the last syllable his manner instantly changed. A smile, like the sun shining through the rift of a passing cloud sweeping over the landscape, illuminated his face, lighting up every homely feature, as he grasped the hand of Mr. Kelley.

"You are a tall man, Judge. What is your height?"

"Six feet three."

"I beat you. I am six feet four without my high-heeled boots."

"Pennsylvania bows to Illinois. I am glad that we have found a candidate for the Presidency whom we can look up to, for we have been informed that there were only '*Little Giants*' in Illinois," was Mr. Kelley's graceful reply.

All embarrassment was gone. Mr. Lincoln was no longer the ungainly schoolboy. . . . . Conversation flowed as freely

and laughingly as a meadow brook. There was a bubbling of quaint humor, fragrant with Western idiom, making the hour exceedingly enjoyable.

"Mrs. Lincoln will be pleased to see you, gentlemen," said Mr. Lincoln. "You will find her in the other room. You must be thirsty after your long ride. You will find a pitcher of water in the library."

I crossed the hall and entered the library. There were miscellaneous books on the shelves, two globes, celestial and terrestrial, in the corners of the room, a plain table with writing materials upon it, a pitcher of cold water, and glasses, but no wines or liquors. There was humor in the invitation to take a glass of water, which was explained to me by a citizen, who said that when it was known that the Committee was coming, several citizens called upon Mr. Lincoln and informed him that some entertainment must be provided.

"Yes, that is so. What ought to be done? Just let me know and I will attend to it," he said.

"Oh, we will supply the needful liquors," said his friends.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Lincoln, "I thank you for your kind intentions, but must respectfully decline your offer. I have no liquors in my house, and have never been in the habit of entertaining my friends in that way. I cannot permit my friends to do for me what I will not myself do. I shall provide cold water—nothing else."

What Mr. Lincoln's feelings may have been over his nomination will never be known; doubtless he was gratified, but there was no visible elation. After the momentarily assumed dignity he was himself again—plain Abraham Lincoln—man of the people.

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Charles Carleton Coffin. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 166.

The Speeches and Lincoln's Letter of Acceptance

The next day, the excursion train arrived from Chicago with a large number of delegates, and the Committee appointed by the Convention, to make Lincoln acquainted with his nomination.

The deputation was received at Mr. Lincoln's house, and when the guests had assembled in the parlor, Mr. Ashmun, the President of the Convention, said:

"I have, sir, the honor, in behalf of the gentlemen who are present, a committee appointed by the Republican Convention, recently assembled at Chicago, to discharge a most pleasant duty. We have come, sir, under a vote of instructions to that Committee, to notify you that you have been selected by the Convention of the Republicans at Chicago, for President of the United States. They instruct us, sir, to notify you of that selection, and that Committee deem it not only respectful to yourself, but appropriate to the important matter which they have in hand, that they should come in person and present to you the authentic evidence of the action of that Convention; and, sir, without any phrase which shall either be considered personally plauditory to yourself, or which shall have any reference to the principles involved in the questions which are connected with your nomination, I desire to present to you the letter which has been prepared, and which informs you of the nomination, and with it the platform, resolutions, and sentiments which the Convention adopted. Sir, at your convenience we shall be glad to receive from you such a response as it may be your pleasure to give us."

To this address Mr. Lincoln listened with grave attention and replied:

"*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee:*

"I tender to you and through you to the Republican National Convention, and all the people represented in it, my profoundest thanks for the high honor done me, which you now formally announce. Deeply, and even painfully sensible of the great responsibility which is inseparable from this high honor—a responsibility which I could almost wish had fallen upon some one of the far more eminent men and experienced statesmen whose distinguished names were before the Convention, I shall, by your leave, consider more fully the resolutions of the Convention denominated the platform, and without unnecessary or unreasonable delay, respond to you, Mr. Chairman, in writing, not doubting that the platform will be found satisfactory, and the nomination gratefully accepted.

"And now I will not longer defer the pleasure of taking you, and each of you by the hand."

After this response, it is proper to immediately add the letter in which Mr. Lincoln has since formally accepted the nomination:

"SPRINGFIELD, Illinois, May 23, 1860.

"HON. GEORGE ASHMUN,

"*President of the Republican National Convention.*

"SIR: I accept the nomination tendered me by the Convention over which you presided, of which I am formally apprised in the letter of yourself and others acting as a Committee of the Convention for that purpose.

"The declaration of the principles and sentiments which accompanies your letter meets my approval, and it shall be my care not to violate it, or disregard it in any part.

"Imploring the assistance of Divine Providence, and with due regard to the views and feelings of all who were represented in the Convention, to the rights of all the States and Territories and people of the nation, to the inviolability of the Constitution, and the perpetual union, harmony, and prosperity of all, I am most happy to co-operate for the practical success of the principles declared by the Convention.

"Your obliged friend and fellow-citizen,

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

Life and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, W. D. Howells, page 90.

Positions Taken by the Three Great Parties on the Slavery Question

The Southern leaders gave repeated and earnest warnings: . . . ."Gentlemen from the North! look well to your doings! If you insist on your 'Squatter Sovereignty' platform, in full view of its condemnation by the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, you break up the Democratic party—nay, more: you break up the Union! The unity of the Democratic party is the last bond that holds the Union together: that snapped, there is no other that can be trusted for a year."

Discarding that of the "Constitutional Union" party as meaning anything in general and nothing in particular, the Lincoln, Douglas, and Breckenridge parties had deliberately planted themselves, respectively, on the following positions:

1. *Lincoln.*—Slavery can only exist by virtue of municipal law; and there is no law for it in the Territories, and no power to enact one. Congress can establish or legalize Slavery nowhere, but is bound to prohibit it in or exclude it from any and every

Federal Territory, whenever and wherever there shall be necessity or exclusion or prohibition.

2. *Douglas.*—Slavery or No Slavery in any Territory is entirely the affair of the white inhabitants of such Territory. If they choose to have it, it is their right; if they choose *not* to have it, they have a right to exclude or prohibit it. Neither Congress nor the people of the Union, or any part of it, outside of said Territory, have any right to meddle with or trouble themselves about the matter.

3. *Breckenridge.*—The citizen of any State has a right to migrate to any Territory, taking with him anything which is property by the law of his own State, and hold, enjoy, and be protected in the use of such property in said Territory. And Congress is bound to render such protection wherever necessary, whether with or without the co-operation of the Territorial Legislature.

The American Conflict, Horace Greeley, page 322.

Lincoln's Own Life-Story

When Mr. Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency in 1860, a campaign bookmaker asked him to give the prominent features of his life. He replied in the language of Gray's "Elegy," that his life presented nothing but

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

He had, however, written for his friend Jesse W. Fell the following:

"I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families —second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, some others in Macon counties, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky, about 1781 or 2, where, a year or two later, he was killed by Indians,—not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

"My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age; and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the State came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called; but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond '*readin*,' *writin*' *and cipherin*' ' to the Rule of Three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write and cipher to the Rule of Three; but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education, I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

"I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, and passed the first year in Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk War; and I was elected a Captain of Volunteers—a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went [through] the campaign, was elated, ran for the Legislature the same year (1832) and was beaten—the only time I have ever been beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections, I was elected to the Legislature. I was not a candidate afterwards. During this Legislative period I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to practise it. In 1846 I was elected once to the lower House of Congress. Was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practised law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics; and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics, when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

"If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said, I am, in height, six feet four inches nearly; lean in flesh, weighing, on an average, one hundred and eighty pounds; dark

complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.

"Yours very truly,
"A. LINCOLN."

"J. W. FELL, Esq."

Recollections of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 9.

"A Real Representative Man"

The opposition press found in Lincoln's obscurity abundant editorial material. He was a "third-rate country lawyer, poorer even than poor Pierce," said the New York *Herald*. Of course, he would be a "nullity" if he were elected. How could a man be otherwise who had never done anything but deliver a few lectures and get himself beaten by Douglas in the campaign of '58? They hooted at his "coarse and clumsy jokes," declared that he "could not speak good grammar," and that all he was really distinguished for was rail-splitting, running a "broad-horn," and bearing the *sobriquet* of "honest old Abe." The snobbishness of the country came out in full. He was not a gentleman; that is, he did not know how to wear clothes, perhaps sat at times in shirt sleeves, tilted back his chair. He could quote neither Latin nor Greek, had never traveled, had no pedigree.

The Republican press took up the gauntlet. To the charge that he would be a "nullity" the (New York) *Tribune* replied:

"A man who, by his own genius and force of character, has raised himself from being a penniless and uneducated flatboatman on the Wabash River to the position Mr. Lincoln now occupies is not likely to be a nullity anywhere."

And [William Cullen] Bryant answered all the sneering by a noble editorial [in the New York *Evening Post*] in which he claimed Mr. Lincoln to be "A Real Representative Man."

Nevertheless the eagerness with which the Republican press hastened to show that Lincoln was not the coarse backwoodsman the Democrats painted him, showed how much they winced under the charges. Reporters were sent West to describe his home, his family, and his habits, in order to prove that he did not live in "low Hoosier style." They told with great satisfaction that he wore daily a broadcloth suit, "almost elegant;" they described his

modest home as a "mansion" and "an elegant two-story dwelling," and they never failed to note that Mrs. Lincoln spoke French fluently and that he had a son in Harvard College. When they could with reasonable certainty connect him with the Lincolns of Hingham, Mass., they heralded his "good blood" with pride and marshalled the Lincolns who had distinguished themselves in the history of the country.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 365.

"We Are Going to Have Some New Clothes"

From the time of his nomination gifts poured in on him. Many of these came in the form of wearing apparel. Mr. George Lincoln, of Brooklyn, who in January carried a handsome silk hat to the President-elect, the gift of a New York hatter, says that in receiving the hat, Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily over the gifts of clothing and remarked to Mrs. Lincoln:

"Well, wife, if nothing else comes out of this scrape, we are going to have some new clothes, are we not?"

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 375.

The Wide-Awakes of 1860

The Republican campaign of 1860 had one distinguishing feature,—the Wide-Awakes, bands of torch-bearers who in a simple uniform of glazed cap and cape, and carrying colored lanterns or blazing coal-oil torches, paraded the streets. . . . . The uniform attracted so much attention that a campaign club formed in Hartford adopted it. This club called itself the Wide-Awakes. Other clubs took up the idea, and soon there were Wide-Awakes drilling from one end of the North to the other.

A great many fantastic movements were invented by them, a favorite one being a peculiar zig-zag march—an imitation of the party emblem—the rail fence. Numbers of the clubs adopted the rules and drills of the Chicago Zouaves—one of the most popular military organizations of the day. In the summer of 1860 Colonel Ellsworth, the commanding officer of the Zouaves, brought them East. The Wide-Awake movement was greatly stimulated by this tour of the Zouaves.

Many of the clubs owned Lincoln rails, ...and the

"Originals," as the Hartford Wide-Awakes were called, possessed the identical maul with which Lincoln had split the rails for the famous fence. . . . . It is still to be seen in Hartford, occupying a conspicuous place in the collection of the Connecticut Historical Society.

Campaign songs set to familiar airs were heard on every hand. One of the most ringing was E. C. Stedman's "Honest Abe of the West," sung to the air of "The Star Spangled Banner." . . . . .

(*Chorus.*) "Hurrah! for our cause—of all causes the best!
Hurrah! for Old Abe, Honest Abe of the West!"

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 370.

A Newsboy's Apology

I recall one day when he had just seated himself at a desk with the latest messages before him when he heard a newsboy on the street crying: "Here's yer Philadelphia Inquiry." He mimicked the peculiar pronunciation and tone of the boy, and then said: "Did I ever tell you of the joke the Chicago newsboys had on me?" Replying negatively, he related: "A short time before my nomination I was in Chicago attending a law-suit. A photographer of that city asked me to sit for a picture, and I did so. This coarse, rough hair of mine was in a particularly bad tousle at the time, and the picture presented me in all its fright. After my nomination, this being about the only picture of me there was, copies were struck to show those who had never seen me how I looked. The newsboys carried them around to sell, and had for their cry: 'Here's your Old Abe, he'll look better when he gets his hair combed.' "



"Old Abe, he'll look better when he gets his hair combed."

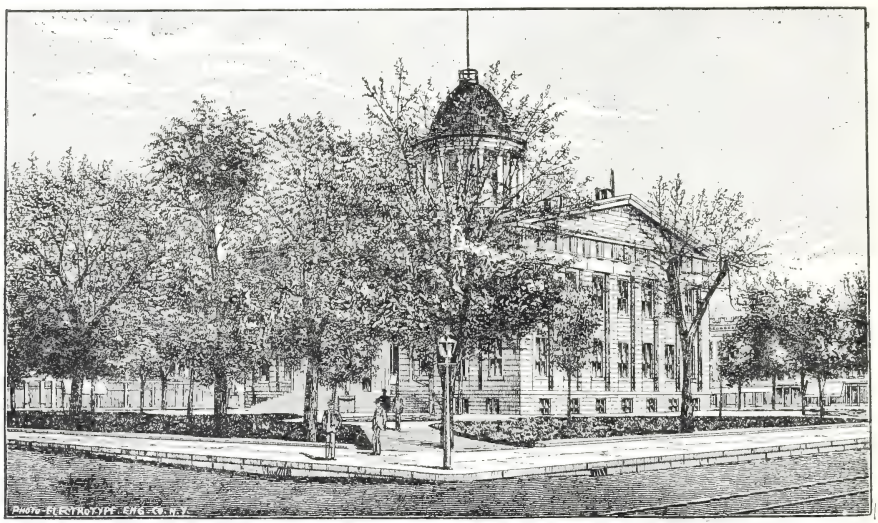
Lincoln in the War Office, Albert B. Chandler. *Collier's* for February 9, 1907, page 15.

A Call on Candidate Lincoln

In the summer of 1860, while on a business tour of the West, I visited Springfield, Illinois. At the solicitation of a mutual friend

I was taken to meet Abraham Lincoln, who had recently been nominated for the Presidency. On our way to the State Capitol, where Mr. Lincoln received his visitors, I asked my friend if Mr. Lincoln really was the author of the many current stories and jokes attributed to him. He said: "No, many of them are coarse, vulgar and shallow; but while Mr. Lincoln is fond of different kinds of stories, they must have wit and point to please him."

When my friend and I were announced Mr. Lincoln promptly received us. At our introduction he gave me a cordial grasp of the



THE OLD STATE CAPITOL OF ILLINOIS

Built in Springfield after the removal of the Capital from Vandalia, largely through Lincoln's influence. Here he received his visitors while Presidential candidate and President-elect.

hand, and I seem now, after many years, to feel the loose joints of his long fingers. He said:

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Carr, and if height has anything in it I have a claim on your vote."

"If the St. Louis paper tells the truth, this morning," I said, "I shall certainly have to vote for you."

"What was that?" he asked.

"It says," I replied, "that you are called 'Honest Abe' to distinguish you from the *rest of the party!*"

He laughed and said, "That Democratic editor is a good friend of mine, but he is a great joker."

He showed us a "Presidential Chair" just received, of which different parts bore the names of the loyal States and blanks left for those in doubt. He talked freely about the future and was deeply interested in all I had to tell him of my observations in the East and South. He seemed to know many of the persons whose names I mentioned to him. He expressed keen regrets over the state of affairs in the South, but told us he had strong faith in Providence and the loyalty of the Northern people.

While we were still talking I noticed that he kept looking me up and down as if taking a mental measurement. At last he asked,

"Mr. Carr, how tall *are* you?"

"Six feet two and a half," I replied. "And how tall are you, Mr. Lincoln?"

He straightened up, with a little effort, saying,

"When I *get the kinks all out* I am six feet four inches. Now, Mr. Carr, doesn't that entitle me to your vote?" he asked with a friendly smile as we shook hands in parting.

I did vote for Lincoln—but it was for a better reason than that.

Related by Humphrey W. Carr, Esq., Jersey City, N. J.

Lincoln-Hamlin Anagrams

In the campaign the names of the candidates were sometimes arranged thus:

Ham Lin
Lin Coln

and

Abra-Hamlin-Coln

Lincolnics, Henry Llewellyn Williams, page 95.

The Great Springfield Convention—"Our Lincoln Is the Man!"

That was an ever-to-be remembered day when, in August, 1860, the people of the great West, with one accord, arranged to visit Abraham Lincoln, the candidate for the Presidency, at Springfield, Illinois. Seventy thousand strangers poured into the prairie city. They came from Indiana, Iowa, and the lakes. Thousands came from Chicago. Men came in wagons, bringing their wives and children. They brought tents, camp kettles and coffee-pots. Says a graphic writer who saw the scene:

"Every road leading to the city is crowded for twenty miles with vehicles. The weather is fine, and a little overwarm. Girls can dress in white, and bare their arms and necks without danger, the women can bring their children.

"Everything that was ever done at any other mass-meeting is done here. Locomotive-builders are making a boiler; blacksmiths are heating and hammering their irons; the iron founders are molding their patterns; the rail-splitters are showing the people how 'Uncle Abe' used to split rails; every other town has its wagon-load of thirty-two girls in white to represent the States; many bands of music are playing; old men of the War of 1812, with their old wives, their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, are here: making a procession of human beings, horses, and carriages not less than ten miles in length. And yet the procession might have left the town and the people would scarcely be missed.

"There is an immense wigwam, with galleries like a theater; but there are people enough not in the procession to fill a dozen like it. Half an hour is long enough to witness the moving panorama of men and women, horses, carriages, representatives of trades, mottoes and burlesques, and listen to the bands."

There was a visitor from the East who became the hero of the great day. . . . . He had brought a song to the great Springfield assembly. He sang it when the people were in a receptive mood; it voiced their hearts and its influence was electric. As he rose before the assembly on that August day, under the prairie sun and sang—a stillness came over the great sea of the people. The figures of the first verse filled the imagination, but the chorus was like a bugle-call:

THE SHIP OF STATE.

(Sung at the Springfield Convention.)

"Hark! hark! a signal gun is heard,
Just out beyond the fort;
The good old Ship of State, my boys,
Is coming into port
With shattered sails and anchors gone,
I fear the rogues will strand her;
She carries now a sorry crew,
And needs a new commander.

Chorus

"Our Linccln is the man!
Our Lincoln is the man!
With a sturdy mate
From the Pine-Tree State,
Our Lincoln is the man!

"We'll give her what repairs she needs—
A thorough overhauling;
Her sordid crew shall be dismissed
To seek some honest calling.
Brave Lincoln soon shall take the helm,
On truth and right relying;
In calm or storm, in peace or war.
He'll keep her colors flying.

Chorus

"Old Abram is the man!
Old Abram is the man!
With a sturdy mate
From the Pine-Tree State,
Old Abram is the man!"

These words seem commonplace to-day, but they were trumpet-notes then. "Our Lincoln is the man!" trembled on every tongue, and a tumultuous applause arose that shook the air. The enthusiasm grew; the minstrel had voiced the people. . . . .

Lincoln heard the song. He loved songs. One of his favorite songs was "Twenty Years Ago." But this was the first time, probably, that he had heard himself sung. . . . . The song delighted him, but he, of all the thousands, was forbidden by his position to express his pleasure in the song. . . . . But after the scene was over, and the great mass of people began to melt away, he sought the minstrel and said:

"Come to my room and sing me the song privately. *I* want to hear you sing it."

So he listened to it in private, while it was being borne over the prairies on tens of thousands of lips. Did he then dream that the

nations would one day sing the song of his achievements, that his death would be tolled by the bells of all lands, and his dirge fill the churches of Christendom with tears? It may have been that his destiny in dim outline rose before him, for the events of his life were hurrying.

In the Boyhood of Lincoln, Hezekiah Butterworth, page 252.

"These Men Will Find They Have Not Read Their Bibles Aright"

Mr. Newton Bateman, Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Illinois, occupied a room [in the State Capitol] adjoining and opening into the Executive Chamber [which had been placed at Mr. Lincoln's disposal]. Frequently this door was open during Mr. Lincoln's receptions; and throughout the seven months or more of his occupation, Mr. Bateman saw him nearly every day. Often when Mr. Lincoln was tired he closed his door against all intrusion, and called Mr. Bateman into his room for a quiet talk.

On one of these occasions Mr. Lincoln took up a book containing a careful canvass of the city of Springfield in which he lived, showing the candidate for whom each citizen had declared it his intention to vote in the approaching election. Mr. Lincoln's friends had, doubtless at his own request, placed the result of this canvass in his hands. It was toward the close of October, and only a few days before the election. Calling Mr. Bateman to a seat at his side, having previously locked all the doors, he said:

"Let us look over this book. I wish particularly to see how the ministers of Springfield are going to vote."

The leaves were turned, one by one, and as the names were examined, Mr. Lincoln frequently asked if this one and that were not a minister, or an elder, or the member of such or such a church, and sadly expressed his surprise on receiving an affirmative answer. In that manner they went through the book, and then he closed it and sat silently for some minutes regarding a memorandum in pencil which lay before him. At length he turned to Mr. Bateman with a face full of sadness and said:

"Here are twenty-three ministers of different denominations, and all of them are against me but three; and here are a great many prominent members of the churches, a very large majority of whom are against me. Mr. Bateman, I am not a Christian—God knows I

would be one—but I have carefully read the Bible, and I do not so understand this book;" and he drew forth from his bosom a pocket New Testament.

"These men well know," he continued, "that I am for freedom in the Territories, freedom everywhere as far as the Constitution and laws will permit, and that my opponents are for slavery. They know this, and yet, with this book in their hands, in the light of which human bondage cannot live a moment, they are going to vote against me. I do not understand it at all."

Here Mr. Lincoln paused—paused for long minutes, his features surcharged with emotion. Then he rose and walked up and down the room in the effort to retain or regain his self-possession. Stopping at last, he said, with a trembling voice and his cheeks wet with tears:

"I know there is a God, and that He hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place and work for me—and I think He has—I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God. I have told them that 'a house divided against itself cannot stand,' and Christ and reason say the same; and they will find it so. Douglas don't care whether slavery is voted up or voted down, but God cares, and humanity cares, and I care; and with God's help I shall not fail. I may not see the end, but it will come, and I shall be vindicated; and these men will find that they have not read their Bibles aright."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, J. G. Holland, page 236.

Election Day in Springfield, Illinois

Election day in 1860 fell on the 6th. . . . . Mr. Lincoln, as was his custom, came down to his room at the State House by eight o'clock, where he went over his big mail as coolly as if it were not election day and he a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. He had not been there long before his friends began to flock in in such numbers that it was proposed that the doors be closed and he be allowed to remain by himself, but he said he had never done such a thing in his life as to close the door on his friends and

that he did not intend to begin now, and so the day wore away in the entertainment of visitors.

It had not been Mr. Lincoln's intention to vote, the obstacle which he found in the way being that his own name headed the Republican ticket and that he did not want to vote for himself. One of his friends suggested that his name might be cut off and he vote for the rest of the ticket. He fell in with this suggestion, and late in the afternoon, when the crowd around the polls, which were just across the street from his office, had subsided somewhat, he went over to cast his ballot. He was recognized immediately and his friends were soon about him, cheering wildly and contending good-naturedly for an opportunity to shake his hand. Even the Democrats, with their hands full of documents which they were distributing, joined in this enthusiastic demonstration and cheered at the top of their voices for their beloved townsman.

No returns were expected before seven o'clock, and it was a little later than that when Mr. Lincoln returned from his supper to the State House. The first dispatches were from different parts of Illinois. . . . . After an hour or more news began to come from Missouri.

"Now," said Lincoln, "they should get a few licks back at us." But to everybody's surprise there was more good news from Missouri than had been expected. Towards midnight news began to come from Pennsylvania, ... then a telegram from Simon Cameron, "Pennsylvania 70,000 for you. New York safe. Glory enough." . . . . . .

While waiting anxiously for something definite from New York, a delegation of Springfield ladies came in to invite Mr. Lincoln and his friends to a hall near by, where they had prepared refreshments for all the Republican politicians of the town. The party had not been there long before there came a telegram announcing that New York City had gone Republican. Such a cheering was never heard in Springfield before. The hall full of people, beside themselves with joy, began a romping promenade around the tables, singing at the top of their voices the popular campaign song:

"Oh, ain't you glad you joined the Republicans?"

Here at intervals further telegrams came from New York, all announcing large majorities. The scene became one of the wildest

excitement, and Mr. Lincoln and his friends withdrew to a little telegraph office on the square, where they could receive the reports more quietly.

Up to this time the only anxiety Mr. Lincoln had shown about the election was in the returns from his own State and town. He didn't "feel quite easy," as he said, "about Springfield." Towards morning, however, the announcement came that he had a majority in his own precinct. Then it was that he showed the first emotion, a jubilant chuckle, and soon after he remarked cheerfully to his friends, that he "guessed he'd go home now." . . . .

But Springfield was not content to go home. Cannon banged until daylight, and on every street corner and in every alley could be heard groups of men shouting at the tops of their voices,

Maine Prohibition law passed	1851
Rise of the American or "Know-Nothing" party	1852
Uncle Tom's Cabin published	1852
Pierce made President	1853
Passage of Kansas-Nebraska Bill	1854
Struggle begins in Kansas. John Brown	1855
Rise of the Republican party	1856
Buchanan made President	1857
Business panic	1857
Lincoln-Douglas Debates	1858
Discovery of silver in Colorado, and petroleum in Pennsylvania	1858 and 1859
John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry	1859
Election of Abraham Lincoln	1860
Secession of South Carolina (Dec. 20)	1860

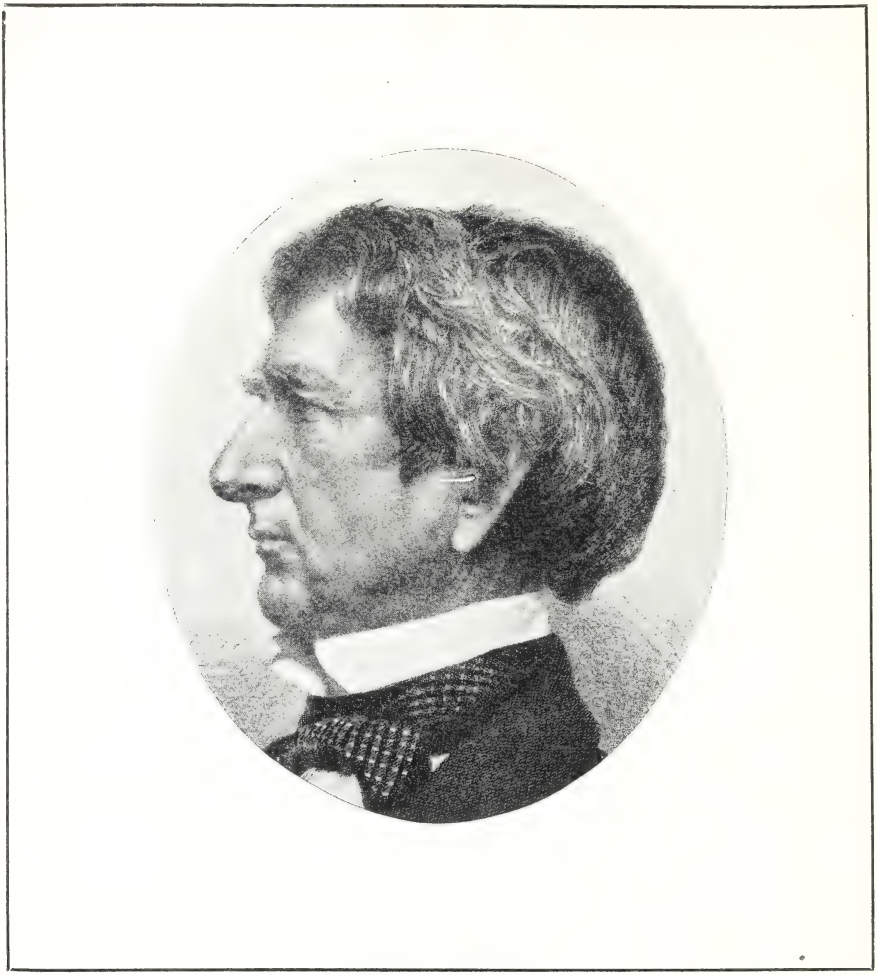
"Oh, ain't you glad you joined the Republicans?"

Twenty-four hours later and the result of that Tuesday's work was known. Out of 303 electoral votes, Lincoln had received 180. Of the popular vote he had received 1,866,452—nearly half a million over Douglas, a million over Breckenridge, a million and a quarter over Bell. It was a victory, but there were facts about the victory which startled the thoughtful. If Lincoln had more votes than any one opposing candidate, they together had nearly a million over him. Fifteen States of the Union gave him no electoral votes, and in ten States he had not received a single popular vote.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 384.

"Mary, Mary! We Are Elected!"

In November, on the day of the election, he said he was calm and sure of the result. The first news he received, mostly from New York, was unfavorable, and he felt a little discouraged. Later the dispatches indicated a turn in the tide, and when he learned of his election he said his heart overflowed with thanksgiving to God for His providential goodness to our beloved country. He continued:



WILLIAM H. SEWARD

Lincoln's Secretary of State. He had been the foremost of the Republican candidates for nomination to the Presidency, having been for many years a political leader. Seward began by attempting to manage the Lincoln Administration, but he was the first of the Cabinet to recognize the true greatness of his chief, writing to his wife: 'The President is the best of us."

"I cannot conceal the fact that I was a very happy man," and he added, with much feeling, "who could help being so under such circumstances?" He then said that "the enthusiastic greetings of his neighbors and friends during the evening, at the Club," together with the numerous telegrams which poured in upon him, "well-nigh upset him with joy."

At a late hour he left the Club rooms and went home to talk over matters with his wife. Before going to the Club that evening to get the election news as it came in, he said:

"I told my wife to go to bed, as probably I should not be back before midnight. When at about twelve o'clock the news came informing me of my election, I said: 'Boys, I think I will go home now: for there is a little woman there who would like to hear the news.' The Club gave me three rousing cheers, and then I left. On my arrival I went to my bedroom and found my wife sound asleep. I gently touched her shoulder and said 'Mary;' she made no answer. I spoke again, a little louder, saying, Mary, Mary! *we are elected!*' Well, ... I then went to bed, but before I went to sleep I selected every member of my Cabinet, save one. I determined on Seward for my Secretary of State, Chase for Secretary of the Treasury, Welles, whose acquaintance I made in Hartford, for Secretary of the Navy, and Blair and others for the other positions. . . . . My Cabinet was substantially fixed upon that night. I wanted Seward, for I had the highest respect for him, and the utmost confidence in his ability. I wanted Chase, also; I considered him one of the ablest, best and most reliable men in the country and a good representative of the progressive, antislavery element of the party."

In a word, he said he "wanted all his competitors to have a place in his Cabinet in order to create harmony in the party."

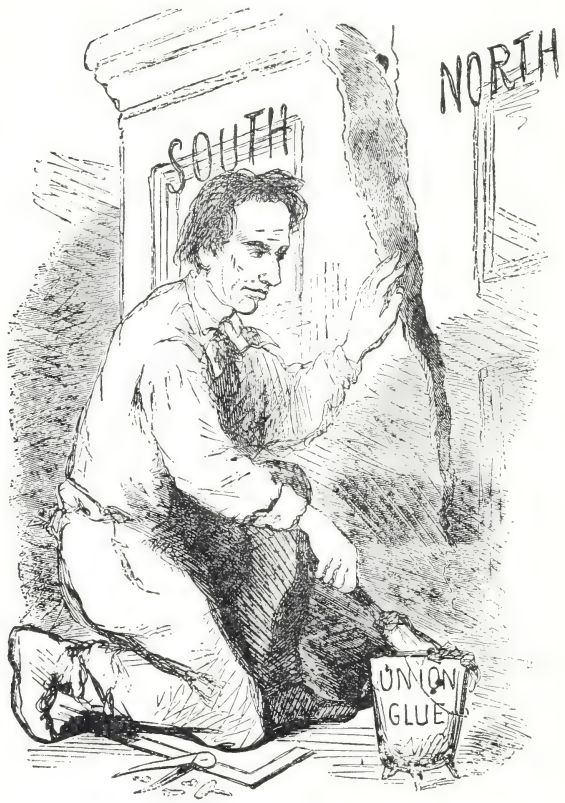
Abraham Lincoln: Tributes from His Associates, Edited by William Hayes Ward. *Recollections*, Henry C. Bowen, page 31.

CHAPTER XIII

As President-Elect

Begins "Cabinet Making"

Most of the facts in relation to the formation of the Cabinet I received from the mouth of Mr. Lincoln, who had apparently no concealments on the subject. On the day of the Presidential election, November 6, 1860, he said, the telegraph operator at Springfield invited him to occupy his room and obtain intelligence of the result as it was received. About two o'clock on Wednesday morning sufficient information had come in to leave no doubt of his election. He then retired, but hardly to sleep. Although fatigued and exhausted, he got but little rest.



From *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, February 2, 1861.

A JOB FOR THE NEW CABINET-MAKER

Oppressed with the overwhelming responsibility that was upon him, which in the excitement of the campaign he had not fully realized, he

felt the necessity of relief and assurance to sustain him in the not distant future. He did, he said, what probably all his predecessors had done—looked about him at once for men on whom he could depend, and who would be his support in the trials that were before him. The reliable and marked men of the country were in his mind, but there were many other things to be taken into consideration—different influences, sectional and political, to be reconciled. He did not again sleep until he had constructed the framework of his Cabinet. It was essentially the same (Cabinet) as that with which, four months later, he commenced his administration. . . . . He had in view a Republican, not a Whig administration, and therefore required and formed a Republican Cabinet. . . . . .

The unhappy condition of the country during the winter of 1860–61 is not to be overstated. It was as well understood and as deeply deplored at Springfield . . . as at Washington, where Congress frittered away its time, and pursued a course as, and scarcely less reprehensible than the Administration which proclaimed its inability to coerce a State. The President-elect witnessed the factious and disunion proceedings with unutterable distress, but he was powerless.

Lincoln and Seward, Gideon Welles, page 37.

Elected but Helpless

Although the election of November 6th made Lincoln the President-elect of the United States, for four months he could exercise no direct influence on the affairs of the country. If the South tried to make good her threat to secede in case he was elected, he could do nothing to restrain her. The South did try, and at once. With the very election returns the telegraph brought Lincoln the news of disruption. Day by day the news continued, and always more alarming. On November 10th, the United States Senator from South Carolina resigned. . . . . .

In his quiet office in Springfield, Mr. Lincoln read, in January, reports of proceedings of conventions . . . by all of which ordinances of secession were adopted. In February he saw representatives of these same States unite in a general convention at Montgomery, Alabama, and the newspapers told him how promptly and intelligently they went to work to found a new nation,

the Southern Confederacy, to provide it with a constitution and to give it officers. . . . . .

The rapid disintegration which followed the election of Mr. Lincoln filled the North with dismay. There was a general demand for some compromise which would reassure the South and stop secession. It was the place of the Republicans, the conservatives argued, to make this compromise. A furious clamor broke over Mr. Lincoln's head. His election had caused the trouble; now what would he do to quell it? How much of the Republican platform would he give up? Among the newspapers which pleaded with the President-elect to do something to reassure the South the most able was the New York *Herald*. Lincoln was a "sectional President," declared the *Herald*, who out of 4,700,000 votes cast, had received but 1,850,000 and whom the South had had no part in electing.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 387.

Artemus Ward Visits the "President Eleck"

I hav no politics. Not a one. I'm not in the business. . . . I wouldn't giv two cents to be a congresser. The wuss insult I ever received was when sertin citizens of Baldinsville axed me to run fur the Legislater. Sez I, "My friends, dostest think I'd stoop to that there?" They turned as white as a sheet. I spoke in my most orfullest tones; they knowed I wasn't to be trifled with. They slunked out of site to onct.

There4, having no politics, I made bold to visit Old Abe at his humstid in Springfield. I found the old feller in his parler surrounded by a perfeck swarm of orfice seekers. Knowin he had been capting of a flatboat on the roarin Mississippy I thought I'd address him in sailor lingo, so sez I:

"Old Abe, ahoy! Let out yer main-suls, reef hum the forecastle & throw yer jib-poop overboard! Shiver my timbers my harty!" (N. B. This is ginuine mariner langwidge. I know, because I've seen sailor plays acted out by them New York theatre fellers.)

Old Abe lookt up quite cross & sez,

"Send in yer petition by & by. I can't possibly look at it now. Indeed I can't. It's onpossible, sir!"

"Mr. Linkin, who do you spect I air?" sed I.

"A orfice-seeker, to be sure," sed he.

"Wall, sir," sed I, "you's never more mistaken in your life; you haint got a orfice I'd take under no cirucmstances. I'm A. Ward. Wax figgers is my perfeshun. I'm the father of Twins, and they look like me—*both of them*. I come to pay a friendly visit to the President eleck of the United States. If so be you wants to see me, say so, if not, say so & I'm off like a jug handle."

"Mr. Ward, sit down. I am glad to see you, sir."

"Repose in Abraham's Buzzum!" said one of the orfice seekers, his idee being to git orf a goak at my expense. . . . . Jest at this pint of the conversation another swarm of orfice-seekers arrove & cum pilin into the parler. Sum wanted post orfices, sum wanted collectorships, sum wanted furrin missions, and all wanted sumthin. I thought Old Abe would go crazy. He had'nt more than had time to shake hands with em before another tremenjis crowd cum porein onto his premises. His house and dooryard was now perfeckly overflowed with orfice seekers, all clameruss for a immejit interview with Old Abe. One man from Ohio, who had about seven inches of corn whisky into him, mistook me for Old Abe and addrest me as "The Pra-hayrie Flower of the West!" Thinks I *you* want a orfiss putty bad. Another man with a gold-heded cane and a red nose told Old Abe he was "a seckind Washington & the Pride of the Boundliss West."

Sez I, "Squire, you wouldn't take a small post-orfiss if you could git it, would you?"

Sez he, "A patrit is abuv them things, sir!"

"There's a putty big crop of patrits this season, aint there, Squire?" sez I, when *another* crowd of orfiss seekers pored in. The house, door-yard, barns, woodshed was now all full, and when *another* crowd cum I told 'em not to go away for want of room as the hog-pen was still empty. One patrit from a small town in Michygan went up on top of the house, got into the chimney and slid into the parler where Old Abe was endeverin to keep the hungry pack of orfice-seekers from chawin him up alive without benefit of clergy. The minit he reached the fireplace he jumpt up, brusht the soot out his eyes, and yelled:—

"Don't make any pintment at the Spunkville postorfiss till you've read my papers. All the respectful men in our town is signers to that there dockyment!"

"Good God!" cried Old Abe, "they cum upon me from the skize—down the chimneys and from the bowels of the yerth!" He hadn't more'n got them words out of his delikit mouth before two fat orfiss seekers from Wisconsin, in endeverin to crawl atween his legs for the purpuss of applyin for the tollgateship at Milwawky, upsot the President eleck, & he would hev gone sprawling into the fireplace if I hadn't caught him in these arms. But I hadn't more'n stood him up strate before another man cum crashing down the chimney, his head strikin me viliently again the inards and prostratin my voluptoous form onto the floor.

"Mr. Linkin," shouted the infatooated being, "my papers is signed by every clergyman in our town, and likewise the schoolmaster!"

Sez I, "You egrejis ass," gittin up and brushin the dust from my eyes, "I'll sign your papers with this bunch of bones, if you don't be a little more keerful how you make my bread basket a depot in the future. How do you like that air perfumery?" sez I, shoving my fist under his nose. "Them's the kind of papers I'll giv you! Them's the papers *you* want!"

"But I workt hard for the ticket; I toiled night and day. The patrit should be rewarded."

"Virtoo," sed I, holding the infatooated man by the coat-collar, "virtoo, sir, is its own reward. Look at me!"

He did look at me, and qualed be4 my gase.

"The fact is," I continued, lookin' round on the hungry crowd, "there is scarely a offiss for every ile lamp carrid round durin' this campane. I wish there was furrin missions to be filled on varis lonely islands where epydemics rage incessantly, and if I was in Old Abe's place I'd send every mother's son of you to them. What air you here for?" I continnered, warmin up considerable, "can't you give Abe a minit's peace? Don't you see he's worrid most to death? Go home, you miserable men, go home and till the sile! Go to peddlin tinware—go to choppin wood—go to bilin' sope—stuff sassengers—black boots—git a clerkship on some respectable manure cart—anything for a honest living, but don't come round here drivin Old Abe crazy by your outrajis cuttings up! Go home. Stand not upon the order of your goin, but go to onct! Ef in five minits from this time," sez I, pullin' out my new sixteen dollar huntin cased watch and brandishin' it

before their eyes, "Ef in five minits from this time a single sole of you remains on these here premises, I'll go out to my cage near by, and let my Boy Constructor loose! & if he gits amung you, you'll think old Solferino has cum again and no mistake!"

You ought to have seen them scamper. . . . .They run as tho Satan hisself was arter them with a red hot ten pronged pitchfork. In five minits the premises was clear.

"How kin I ever repay you, Mr. Ward, for your kindness?" sed Old Abe, advancin and shakin me warmly by the hand. "How kin I ever repay you, sir?"

"By givin' the whole country a good, sound administration. By poerin ile upon troubled waturs, North and South. By pursooin' a patriotic, firm, and just course, and then if any State wants to secede, let 'em secesh!"

"How 'bout my Cabinit, Mister Ward," sed Abe.

"Fill it up with showmen, sir. Showmen is devoid of politics. They haint got any principles. They know how to cater for the public. They know what the public wants, North & South. Showmen, sir, is honest men. Ef you doubt their literary ability, look at their posters, and see small bills! Ef you want a Cabinit as is a Cabinit fill it up with showmen, but don't call on me. The moral wax figger perfeshun mustn' be permitted to go down while there's a drop of blood in these vains! A. Linkin, I wish you well! Ef Powers or Walcott was to pick out a model for a beautiful man, I scarcely think they'd sculp you; but ef you do the fair thing by your country you'll make as putty a angel as any of us! A. Linkin, use the talents which Nature has put into you judishusly, and firmly, and all will be well! A. Linkin, adoo!"

He shook me cordyully by the hand—we exchanged picters, so we could gaze upon each other's liniments, when far away from one another—he at the hellum of the ship of State, and I at the hellum of the show bizniss—admittance only 15 cents.

Complete Works of Artemus Ward, page 100.

Daily "Levees" of the President-Elect

Mr. Lincoln soon found, after his election, that his modest two-story frame dwelling was altogether inadequate for the throng of local callers and of visitors from a distance, and accordingly he gladly

availed himself of the offer of the use of the Governor's room in the Capitol building. On my arrival, he had already commenced spending a good part of each day in it. He appeared daily except Sundays, between nine and ten o'clock, and held a reception till noon, to which all comers were admitted, without even the formality of first sending in cards. Whoever chose to call, received a hearty greeting. At noon, he went home to dinner and reappeared about two. Then his correspondence was given proper attention, and visitors of distinction were seen by special appointment at either the State house or the hotel. Occasionally, but very rarely, he passed some time in his law office. In the evening, old friends called at his home for the exchange of news and political views. At times, when important news was expected, he would go to the telegraph or newspaper office after supper, and stay there till late. Altogether, probably no other President-elect was as approachable for everybody, at least during the first weeks of my stay. But he found in the end, as was to be expected, that this popular practice involved a good deal of fatigue, and that he needed more time for himself; and the hours he gave up to the public were gradually restricted.

I was present almost daily for more or less time during his morning receptions. I generally remained a silent listener, as I could get at him at other hours when I was in need of information. It was a most interesting study to watch the manner of his intercourse with callers. As a rule, he showed remarkable tact in dealing with each of them, whether they were rough-looking Sangamon County farmers still addressing him familiarly as "Abe," sleek and pert commercial travelers, staid merchants, sharp politicians, or preachers, lawyers, or other professional men. He showed a very shrewd and quick perception of and adaptation to individual characteristics and peculiarities. He never evaded a proper question, or failed to give a fit answer. He was ever ready for an argument, which always had an original flavor, and, as a rule, he got the better in the discussion. There was, however, one limitation to the freedom of his talks with his visitors. A great many of them naturally tried to draw him out as to his future policy as President regarding the secession movement in the South, but he would not commit himself. The most remarkable and attractive feature of those daily "levees," however, was his constant indulgence of his

story-telling propensity. Of course, all the visitors had heard of it and were eager for the privilege of listening to a practical illustration of his pre-eminence in that line. He knew this and took especial delight in meeting their wishes. He never was at a loss for a story or an anecdote to explain a meaning or enforce a point, the aptness of which was always perfect. His supply was apparently inexhaustible, and the stories sounded so real that it was hard to determine whether he repeated what he had heard from others, or had invented himself.

Memoirs of Henry Villard, Vol. I, page 142.

An Optical Omen

He related an incident which I will try to put on paper here, as nearly as possible in his own words:—

"It was just after my election in 1860, when the news had been coming in thick and fast all day, and there had been a great 'Hurrah boys!' so that I was well tired out, and went home to rest, throwing myself down on a lounge in my chamber. Opposite where I lay was a bureau—(and here he got up and placed the furniture to illustrate the position)—"and, looking in that glass, I saw myself reflected, nearly at full length; but my face, I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the top of the nose of one being about three inches from the top of the other. I was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again I saw it a second time—plainer if possible than before; and then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler, say five shades, than the other. I got up and the thing melted away, and I went off and, in the excitement of the hour, forgot all about it—nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come up and give me a little pang, as though something uncomfortable had happened. When I went home again that night I told my wife about it, and a few days afterward I tried the experiment again, when, sure enough, the thing came again; but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though I once tried very industriously to show it to my wife, who was somewhat worried about it. She thought it was a 'sign' that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the last term."

Washington in Lincoln's Time, Noah Brooks, page 220.

A Hard Time of It with the Office-Seekers

The Jacksonian "doctrine" that "to the victors belong the spoils," was still so universally the creed of all politicians that it was taken for granted there would be a change not only in all the principal, but also in all the minor, Federal offices. It was also expected that the other time-honored party practice of a division of executive patronage among the several States would be carried out. Accordingly, there appeared deputations from all the Northern and Border States at Springfield to put in their respective claims for recognition. Some of them came not only once, but several times. . . . . Almost every State presented candidates for the Cabinet and for the principal diplomatic and departmental offices. The hotel was the principal haunt of the place-hunters. The tricks, the intrigues and the manœuvres that were practised by them in pursuit of their aims, came nearly all within the range of my observation, as it was my duty to furnish the earliest possible news of their success or failure. . . . .

From what I have said, it will be understood that the President-elect had a hard time of it with the office-seekers. But as he himself was a thorough believer in the doctrine of rotation in office, he felt it his duty to submit to this tribulation. The Cabinet appointments . . . . were especially troublesome to him. There was an intense struggle between Indiana and Illinois, most embarrassing inasmuch as there were several candidates from his own State, all intimate personal friends. Then came the bitter contest between the Border States of Kentucky, Missouri and Maryland, and the Pennsylvania cabal *pro* and *contra* Simon Cameron. Amid all these perplexities, Lincoln displayed a good deal of patience and shrewdness in dealing with these personal problems. His never-failing stories helped many times to heal wounded feelings and mitigate disappointments. But he gradually showed the wear and tear of these continuous visitations, and finally looked so careworn as to excite one's compassion.

Memoirs of Henry Villard, Vol. I, page 146.

A Little Girl Induces Mr. Lincoln to Grow a Beard

Little Grace Bedell, living at Westfield, New York, saw a portrait of Lincoln during the Presidential campaign of 1860. She

said to her mother, "I think Mr. Lincoln would look better if he wore whiskers and I'm going to write and tell him so."

Grace's father was a Republican, but her two brothers were Democrats. She wrote to "Hon. Abraham Lincoln, Esq.," and told him how old she was; where she lived; that she was a Republican; that she thought he would make a good President, but would look better if he let his beard grow. If he would do this, she would try to coax her brothers to vote for him. She said she thought the rail fence around his cabin, in the picture, was very pretty and wound up with:

"If you have not time to answer my letter, will you allow your little girl to reply for you?"

Lincoln was pleased with the letter and answered it at once, as follows:

"SPRINGFIELD, Ill., October 19, 1860.

"MISS GRACE BEDELL:

"*My dear little Miss:*—Your very agreeable letter of the 15th is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons; one seventeen; one nine; and one seven years of age. They, with their mother, constitute my whole family. As to whiskers, having never worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affectation if I should begin now?

"Your very sincere well-wisher,

"A. LINCOLN."

When on the journey to Washington to be inaugurated, the train stopped at Westfield. He spoke to ex-Lieutenant-Governor Patterson, who accompanied the Presidential party, about his little correspondent in that place. Some one called out and asked if Grace Bedell was in the crowd that surged around the train. A way was opened and Grace came, timidly but gladly, to speak to the President-elect who let her see that he had grown a beard at her request. Then reaching his long arms, he lifted the little girl up and kissed her, amid enthusiastic applause from the approving multitude."

"*Abe Lincoln's Yarns and Stories*, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 382.

How Lincoln Chose a Secretary

When I was editor of a weekly paper in Illinois, in the late fifties, I felt a great interest in a Springfield lawyer and ex-congressman named Abraham Lincoln. I had heard him speak several times. There was something in the man that commanded instant attention, and every time you saw or heard him your respect increased.

Everybody was talking about the coming nomination for the Presidency, and one day I dashed off a little editorial suggesting that Mr. Lincoln had had experience at Washington as a representative, was able and fearless, and would be a good man to lead the nation in the crisis that we all could see impending. On reading what I had written, before giving it to the printer, I felt that the idea was such a good one as to be worth circulating beyond the confines of the rather limited *clientèle* of my own paper. I had two hundred and fifty proofs pulled, one of which I sent to each of the papers in Illinois. Many of them printed it when I did, and thus we started the Presidential boom of Mr. Lincoln.

During the campaign I supported him with all the strength of my pen and tongue, but had received no recognition from him; and, when I dropped in to see him, at Springfield, to pay my respects after his election, I had no confidence that he would know anything about me. He put out his long arm and gave me a pump-handle shake, exclaiming:

"I'm glad to see you, young man. I rather suspect that you are one of my good friends. Isn't it so?" I assured him it was.

"Why, of course it is," he said heartily. "I know that, perhaps better than you guess. How would you like to go to Washington?"

The suddenness of this proposal took my breath away. "Why, why, I am pretty well satisfied where I am, Mr. Lincoln," I answered hesitatingly; "but, if I could go on your personal staff, I—"

"Now, that's a compliment," he interrupted, laughing, "but it happens to be just what I was thinking of. Go home and write me a letter, so that we can get this thing down in black and white."

I went home and wrote the letter, and, in a day or two, received Mr. Lincoln's reply, appointing me one of his private secretaries. In this offhand way he reshaped my life.

Success Magazine, William O. Stoddard, February, 1906.

Trade Reasons against Civil War

Meanwhile, sundry well-intentioned men were doing what they thought best to counteract the wave of hostility that had begun to rise in the North. . . . . A Peace Congress assembled in Washington to concert measures for the averting of war. Union meetings were held in New York and other large cities in the free States, everybody being desirous, apparently, of doing whatever could reasonably be done, to pacify the South, angry at the election of a "sectional" candidate. . . . . .

It should be said, also, that in communities where the trade and commerce of the Southern people had been large, there was something like a panic at the near prospect of a war with the slave States. Cotton, that great staple of the Gulf States, was one of the great needs of the manufacturing States of the North. The Southern States did not manufacture any goods, and their dependence on the North was also one reason why these latter should not go to war. Thus the desire in the North for peace was natural and strong.

Abraham Lincoln and the Downfall of Slavery, Noah Brooks, page 218.

News Item from the Springfield State Journal

"An old man hailing from Mississippi, dressed in plain homespun, came to our city Saturday. He mingled freely with the Republican representatives, got their views, and seemed to think we are not quite so black as we are represented.

"He called on Mr. Lincoln, talked freely with him and heard the President-elect express his sentiments and intentions. He learned that Mr. Lincoln entertained none but the kindest feelings towards the people of the South, and that he would protect the South in her just rights.

"He had a long conversation and went away delighted. He left the office of Mr. Lincoln in company with a friend, who communicated this to us, and when outside the door he remarked, while the tears stole down his furrowed cheeks:

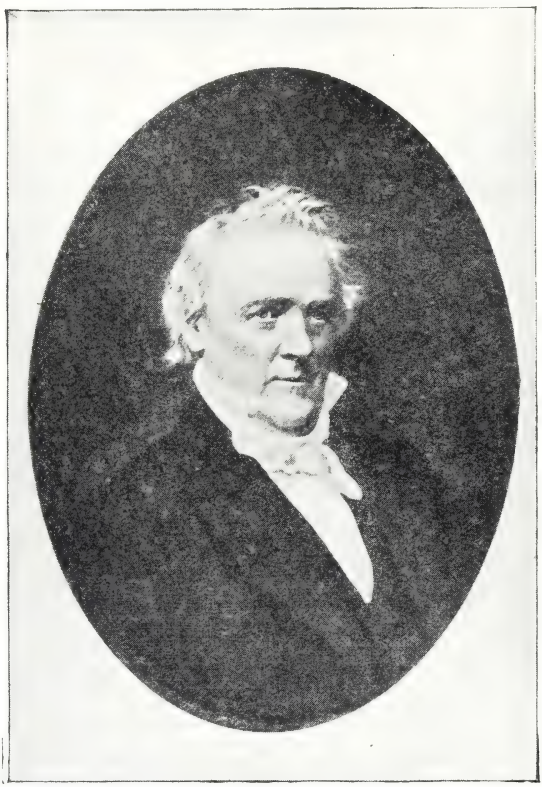
" 'Oh! if the people of the South could hear what I have heard, they would love and not hate Mr. Lincoln: I will tell my friends at home; but,' he added sorrowfully, 'they will not believe me.'

"He said that he did wish every man in the South could be personally acquainted with Mr. Lincoln."

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Paul Selby, page 133.

How Buchanan's Cabinet Planned to Wreck the Government

Meanwhile, the allies of treason and rebellion in the Cabinet were doing what they could to make things easier for the Rebel States when the final blow should come. John B. Floyd, a Southern man, was Secretary of War, and he scattered the army all over the South, ... so that it should not be at hand when the President should come to the national Capital. Floyd also moved large quantities of arms and munitions of war from the forts and arsenals of the North to those in the South.



JAMES BUCHANAN

Mr. Isaac Toucey, a Northern man, but completely in the hands of the conspirators, sent the little navy of the United States to the four quarters of the globe, so that no naval force should be available when the conspiracy should be ripe.

Howell Cobb, of Georgia, afterwards a general in the Rebel army, was then Secretary of the Treasury, and after he had purposely involved the national finances in difficulty, he resigned. He left the treasury empty.

Attorney-General Black had given his official opinion that neither Congress nor the President could carry on any war against any State.

James Buchanan, a weak old man, was nominally President,

but the conspirators in the Cabinet carried forward their plans with a high hand. . . . . The Southern Senators and Representatives, almost without exception, remained in Washington, occupying their desks in the Senate and House, drawing pay and official perquisites up to the last moment; and, holding possession of the Government as these men did, they were at the same time plotting to overthrow it.

Abraham Lincoln and the Downfall of Slavery, Noah Brooks, page 212.

The Duty of the President "to Run the Machine as It Is"

The uproar which raged about Mr. Lincoln soon became quite as loud over "coercion" as over "compromise." Each passing week made conciliation more difficult, saw new elements of disunion realized. What was to be done with the seceding States? What was to be done about the forts and arsenals, custom-houses and post-offices, they were seizing? If Mr. Lincoln would not compromise, was he going to let the States and the Federal property go, or was he going to compel them to return with it? Did he propose to coerce the South? Though the President-elect refused to give any expression of opinion on the subject to the country, it was not because he was not perfectly clear in his own mind. Secession he considered impossible.

"My opinion is," he wrote Thurlow Weed on December 17th, "that no State can in any way lawfully get out of the Union without the consent of the others; and that it is the duty of the President and other government functionaries to run the machine as it is."

When Horace Greeley began a series of editorials in the (New York) *Tribune* contending that if seven or eight States sent agents to Washington, saying, "We want to get out of the Union," he should feel constrained by his devotion to Human Liberty to say, "Let them go." Lincoln said nothing publicly, though in Springfield it was believed that he considered the policy "dangerous and illogical." He certainly was only amused at Fernando Wood's scheme to take New York City out of the Union and make it a free city—another Hamburg.

"I reckon," he said to a New Yorker in February, in discussing the subject, "that it will be some time before the front door sets up house-keeping on its own account."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. I, page 395.

"Latitude and Longitude," "Socks and Flapjacks"

" 'Think he was a big man, then?' Nope—never did. Just as I said, we all thought Douglas was *our* big man. You know I felt kind of sorry for Lincoln when they began to talk about him for President. It seemed almost as if somebody was makin' fun of him. He didn't look like a President. I never had seen one, but we had pictures of 'em from George Washington down, and they looked somehow as if they were different kind of timber from us. . . . . Now Mr. Lincoln he was just like your own folks—no trouble to talk to him, no siree. . . . .

"None of us around town took much stock in his bein' elected at first—that is, none of the men; the women was different. They always believed in him, and used to say:

" 'You mark my word, Mr. Lincoln will be President. He's just made for it, he's good, he's the best man ever lived and he ought to be President.'

"It seems all right now, though. I reckon I learned somethin' watchin' him. . . . . Funniest thing to see him goin' around in this town—not a mite changed—and the whole United States a watchin' him and the biggest men in the country runnin' after him and the reporters hangin' around to talk to him and fellers makin' his pictures in ile and every other way. That didn't make no difference to him. . . . . He had a room over there in the Court-House—room on that corner there. I never looked up that it wan't chuck full of people wantin' him. This old town was full of people all the time—delegations and committees and politicians and newspaper men. . . . .

"He saw 'em all. Sometimes I used to step over and watch him—didn't bother him a mite to see a big man—not a mite. He'd jest shake hands and talk as easy and natural as if 'twas me—and he didn't do no struttin' either. . . . . Mr. Lincoln didn't put on any airs. No, sir, and he didn't cut any of his old friends either. Tickled to death to see 'em every time, and they all come—blamed if every old man and woman in Sangamon County didn't trot up here to see him. They'd all knowed him when he was keepin' store down to New Salem and swingin' a chain—surveyed lots o' their towns for 'em—he had—and then he'd electioneered all over that county, too, so they just come in droves to bid him good-by.

"I was over there one day when old Aunt Sally Lowdy came in the door. Aunt Sally lived down near New Salem and I expect she'd mended Mr. Lincoln's pants many a time; for all them old women down there just doted on him and took care of him as if he was their own boy. Well, Aunt Sally stood lookin' kind a scared seein' so many strangers and not knowin' precisely what to do, when Mr. Lincoln spied her. Quick as a wink he said, 'Excuse me, gentlemen,' and he just rushed over to that old woman and shook hands with both of his'n and says:

" 'Now, Aunt Sally, this is real kind of you to come and see me. How are you and how's Jake?' (Jake was her boy.) 'Come right over here.'

"And he led her over, as if she was the biggest lady in Illinois and says:

" 'Gentlemen, this is a good old friend of mine. She can make the best flapjacks you ever tasted, and she's baked 'em for me many a time.'

"Aunt Sally was jest as pink as a rosy, she was so tickled. And she says:

" 'Abe, ... I had to come and say good-by. . . . . I thought I'd come and bring you a present. Knit 'em myself.'

"And I'll be blamed if that old lady didn't pull out a great big pair of yarn socks and hand 'em to Mr. Lincoln.

"Well, sir, it was the funniest thing to see Mr. Lincoln's face pucker up and his eyes twinkle and twinkle. He took them socks and held 'em up by the toes, one in each hand. They was the longest socks I ever see.

" 'The lady got my latitude and longitude 'bout right, didn't she, gentlemen?' he says, and then he laid 'em down and he took Aunt Sally's hand and he says, tender-like:

" 'Aunt Sally, you couldn't a done nothin' which would have pleased me better. I'll take 'em to Washington and wear 'em, and think of you when I do it.' . . .

"And I declare he said it so first thing I knew I was almost blubberin', and I wan't the only one nuther, and I bet he did wear 'em in Washington. I can jest see him pullin' off his shoe and showin' them socks to Sumner or Seward or some other big bug that was botherin' him, when he wanted to switch off on another

subject and tellin' 'em the story about Aunt Sally and her flapjacks."

He Knew Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, page 13.

Correspondence with Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia

In his private correspondence Stephens spoke of receiving a large number of letters from the Northern States discussing his anti-secession speech, nearly all of them favorable. . . . . One of the letters was from President-elect Lincoln asking for a revised copy of the speech. Stephens replied saying that his revision amounted to no more than a glance over the reporters' notes, which were substantially correct. Ever since they had been Whigs together in the House in the forties, Lincoln had admired Stephens, and it is even said that he now considered the advisability of inviting him to become a member of his Cabinet. In view of Lincoln's position and that of Stephens on the slavery question, the story is doubtful. . . . .

Shortly after Stephens's reply to Lincoln's request—a reply in which he spoke of the country's "great peril," and declared that "no man ever had heavier or greater responsibilities than you have in the present momentous crisis,"—Lincoln wrote as follows:

"*For your eye only.*

"SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Dec. 22, 1860.

"HON. A. H. STEPHENS.

"*My dear Sir:*—Your obliging answer to my short note is just received, and for which please accept my thanks. I fully appreciate the present peril the country is in, and the weight of responsibility on me.

"Do the people of the South really entertain fears that a Republican administration would *directly* or *indirectly* interfere with the slaves or with them about the slaves? If they do, I wish to assure you, as once a friend, and still, I hope, not an enemy, that there is no cause for such fears.

"The *South* would be in no more danger in this respect than it was in the days of Washington. I suppose, however, that does not meet the case. You think slavery is *right* and ought to be extended; while we think it is *wrong* and ought *to be abolished.* That,

I suppose, is the rub. It certainly is the only substantial difference between us.

"Yours very truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

Alexander H. Stephens, Louis Pendleton, page 164.

The Three Staunch Democrats in Buchanan's Cabinet

Some of the Northern Democrats who had stood by Buchanan and his party until now, began to murmur at his supple willingness to help the cause of Rebellion, now assuming formidable proportions. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State, resigned because the President refused to send reinforcements to Major Anderson, who was shut up with a little force in Fort Moultrie, Charleston Harbor. . .

Mr. Black, too, resigned and Edwin M. Stanton, a staunch Democrat and Unionist, was appointed in his place.

General John A. Dix, of New York, succeeded Howell Cobb as Secretary of the Treasury. It was this unflinching Union man who, while in the Cabinet of Buchanan, sent to the commander of a threatened revenue cutter the famous despatch:

"If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

Joseph Holt of Kentucky, also a strong Union man, took the office of Secretary of War, made vacant by Floyd, who had added official dishonesty to treason.

Stanton, in the Attorney-General's office, was a very different sort of man from Black, who had retired to Pennsylvania. The infamous Jacob Thompson, who kept the office of Secretary of the Interior for the purpose, apparently, of helping his fellow-conspirators in the slave States, advised a surrender of the forts in Charleston Harbor and the withdrawal of Major Anderson and his little force. Stanton said to the President:

"Mr. President, it is my duty, as your legal adviser, to say that you have no right to give up the property of the Government or abandon the soldiers of the United States to its enemies; and the course proposed by the Secretary of the Interior, if followed, is treason, and will involve you and all concerned in treason."

For the first time treason had been called by its right name in the Cabinet councils of James Buchanan. It was none too soon. The traitors saw that their work in Washington must close; the

times were ripe for open revolt; and while some waited until the open secession of their States called them home, others hastened southwards, eagerly taking part in what they fondly deemed to be the formation of a new and prosperous Confederacy.

Abraham Lincoln and the Downfall of Slavery, Noah Brooks, page 213.

Seven Southern Sisters Secede

It is not correct to say that the election of Lincoln was the cause of the Rebellion; it was rather the signal. To the Southern leaders, it was the striking of the appointed hour. His defeat would have meant only postponement. South Carolina led the way. On December 17, 1860, her convention came together, the Palmetto flag waving over its chamber of conference, and on December 20 it issued its "Ordinance." This declared that the Ordinance of May 23, 1788, ratifying the Constitution, is "hereby repealed," and the "Union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States, under the name of the United States of America, is hereby dissolved."

A Declaration of Causes said that South Carolina had "resumed her position among the nations of the world as a separate and independent State."

The language used was appropriate for the revocation of a power-of-attorney. The people hailed this action with noisy joy, unaccompanied by any regret or solemnity at the severance of the old relationship. The newspapers at once began to publish "Foreign News" from the other States.

The new governor, a fiery Secessionist, . . . had already suggested to Mr. Buchanan the impropriety of reinforcing the national garrisons in the forts in Charleston Harbor. He now accredited to the President three commissioners to treat with him for the delivery of the "forts, magazines, lighthouses, and other real estate, with their appurtenances, in the limits of South Carolina; and also for the apportionment of public debt, and for a division of all other property held by the Government of the United States as agents of the Confederate States of which South Carolina was recently a member." . . . . . .

Meanwhile there was in the Harbor of Charleston a sort of armed truce, which might at any moment break into war. Major Anderson, in Fort Moultrie, and the State commander in the city

watched each other like two suspicious animals, neither sure when the other will spring.

In short, in all the overt acts, the demeanor and the language of this excitable State, there was such insolence, besides hostility, that her emissaries must have been surprised at the urbane courtesy with which they were received, even by a President of Mr. Buchanan's views.

After the secession of South Carolina the Gulf States hesitated briefly. Mississippi followed first; her convention assembled January 7, 1861, and on January 9 passed the Ordinance. The Florida convention met January 3, and on January 10 decreed the State to be "a sovereign and independent nation." . . The Alabama convention passed its Ordinance on January 11. . . . . In Georgia the secessionists doubted whether they could control a convention, yet felt obliged to call one, Toombs, Cobb, and Iverson labored with tireless zeal throughout the State; but, in spite of all their proselytizing, Unionist feeling ran high and debate was hot. . . . Alexander H. Stephens spoke for the Union with a warmth and logic not surpassed by anything that was said at the North. He and Herschel V. Johnson both voted against secession; yet, on January 18, when the vote was taken, it showed 208 ayes against 89 nays. On January 26 Louisiana followed; . . . but it refused to submit the Ordinance to the people for ratification.



The action of Texas, the only other State which seceded prior to the inauguration of Lincoln, was delayed until February 1. There Governor Houston was opposing secession with such vigor as remained to a broken old man, whereby he provoked Senator Iverson to utter the threat of assassination: "Some Texan Brutus may arise to rid his country of this old hoary-headed traitor."

Abraham Lincoln, John T. Morse, Jr., Vol. I. page 184.

A Stormy Session of Buchanan's Cabinet

One day, Secretary Stanton referred to the meeting of the Buchanan Cabinet called upon receipt of the news that Major Anderson had evacuated Fort Moultrie, and gone to Fort Sumter.

"This little incident," said Stanton, "was the crisis of our history,—the pivot upon which everything turned. Had he remained at Fort Moultrie, a very different combination of circumstances would have arisen. The attack on Sumter—commenced by the South—united the North and made the success of the Confederacy impossible. I shall never forget," he continued, "our coming together by special summons that night. Buchanan sat in his arm-chair in a corner of the room, white as a sheet, with a cigar in his mouth. The despatches were laid before us; and so much violence ensued that he had to turn us all out-of-doors."

Six Months in the White House, F. B. Carpenter, page 54.

Why Did the South Secede?

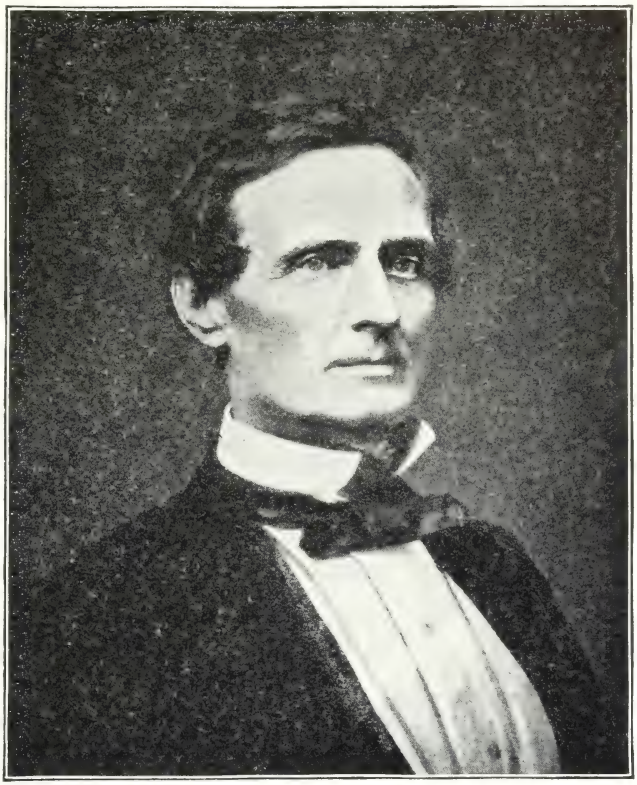
What took these seven States—soon to be followed by four more—out of the Union? The answer is, it was their first conviction that slavery would thrive better by being separated from the influence of the North; and, secondly, it was their belief in "States Rights," upheld by South Carolina as far back as Jackson's Presidency. According to that idea, any State was justified in separating itself from the United States whenever it became convinced that it was for its interest to withdraw.

In this act of secession many of the people of the South took no direct part,—a large number being, in fact, opposed to it,—a few political leaders did the chief part of the work. Their aim was to establish a great slave-holding republic, or nationality, of which they should be head.

President Buchanan made no attempt to prevent the States from seceding; part of his Cabinet were Southern men, who were in full sympathy with the Southern leaders, and the President did not see how to act.

The seceded States seized the forts, arsenals, and other national property within their limits, so far as they could do so. Fort Sumter, commanded by Major Anderson of the United States army in

Charleston Harbor, was one of the few where the Stars and Stripes remained flying. President Buchanan had made an attempt to send men and supplies to Major Anderson by the merchant steamer *Star of the West* (January 9, 1861); but the people of Charleston fired upon the steamer and compelled her to go back.



JEFFERSON DAVIS

All eyes were now turned toward Abraham Lincoln. The great question was, What will he do when he becomes President?

The Leading Facts of American History, D. H. Montgomery, page 282.

Says Farewell to His Old Stepmother and Visits His Father's Grave

And now he began to think very tenderly of his friends and relatives in Coles County, especially of his good stepmother and her daughters. By the first of February he concluded that he could not leave his home to assume the vast responsibilities that awaited him without making them a visit. Accordingly, he left Springfield on the first day of that month, and went straight to Charleston. . . Early the next morning he repaired to his cousin, Dennis Hanks; and jolly old friend Dennis had the satisfaction of seeing a grand



FIRST CAPITOL OF THE CONFEDERACY, AT MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

Montgomery was the Capital of the first seven States that seceded. After Virginia and three other States seceded, making eleven in the Southern Confederacy, the Capital was removed to Richmond.

"levee" under his own roof. It was all very pleasant to Mr. Lincoln to see such multitudes of familiar faces, smiling upon his wonderful successes. But the chief object of his solicitude was not here, Mrs. Lincoln lived in the southern part of the county, and he was all impatience to see her. As soon, therefore, as he had taken a frugal breakfast with Dennis, he and Colonel Chapman started off in a two-horse buggy toward Farmington, where his stepmother was living with her daughter, Mrs. Moore. They had much difficulty in crossing the Kickapoo River, which was running full of ice; but they finally made the dangerous passage, and arrived at Farmington in safety.

The meeting between him and the old lady was of a most affectionate and tender character. She fondled him as her own "Abe," and he her as his own mother. . . . . The parting between Mr. Lincoln and his mother was very touching. She embraced him with deep emotion, and said she was sure she would never behold him again, for she felt that his enemies would assassinate him. He replied:

"No, no, Mother; they will not do that. Trust in the Lord and all will be well; we will see each other again." . . . Then Mr. Lincoln and Colonel Chapman drove to the house of John Hall, who lived on the old Lincoln farm where Abe split the celebrated rails and fenced in the little clearing in 1830. Thence they went to the spot where old Tom Lincoln was buried. The grave was unmarked and utterly neglected. Mr. Lincoln said he wanted to "have it enclosed and a suitable tombstone erected."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 462.

"Buchanan is Giving the Case Away and I Can't Stop Him"

Even after the contest was over and he was implored to say something to reassure the seceding South, he resisted the temptation to interfere with his predecessor's administration, knowing full well that his advice would be disregarded and that it was hopeless to try to save the situation with words alone.

It reminded him, he said, of one of his experiences on the circuit when he saw a lawyer making frantic signals to head off an associate who was making blundering admissions to the jury, and who con-

tinued utterly oblivious of the efforts which were being made to check his ruinous work.

"Now, that's the way with Buchanan and me," was his only comment. "He's giving the case away and I can't stop him."

As the time for action drew near and Lincoln was on the eve of departure for Washington, he visited his law office to attend to some business matters.

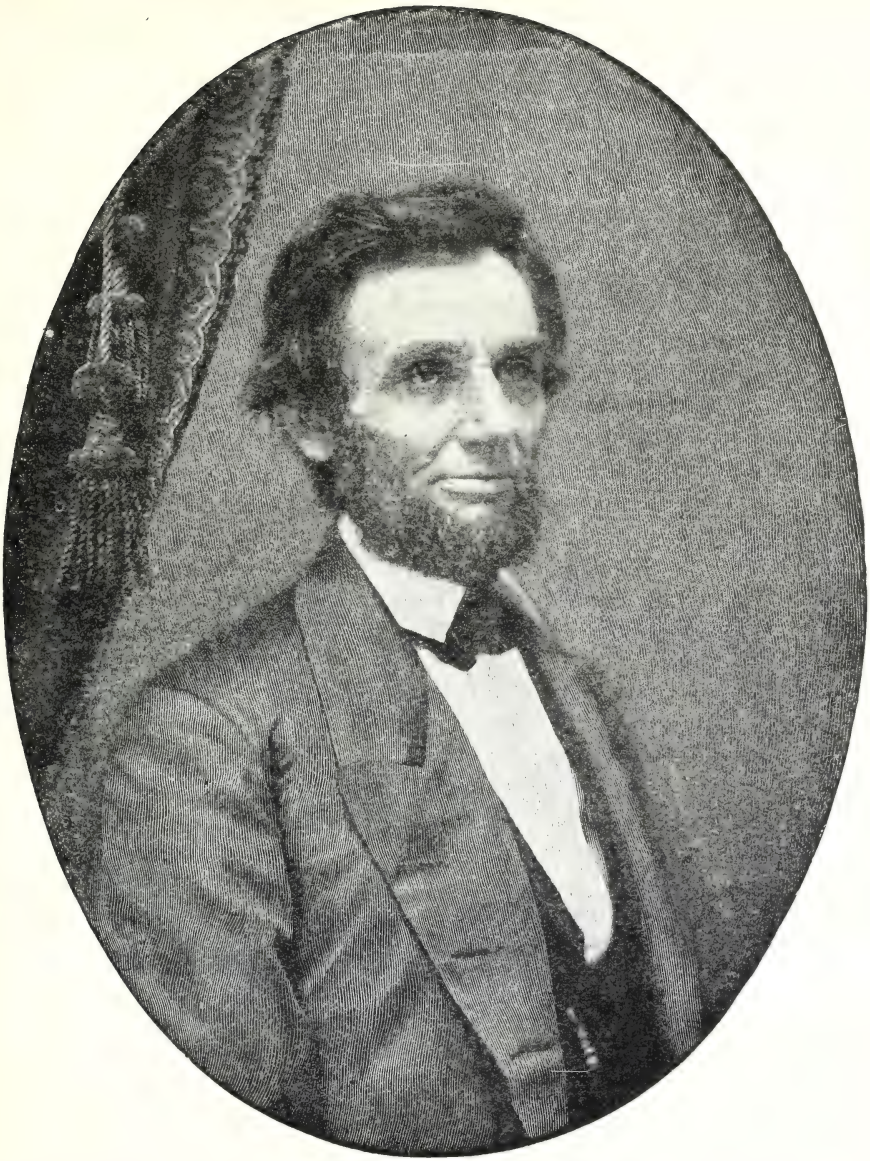
"After all these things were disposed of," relates Mr. Herndon, "he crossed to the opposite side of the room and threw himself down on the old office sofa, which after many years of service had been moved against the wall for support. He lay there for some moments, his face toward the ceiling, without either of us speaking. . . . . He then recalled some incidents of his early practice and took great pleasure in delineating the ludicrous features of many a lawsuit on the circuit. . . . .

"Then he gathered up a bundle of books and papers he wished to take with him, and started to go, but before leaving he made the strange request that the sign-board which swung on its rusty hinges at the foot of the stairway should remain.

"'Let it hang there undisturbed,' he said, with a significant lowering of his voice. 'Give our clients to understand that the election of a President makes no difference in the firm. . . . If I live I'm coming back some time, and then we'll go right on practising law as if nothing had ever happened.' . . .

"He lingered for a moment as if to take a last look at the old quarters, and then passed into the narrow hall-way."

Lincoln the Lawyer, Frederick Trevor Hill, page 290.



From *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, Ida M. Tarbell.

LINCOLN IN 1861

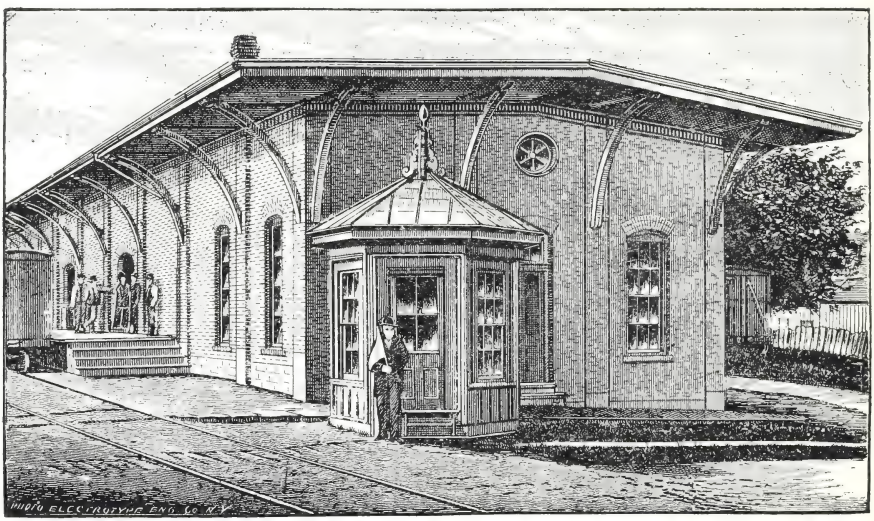
The President-elect sat for this photograph in his inauguration clothes not long before leaving for Washington.

CHAPTER XIV

The Journey to Washington

Farewell to Springfield Friends

The start on the memorable journey was made shortly after eight o'clock on the morning of Monday, February 11. It was a clear, crisp winter day. Only about one hundred people, mostly personal friends, were assembled at the station to shake hands for the last time with their distinguished townsman. It was not



RAILROAD STATION WHERE LINCOLN SAID GOOD-BYE TO SPRINGFIELD

strange that he yielded to the sad feelings which must have moved him at the thought of what lay behind and what was before him, and gave them utterance in a pathetic formal farewell to the gathering crowd, as follows:

"My Friends,—No one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my chil-

dren were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He would never have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell."

I reproduce this here, as but for me it would not have been preserved in the exact form in which it was delivered. It was entirely extemporized, and, knowing this, I prevailed upon Mr. Lincoln immediately after starting, to write it out for me on a "pad." I sent it over the wires from the first telegraph station.

Memoirs of Henry Villard, Vol. I, page 149.

On the Way to Washington—as Far as Indianapolis

As the train which bore Mr. Lincoln went whirling and shrieking through the country, people everywhere assembled at the railroad stations. The ladies and girls waved their handkerchiefs and threw bouquets into the cars, and the men and boys shouted for "Lincoln and the Constitution" at the top of their voices. Wherever the cars stopped long enough, Mr. Lincoln would make his appearance and say a few kind and pleasant words, and at places where he remained for several hours he sometimes made speeches of considerable length. At little villages, where the train only paused for a moment, he replied with bows and pleasant smiles to the greetings which everywhere met him. . . . . .

At Tolono, amid deafening applause, he said:

"I am leaving you on an errand of national importance, attended, as you are aware, with considerable difficulties. Let us believe, as some poet has expressed it:

"'Behind the cloud the sun is still shining.'

"I bid you an affectionate farewell."

At Indianapolis Mr. Lincoln found the Governor of the State waiting for him in his carriage. The whole city had turned out to do Mr. Lincoln honor, and he was escorted to the Bates House in splendid style. In his address to the people from the balcony of the hotel, he said:

"To the salvation of the Union there needs but one thing,—the hearts of a people like yours. Of the people, when they rise in mass in behalf of the Union and the liberties of their country,—truly may it be said:

" 'The gates of hell cannot prevail against them.' "

The Children's Life of Abraham Lincoln, M. Louise Putnam, page 112.

At Cincinnati, Columbus, Pittsburg and Cleveland

At Cincinnati Mr. Lincoln's reception was almost overwhelming. . . . . He remained at Cincinnati till the next morning, when he set off for Columbus, the capital of the State, attended by a portion of the Ohio Legislature. . . . . Upon their arrival . . . Mr. Lincoln was greeted by the Lieutenant-Governor. To the Legislature he said:

"There has fallen upon me a task such as did not rest even upon the Father of his Country; and so feeling, I cannot but turn and look for the support without which it will be impossible for me to perform that great task. I turn, then, and look to the great American people, and to that God who has never forsaken them.". . . .

The following morning Mr. Lincoln left Columbus, . . . and in the evening reached Pittsburg, where he was met, as usual, by a crowd of enthusiastic admirers. . . . . In the morning he was waited upon by the Mayor and Common Council of the city, to whom, after an address of welcome on their part, he said, referring to the tariff:

"The tariff is a question of national housekeeping. It is to the Government what replenishing the meal tub is to the family.". . . . . .

From Pittsburg he went to Cleveland. Here the shouts and cheers of the people blended with the thunders of cannon. . . . . Mr. Lincoln said, in closing:

"If all do not join now to save the good old Ship of the Union on this voyage, nobody will have a chance to pilot her on another voyage."

The Children's Life of Abraham Lincoln, M. Louise Putnam, page 113.

Lincoln and the Coal-heaver

When Lincoln was on his way to assume the office of President, the train was delayed at Freedom, Pennsylvania, by an accident to a freight train that was a little way ahead, and, while he was there, I saw him again. Some things happened that I have never seen in print. He was accompanied by Major Sumner, whom I knew as commander of the United States troops in Kansas, in 1856, and Colonel Elmer Ellsworth, of the celebrated regiment of Zouaves. Neither Major Sumner nor Colonel Ellsworth was tall, and, as they stood beside Lincoln on the rear platform, while he made his address, they looked shorter than they really were. At the close of Lincoln's short speech, a coal-heaver called out:

"Abe, they say you are the tallest man in the United States, but I don't believe you are any taller than I am." Lincoln replied:

"Come up here and let us measure."

The coal-heaver pressed his way through the crowd and climbed on the platform, where Lincoln and he stood back to back. Turning to Colonel Ellsworth, Lincoln said:

"Which is the taller?"

Colonel Ellsworth, being so much shorter, could not tell, so he climbed on the guard rail, and, putting his hand across the top of the heads of the two men, said: "I believe that they are exactly the same height." Then Lincoln and the coal-heaver turned around and faced each other. The crowd shouted loudly when Lincoln took the black, sooty hand of the coal-heaver in his and gave a hearty hand-shake to the man who was his equal—in height.

Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln, Thomas H. Tibbles. *Success Magazine*, Vol, IX, February, 1906, page 137.

Gives Tad a "Good Spanking"

The car in which the party was riding was an ordinary passenger car of those days. No one would submit to riding in such a car now. Mrs. Lincoln and the children were in the car. She sat on

the side next the platform and did not seem to notice anything that was going on. There was a small boy in the seat with her who became known as "Tad," in after years. He was full of mischief. He raised the car window an inch or two and tried to catch the fingers of the boys outside as they stuck them under, by slamming it down. When Lincoln went back into the car he told Tad to stop that, but in a few minutes the boy was at the same trick again. Lincoln spoke to him the second time. The boy obeyed, but was soon at the same old trick again. Lincoln leaned over, drew the boy across his knee, and gave him a good spanking, saying;

"Why do you want to mash those boys' fingers?"

After a while the wreck ahead was cleared away and the train pulled out. Lincoln came to the rear platform and acknowledged the shouts of the people as the train passed between them. A man standing near me said:

"He is not the kind of man that I expected to see, except that he is tall. I expected to see a jolly-looking man. While he sat in the car I watched him through a window. He looked sad enough to be going to his death instead of to be inaugurated President of the United States."

Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln, Thomas H. Tibbles. *Success Magazine*, Vol. IX, February, 1906, page 137.

New York State and City

The next morning Mr. Lincoln took his departure for Buffalo, where he remained over Sunday, and on Monday morning left for Rochester, at which place he spoke a few words to the assembled crowd. . . . . At Syracuse the people had erected a very handsome platform for Mr. Lincoln to stand upon while he addressed them; but there was not time for him to ascend it. He said a few kind words to them, however, and then proceeded to Utica. Here the train paused only a few moments, and then sped on to Albany, where a great procession escorted Mr. Lincoln to the State House. .

Mr. Lincoln next passed on to Troy, where he thanked the people very kindly for their great reception. At Hudson he spoke a few words, but had not time to ascend the beautiful platform which they had erected for him. At Poughkeepsie great honors were showered on him, and at Peekskill. . . . . .

Mr. Lincoln now proceeded to New York, where he arrived at three in the afternoon. Business was suspended and all Broadway was crammed with the immense throng which tried to catch a glimpse of the future President, as he was being escorted to the Astor House. Mr. Lincoln stepped upon the balcony of the hotel, and showed himself to the excited multitude, who kept calling for him; but he was too tired to make a speech.

The Children's Life of Abraham Lincoln, M. Louise Putnam, page 117.

At Trenton, New Jersey

At Trenton he was received by a portion of the Legislature and escorted to the State House. Here he said:

"May I be pardoned if upon this occasion I mention that away back in my childhood, the earliest days of my being able to read, I got hold of a small book, . . . Weems's 'Life of Washington.' I remember the accounts there given of the battlefields and struggles for the liberties of the country; and none fixed themselves upon my imagination so deeply as the struggle here at Trenton, New Jersey. The crossing of the river, the contest with the Hessians, the great hardships endured at that time—all fixed themselves upon my memory more than any single Revolutionary event. . . . I recollect thinking then, boy even though I was, that there must have been something more than common that these men struggled for." . . . .

Addressing the other branch of the Legislature, he said:

"The man does not live who is more devoted to peace than I am, none who would do more to preserve it, but it may be necessary to put the foot down firmly. And if I do my duty and do right, you will sustain me, will you not?"

He was answered with hearty cheers and cries of "Yes, yes, we will!"

The Children's Life of Abraham Lincoln, M. Louise Putnam, page 120.

At Independence Hall on Washington's Birthday

From Trenton Mr. Lincoln proceeded to Philadelphia, and was escorted to the Continental Hotel. While in this city he was invited to raise the national flag over Independence Hall, where the

Declaration of Independence was first published to the world. Before raising the flag he said:

"I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and framed and adopted that Declaration of Independence. . . . I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of separation of the Colonies from the Mother-land, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weight would be lifted from the shoulders of all men and that all should have an equal chance. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence.

"Now, my friends, can this country be saved upon that basis? If it can, I shall consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by."

He was escorted to a platform in front of the building, and the cord was placed in his hands. The beautiful flag arose to the top of the staff, and he says himself:

"It floated gloriously to the wind without an accident, in the bright, glowing sunshine of the morning."

The Children's Life of Abraham Lincoln, M. Louise Putnam, page 121.

Mr. Lincoln Tells Why He Passed through Baltimore in the Night

"Mr. Judd, a warm personal friend of mine from Chicago, sent for me to come to his room (at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, February 21st). I went, and found there Mr. Pinkerton, a skillful police detective, also from Chicago, who had been employed for some days in Baltimore watching or searching for suspicious persons there. Pinkerton informed me that a plan had been laid for my assassination, the exact time when I expected to go through Balti-

more being publicly known. He was well informed as to the plan, but did not know that the conspirators would have pluck enough to execute it. He urged me to go right through with him to Washington that night. I didn't like that. I had made engagements to visit Harrisburg and go from there to Baltimore, and I resolved to do so. I could not believe that there was a plot to murder me.

"I made arrangements, however, with Mr. Judd for my return to Philadelphia the next night, if I should be convinced that there was danger in going through Baltimore. I told them that if I should meet at Harrisburg, as I had at other places, a delegation to go on with me to the next place (Baltimore), I should feel safe and go on. When I was making my way back to my room, through crowds of people, I met Frederick Seward. We went together to my room when he told me that he had been sent, at the instance of his father and General Scott, to inform me that their detectives in Baltimore had discovered a plot there to assassinate me. They knew nothing of Mr. Pinkerton's movements. I now believed such a plot to be in existence."

Lossing's History of the Civil War, Vol. I, page 278.

How Robert Lincoln Lost His Father's Inaugural Address

Mr. Lincoln had prepared his first inaugural address in a room over a store in Springfield. His only reference works were Henry Clay's great Compromise Speech of 1850, Andrew Jackson's Proclamation against Nullification, Webster's great Reply to Hayne, and a copy of the Constitution.

When Mr. Lincoln started for Washington to be inaugurated, the inaugural address was placed in a special satchel and guarded with special care. At Harrisburg the satchel was given in charge of Robert T. Lincoln, who accompanied his father. Before the train started from Harrisburg the precious satchel was missing. Robert thought he had given it to a waiter at the hotel, but a long search failed to reveal the bag with its precious document. Lincoln was annoyed, angry, and finally in despair. He felt certain that the address was lost beyond recovery, and, as it lacked only ten days until the inauguration, he had no time to prepare another. He had not even preserved the notes from which the original copy had been written.

Mr. Lincoln went to Ward Lamon, his former law partner, then

one of his body-guard, and informed him of the loss in the following words:

"Lamon, I guess I have lost my certificate of moral character, written by myself. Bob has lost the gripsack containing my inaugural address." . . . .

The clerk at the hotel told Mr. Lincoln that he would probably find his missing satchel in the baggage-room. Arriving there, Mr. Lincoln saw a satchel which he thought was his, and it was passed out to him. His key fitted the lock, but, alas! when it was opened the bag contained only a soiled shirt, some paper collars and a bottle of whiskey. A few minutes later the satchel containing the inaugural address was found among the pile of baggage.

The recovery of the address reminded Mr. Lincoln of a story, which is thus narrated by Ward Lamon in his "Recollections of Abraham Lincoln":

The loss of the address and the search for it was the subject of a great deal of amusement. Mr. Lincoln said many funny things in connection with the incident. One of them was that he knew a fellow once who had saved up fifteen hundred dollars, and had placed it in a private banking establishment. The bank soon failed, and he afterward received ten *per cent.* of his investment. He then took his one hundred and fifty dollars and deposited it in a savings bank, where he was sure it would be safe. In a short time this bank also failed, and he received at the final settlement ten *per cent.* on the amount deposited. When the fifteen dollars was paid over to him, he held it in his hand and looked at it thoughtfully, then he said:

"Now, darn you! I have got you reduced to a portable shape, so I'll put you in my pocket."

Suiting the action to the word, Mr. Lincoln took his address from the bag and carefully placed it in the inside pocket of his vest, but held on to the satchel with as much interest as if it still contained his "certificate of moral character."

Abe Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 111.

A Railroad Official's Letter

On the night of February 9th [1861] I sent you a letter, as follows:

"Allan Pinkerton, Esq., Chicago, Illinois.

"Yours of the 6th inst., received. I am informed that a son

of a distinguished citizen of Maryland said he had taken an oath with others to assassinate Mr. Lincoln before he gets to Washington, and they may attempt to do it while he is passing over our road. I think you had better look after this man if possible. This information is perfectly reliable. I have nothing more to say at this time. I shall try and see you in a few days.

"On the night of the 22nd of February, 1861, Mr. Kenny and yourself met Mr. Lincoln at the West Philadelphia *dépôt*, and took him in a carriage over to the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad *dépôt*. Mr. Lincoln took a berth in the sleeping car, and at eleven P.M. the train left the *dépôt* for Washington. I met you in our *dépôt* at Baltimore, went into the sleeping car and whispered in your ear 'all is right,' which seemed to be welcome news to you—it certainly was to me. Mr. Lincoln arrived in Washington without even the officers of the train knowing that he was aboard.

(Signed) "WILLIAM STEARNS."
(Master Machinist of the Philadelphia,
Wilmington & Baltimore R. R.)

Extract from a letter to Allan Pinkerton, in *History and Passage of Abraham Lincoln from Harrisburg, Pa., to Washington, D. C.*,—on the 22nd and 23d of February, 1861, page 21.

Unexpectedly Met in Washington

On the afternoon of the 23d (of February), Mr. Seward came to my seat in the House of Representatives, and told me he had no information from his son nor anyone else in respect of Mr. Lincoln's movements, and that he could have none, as the wires were all cut, but he thought it very probable he would arrive in the regular train from Philadelphia, and he suggested that we would meet in the *dépôt* to receive him. We were promptly on hand; the train arrived on time, and with strained eyes we watched the descent of the passengers.

But there was no Mr. Lincoln among them; though his arrival was by no means certain, yet we were much disappointed. But as there was no telegraphic connection, it was impossible for us to have any information. It was no use to speculate. Sad, disappointed, and under the empire of conflicting emotions we separated to go to our respective homes; but agreeing to be at the *dépôt* on the arrival of the New York train the next morning before daylight,

hoping either to meet the President or get information as to his movements.

I was on hand in season, but to my great disappointment, Governor Seward did not appear. I planted myself behind one of the great pillars in the old Washington and Baltimore *dépôt*, where I could see and not be observed. Presently the train came rumbling in on time. It was a moment of great anxiety to me. . . .

As I have stated, I stood behind the pillar awaiting the arrival of the train. When it came to a stop I watched with fear and trembling to see the passengers descend. I saw every car emptied, and there was no Mr. Lincoln. I was well-nigh in despair, and when about to leave I saw slowly emerge from the last sleeping-car three persons. I could not mistake the long, lank form of Mr. Lincoln, and my heart bounded with joy and gratitude. He had on a soft low-crowned hat, a muffler around his neck, and a short bob-tailed overcoat. Any one who knew him at that time could not have failed to recognize him at once. . . . .

The only persons that accompanied Mr. Lincoln were Pinkerton, the well-known detective . . and Ward H. Lamon. When they were fairly on the platform and a short distance from the car, I stepped forward and accosted the President:

"How are you, Lincoln?"

At this unexpected and rather familiar salutation the gentlemen were apparently somewhat startled, but Mr. Lincoln, who recognized me, relieved them at once by remarking in his peculiar voice:

"This is only Washburne!"

Then we all exchanged congratulations and walked out to the front of the *dépôt*, where I had a carriage in waiting. Entering the carriage (all four of us) we drove rapidly to Willard's Hotel, entering on Fourteenth street, before it was fairly daylight. The porter showed us into the little receiving room at the head of the stairs, and at my direction went to the office to have Mr. Lincoln assigned a room.

We had not been in the hotel more than two minutes before Governor Seward hurriedly entered, much out of breath and somewhat chagrined to think he had not been up in season to be at the *dépôt* on the arrival of the train. The meeting of these two great men, under the extraordinary circumstances which surrounded them, was full of emotion and thankfulness.

I soon took my leave . . and as I passed out the outside door, the Irish porter said to me with a smiling face:

"And faith, it is *you* that brought us a Prisident!"

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Elihu B. Washburne. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 36.

Chaotic Condition of the Government

The condition of the Government when Lincoln reached Washington may be described as chaotic. Bewildered and intimidated by threats of secession, most of the political leaders in the North had lost their heads, and their Babel of incoherences merely aggravated the hopeless confusion. During the first weeks of December, 1860, at least forty bills, each promising national salvation, were introduced into the House and Senate, and more futile propositions were probably never submitted to a legislative body. Every form of weak-kneed compromise from sentimental sop to abject surrender had its nervous advocate, and between Andrew Johnson's puerile scheme of giving the Presidency to the South and the Vice-Presidency to the North, and *vice versâ*, every alternate four years, and Daniel Sickles's wild-eyed pother about New York City's separation from the Union, every phase of political *dementia* was painfully exhibited.

It was not only the mental weaklings who collapsed under the strain. There were men of force and character among the panic-stricken. . . . President Buchanan . . employed his legal talents to such poor advantage that he virtually argued against his own client, noting prohibitions, negations, and general impotency in every line of the Constitution, but not seeing one word of help in it for the government he represented. As Seward remarked, his long and argumentative message to Congress in December, 1860, conclusively proved, first, that no State had the right to secede unless it wanted to, and, second, that it was the President's duty to enforce the law unless somebody opposed him. . . .

Seward himself, able lawyer though he was, completely lost his head a few months later, his particular *mania* taking the suicidal form of averting the civil perils by instigating a foreign war. . . . And Horace Greeley, almost beside himself with grief and fear, quavered out empty suggestions for conciliation which only increased the public perplexity.

Lincoln the Lawyer, Frederick Trevor Hill, page 293.

CHAPTER XV

At the Helm of State

The Morning before the Inauguration

Daybreak of March 4, 1861, found the city of Washington astir. The Senate, which had met at seven o'clock the night before, was still in session; scores of persons who had come to see the inauguration of the first Republican President, and who had been unable to find other bed than the floor, were walking the streets; the morning trains were bringing new crowds. Added to the stir of those who had not slept through the night were sounds unusual in Washington—the clatter of cavalry, the tramp of soldiers.

All this morning bustle of the city must have reached the ears of the President-elect, at his rooms at Willard's Hotel, where, from an early hour he had been at work. An amendment to the Constitution of the United States had passed the Senate in the all-night session, and as it concerned the subject of his Inaugural, he must incorporate a reference to it in the address. Then he had not replied to the note he had received two days before from Mr. Seward, asking to be released from his promise to accept the *portfolio* of State. He could wait no longer.

"I can't afford," he said to Mr. Nicolay, his secretary, "to let Seward take the first trick."

And he despatched the following letter:

"My dear Sir:—Your note of the 2nd instant, asking to withdraw your acceptance of my invitation to take charge of the State Department, was duly received. It is the subject of the most painful solicitude to me, and I feel constrained to beg that you will countermand the withdrawal. The public interest, I think, demands that you should; and my personal feelings are deeply interested in the same direction. Please consider and answer by 9 A.M. to-morrow. Your obedient servant,

"A. Lincoln."

At noon, Mr. Lincoln's work was interrupted. The President of the United States was announced. Mr. Buchanan had come to escort his successor to the Capitol. The route of the procession was the historic one over which almost every President since Jefferson had traveled to take his oath of office; but the scene Mr. Lincoln looked upon as his carriage rolled up the avenue was very different from that upon which one looks to-day. No great blocks lined the streets; instead, the buildings were low, and there were numerous vacant spaces. Instead of asphalt, the carriage passed over cobble-stones. Nor did the present stately and beautiful approach to the Capitol exist. The west front rose abrupt and stiff from an unkept lawn. The great building itself was still uncompleted, and high above his head Mr. Lincoln could see the swinging arm of an enormous crane rising from the unfinished dome.

But, as he drove that morning from Willard's to the Capitol, the President-elect saw far more significant sights than these. Closed about his carriage, "so thickly," complained the newspapers, "as to hide it from view," was a protecting guard. Stationed at intervals along the avenue were platoons of soldiers. At every corner were mounted orderlies. On the very roof-tops were groups of riflemen. When Lincoln reached the north side of the Capitol, where he descended to enter the building, he found a board tunnel, strongly guarded at its mouth, through which he passed into the building. . . .

Arm in arm with Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Lincoln passed through the long tunnel erected for his protection, entered the Capitol, and passed into the Senate Chamber, filled to overflowing with Senators, members of the Diplomatic Corps and visitors. The contrast between the two men as they entered struck every observer. "Mr. Buchanan was so withered and bowed with age," wrote George W. Julian of Indiana, who was among the spectators," that in contrast with the towering form of Mr. Lincoln he seemed little more than half a man."

A few moments' delay, and the movement from the Senate towards the east front began, the justices of the Supreme Court, in cap and gown, leading the procession. As soon as the large company was seated on the platform erected on the east portico of the Capitol, Mr. Lincoln arose and advanced to the front, where he

was introduced by his friend, Senator Baker of Oregon. He carried a cane and a little roll—the manuscript of his Inaugural Address.

There was a moment's pause after the introduction, as he vainly looked for a spot where he might place his high silk hat. Stephen A. Douglas, the political antagonist of his whole public life, the man who had pressed him hardest in the campaign of 1860, was seated just behind him. Douglas stepped forward quickly, and took the hat which Mr. Lincoln held helplessly in his hand.

"If I can't be President," he whispered smilingly to Mrs. Brown, a cousin of Mrs. Lincoln and a member of the President's party, "I at least can hold his hat."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. II, page 1.

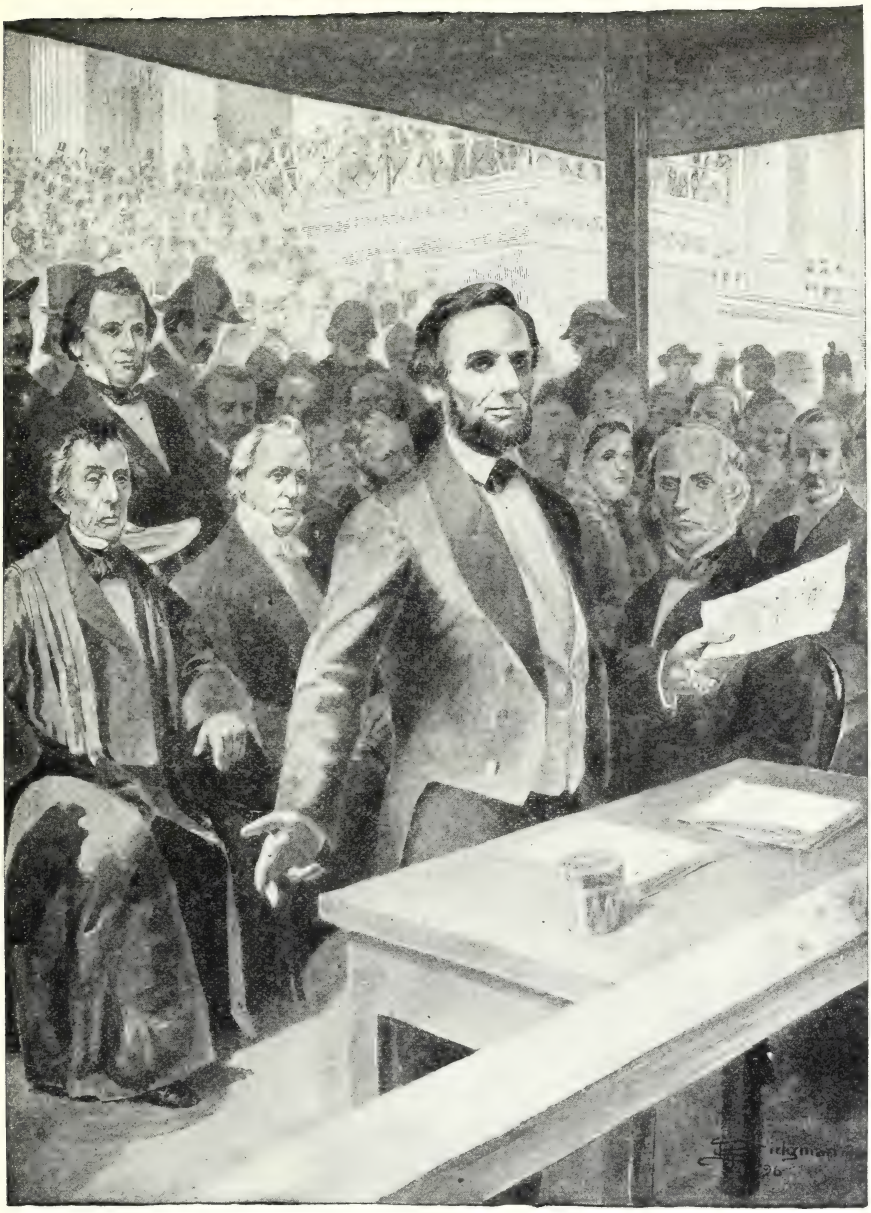
The Inaugural Address

The Inaugural had but one general theme. Some points of it are detachable as indicating the purposes and policy which the new President had in mind at the beginning; while as a whole it is one of his most impressive papers. He said:

"Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States, that by the accession of a Republican administration their property and their peace and personal security are endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches when I declare that 'I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists.' I believe I have no lawful right to do so; and I have no inclination to do so."

He cited also a resolution of the convention which nominated him, as "clear and emphatic" on this matter, and continued:

"I now reiterate these sentiments; and in doing so I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible, that the property, peace and security of no section are to be in any wise endangered by the incoming administration. I add, too, that all the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given, will be cheerfully



From *The True Story of Abraham Lincoln*, Elbridge S. Brooks.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN DELIVERING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS, MARCH 4, 1861

Seated behind Lincoln, from left to right: Chief-Justice Taney, President Buchanan, Mrs. Lincoln, and Senator Baker. Senator Douglas is standing behind Mr. Justice Taney, holding Lincoln's hat.

given to all States when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause, as cheerfully to one section as to another. . . . .

"I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservations, and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws by any hypercritical rules."

He then took up the matter of Disunion, arguing in the most forcible manner against the right of a State to secede. . . . .

Argument, persuasion, entreaty followed:

"Physically speaking, we can not separate; we can not remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other, but the different parts of our country can not do this. They can not but remain face to face; and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical question as to terms of intercourse are again upon you. . . . .

"If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there is still no single reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance in Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our present difficulties.

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government; while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect and defend' it.

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living

heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

After bowing response to the applause of his auditors, he turned to Chief-Justice Taney, at his side, and repeated from his lips the required official oath. Then followed a salute from the cannons of the battery near at hand while the procession re-formed and began its return march to the White House.

Abraham Lincoln and His Presidency, Joseph H. Barrett, LL.D., Vol. I, page 279.

Horace Greeley on the Inaugural Address

The strong point of the Inaugural is its frank and plump denial of the fundamental Secession dogma that our Union is a league, formed in 1787.

"The Union is much older than the Constitution," says Mr. Lincoln truly and pertinently. Had the Constitution been rejected by the States, the Union would nevertheless have subsisted. Ours is "one country"—made so by God and His Providence, revealed through the whole of its history; its "more perfect Union" is but a step in its development—not the cause of its existence. Hence, Secession is not "the dissolution of a league," as Mr. Jefferson Davis asserts, but a treasonable, though futile, effort to disorganize and destroy a nation.

Mr. Lincoln's rejection of Disunion as physically impossible—as forbidden by the geography and topography of our country—is a statesmanlike conception that had not before been so clearly apprehended or so forcibly set forth. . . . .

Mr. Lincoln fondly regarded his Inaugural as a resistless proffering of the olive-branch to the South; the conspirators everywhere interpreted it as a challenge to war. And when the former had taken the oath, solemnly administered to him by Chief-Justice Taney, the two Presidents wended their way back, duly escorted, to the White House, at whose door Mr. Buchanan bade Mr. Lincoln a cordial good-bye, retiring to the residence of his friend and beneficiary, Robert Ould, whom he had made U. S. District Attorney, and who, though from Maryland, soon after fled to Richmond, and entered at once the military service of the Confederacy.

The American Conflict, Horace Greeley, page 427.

At the Head of the Crumbling Government

It was in the midst of all this deplorable helplessness and distraction that Lincoln assumed his duties as head of the crumbling government, and of all the earnest supporters of the Union, he alone displayed any calmness or presence of mind, and his Inaugural Address contained almost the first decisive utterance on the legal aspect of the situation. . . . .

No State could, of its own motion, lawfully withdraw from the Union, he declared with firmness. It was not necessary that the Constitution should contain any express provision forbidding such action. Perpetuity was implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. No government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. But if the United States was not a government proper, but a mere association of States bound by an agreement in the nature of a contract, then the law of contracts applied. One party to a legal contract might *violate* it, *break* it, so to speak, but mutual consent of all the parties was necessary before it could be lawfully rescinded.

Lincoln the Lawyer, Frederick Trevor Hill, page 295.

The New President's First Perplexity

On the 28th of February Major Anderson's case had become so desperate that he wrote a letter to the War Department at Washington, describing the perils of his situation and saying that, in his opinion, it would require a force of twenty thousand men to throw reinforcements into his garrison in season to save him from starvation. This letter was not received by the Department until the 4th day of March. The next day it was presented to President Lincoln, who immediately laid the case before General Scott. . . . The Government had not such a body of men at its disposal; neither could it raise them before the garrison would be out of provisions. .

The President was in a sad dilemma. He did not want to use force against the Rebels if he could help it. He had told them in his Inaugural Address that there would be no war unless they began it. . . . After a great deal of reflection and a conference with General Scott, the President concluded that he would reinforce Fort Pickens . . because he thought he had men enough at his command to do this; and perhaps by the time this was accom-

plished, a way might be devised for reinforcing Fort Sumter. . . . He ordered this expedition to sail at once, and also despatched another order to the commander of the *Sabine*, and Fort Pickens was at length amply reinforced.

Governor Pickens of South Carolina was now informed that provisions would be sent to Fort Sumter,—peaceably, if possible, but otherwise by force. At all events the garrison was to be provisioned.

The Children's Life of Abraham Lincoln, M. Louise Putnam, page 136.

"Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration"

The men Lincoln had invited to become members of his political family each thought himself greater than his chief. They should have heard the voice and seen the hand of a man born to command. From the day Abraham Lincoln entered the White House to the hour he went thence to his death, there was not a moment when he did not control the situation and all his official dependents.

Mr. Seward was the first to yield to his own presumption. One of the most extraordinary incidents that ever passed between a ruler and his subordinate came about within thirty days after the beginning of the new Administration.

On April 1 Mr. Seward submitted to Mr. Lincoln a memorandum, entitled "Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration." He began this by saying: "We are at the end of a month's administration, and yet without a policy, either foreign or domestic." Then follows a series of remarkable suggestions. They are for the most part flimsy and irrelevant; but two of them are so ridiculous that I quote them as specimens. Mr. Seward writes as follows:

"We must change the question before the public from one upon slavery, or about slavery, to one upon union or disunion, and I would demand explanations from Spain and France, energetically, at once, ... and, if satisfactory explanations are not received from Spain and France, I would convene Congress and declare war against them. . . . . I would seek explanations from Great Britain and Russia, and send agents into Canada, Mexico, and Central America to arouse a vigorous spirit of continental independence on this continent against European intervention."

Indeed! At the very moment this advice was seriously given the President by the Secretary of State the Southern Confederacy had been established, and Europe was most keen for a pretext to interfere to effect the dissolution of the Union and defeat the Republican form of government in America. The Government of the United States had only to menace France and Spain, to wink its eye at England and Russia, to raise up a four-sided alliance of monarchy against democracy and bring down upon itself the navies of Europe, and thus assure and confirm the Government of the Southern Confederacy.



HENRY WATTERSON

In closing his astonishing advice, Mr. Seward adds:

"But whatever policy we adopt, there must be an energetic prosecution of it.

"For this purpose it must be somebody's business to pursue and direct it incessantly.

"Either the President must do it himself and be all the while active in it, or devolve it on some member of his Cabinet.

"Once adopted, all debates on it must end, and all agree and abide.

"It is not in my special province; but I neither seek to evade nor assume responsibility."

If Mr. Seward had blandly said: "Mr. Lincoln, you are a failure as President; just turn over the management of affairs to me, and the rest shall be forgiven," he could hardly have spoken more offensively.

Report of Lecture on *Abraham Lincoln*, Henry Watterson.

The President's Plain but Kind Reproof

Now let us see how a great man carries himself at a critical moment under extreme provocation. Here is the answer Mr. Lincoln sent Mr. Seward that very night:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, April 1, 1861.

"HON. W. H. SEWARD:

"*My dear Sir:* Since parting with you I have been considering your paper dated this day and entitled 'Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration.' The first proposition in it is, 'we are at the end of a month's administration and yet without a policy, either domestic or foreign.'

"At the beginning of that month, in the Inaugural, I said: 'The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and to collect the duties and imposts.' This had your distinct approval at the time; and taken in connection with the order I immediately gave General Scott, directing him to employ every means in his power to strengthen and hold the forts, comprises the exact domestic policy you urge, with the single exception that it does not propose to abandon Fort Sumter. . . . .

"Upon your closing propositions that 'whatever policy we adopt, there must be an energetic prosecution of it;' . . . . 'It must be somebody's business;' . . . . 'Either the President must do it . . . . or devolve it upon some member of his Cabinet; "Once adopted, debates must end, and all agree and abide;' I remark that if this be done I must do it. When a general line of policy is adopted, I apprehend there is no danger of its being changed without good reason, or continuing to be a subject of unnecessary debate; still, upon points arising in its progress, I wish, and suppose I am entitled to have, the advice of all the Cabinet.

"Your obedient servant,

"A. LINCOLN."

Nicolay and Hay state that in this letter not a word was omitted that was necessary, and there is not an allusion in it that could be dispensed with. It concluded the argument. Mr. Lincoln never mentioned it. From that time on the understanding between them was cordial and agreeable. About eight weeks later, on May 21, Mr. Seward placed before the President the draft of a letter of instructions to Charles Francis Adams, United States Minister to England. Mr. Lincoln did not scruple to change its character and purpose by altering the text. . . . . It is well understood that if that letter had gone as Mr. Seward wrote it, a war with England

would have been inevitable. . . . . Even in the substitution of one word for another, Mr. Lincoln evinced a grasp both upon the situation and the language, of which Mr. Seward, with all his experience and learning, appears to have been oblivious. It is said that in considering this document, sitting with his head bowed and, pencil in hand, Mr. Lincoln was heard to repeat softly to himself:

"One war at a time—one war at a time."

Report of Lecture on *Abraham Lincoln*, Henry Watterson.

Confederate Commissioners and "the Gage of Battle"

It was on the 12th of March, 1861, that the Rebel or Confederate States sent Commissioners to the United States to adjust matters in reference to secession. Mr. Seward refused to receive them, on the ground that they *had not withdrawn* from the Union, and were unable to do so unless it were by the authority of a national convention acting according to the Constitution of the United States. On the 9th of April the Commissioners left, declaring in a letter that they "accepted the gage of battle." As yet there was no decided policy in the North, and prominent Democrats like Douglas were not in favor of compelling the seceding States to remain. Mr. Everett was preaching love, forgiveness and union, while the Confederates were seizing on "all the arsenals, forts, custom-houses, post-offices, ships, ordnance, and material of war belonging to the United States, within the seceding States." In fact, the South knew exactly what it meant to do, and was doing it vigorously, while the North was entirely undecided. In the spring of 1861, Congress had adjourned without making any preparations for the tremendous and imminent crisis.

Abraham Lincoln and the Abolition of Slavery in the United States, Charles Godfrey Leland, page 102.

Instructions to the Commander at Fort Sumter

"War Department, Washington, April 4, 1861.

"Sir:

"Your letter of the 1st instant occasions some anxiety to the President. On the information of Captain Fox, he had supposed you could hold out till the 15th instant without any great inconvenience, and had prepared an expedition to relieve you before that period.

"Hoping still that you will be able to sustain yourself till the 11th or 12th instant, he has entire confidence that you will act as becomes a patriot and a soldier under all circumstances.

"Whenever, if at all, in your judgment, to save yourself and your command, a capitulation becomes necessary, you are authorized to make it.

"Respectfully,

"SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War.

"To Major Robt. Anderson, United States Army."

The above was drafted by the President and signed by the Secretary of War.

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Paul Selby, page 262.

"The Slickest Glass Hack in Town"

President Lincoln had not been in the White House very long before Mrs. Lincoln was seized with the idea that a fine closed carriage would be the proper thing for "the first lady in the land." The President did not care much about it, but told his wife to order whatever she wanted.

Lincoln forgot all about the new vehicle, so he was overcome with astonishment one afternoon when, having acceded to Mrs. Lincoln's desire to go driving, he found a beautiful shining carriage standing before the door of the White House. Mrs. Lincoln watched him with an amused smile while he surveyed it, but the only remark he made was:

"Well, Mary, that's about the slickest glass hack in town, isn't it?"

"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 156.

Bombardment and Surrender of Fort Sumter

General Beauregard, who commanded the Rebel forces at Charleston, was ordered to demand the instant surrender of Fort Sumter. Major Anderson refused to comply. Beauregard, who knew that the garrison was nearly starved out, now asked the Major when he would evacuate the fort. . . . . Major Anderson replied that he would evacuate by noon of the 15th, unless before that time he should receive supplies or instructions from his Government. But the Rebels knew that supplies were on their way to

the fort though the Major himself knew nothing about it. So the Rebels sent an instant reply that they should open their batteries upon the fort within one hour, unless the Major surrendered.

The South Carolinians had been engaged for about three months in erecting batteries against this fort and strengthening those already there. . . . . All this had been going on under the Major's eyes, but he was powerless to stop it. . . . The fort was in an unfinished condition, with only a few light guns in position when he took possession, while the enemy's guns were of very heavy calibre. Thus the brave Major was in a poor condition to sustain a siege.

The Rebel batteries began the bombardment on Friday, the 12th of April, at half-past four o'clock in the morning. The Major took it with the utmost coolness, and made every preparation for the safety of his men before he allowed any return fire to be made, then defiantly ran up the glorious old Stars and Stripes, and left the enemy to bang away, while he made preparations for breakfast. At half past six the garrison all partook of this meal as leisurely as though nothing was the matter. After breakfast Major Anderson divided his men into three reliefs; each relief was to work four hours at a time. . . . All this time the Rebels had been pouring shot and shell into the fort.

At seven o'clock the garrison was ready to reply. . . . During the first four hours the firing was kept up with such rapidity that the Rebels thought the fort must have been secretly reinforced. The enthusiasm of the men was great. . . . Meanwhile the scene within the fort became terrific. Heavy splinters of wood and iron were flying in every direction; red-hot shot came pouring in, setting the wood-work on fire, blinding and suffocating the men with the smoke; thirty-two pounders tore up the ground at their feet, covering them with mud and earth, and a ninety-six pounder came bursting in just above the magazine.

On Friday, while the fire was at its hottest, somebody looking through the port-holes descried the vessel of the fleet which the President had sent. Our ships were off the bar and dipped their flag. Major Anderson ordered Fort Sumter's flag to be dipped in return; his order was obeyed by some of our brave fellows, amid the bursting of shells in every direction.

About noon, on Friday, it was discovered that all the cartridges were used up. Thereupon the men stripped off their shirt-sleeves, tore up their sheets and blankets, and a party of five shut themselves up in a magazine and began to sew for dear life, making cartridges, and at it they kept until every available piece of cloth in the fort had been used. At last, Major Anderson, fearing that the magazine would be entirely surrounded with flames, set the men to work taking out the powder. They rolled out *ninety-six barrels through the raging fire*, at the peril of their lives. . . . . All the wood-work within the fort now burned so rapidly that it was useless to attempt to put it out, and the danger became so great that all this powder had to be thrown into the sea, except three barrels, which the men managed to protect with wet mattresses.

The smoke was now so thick that the men could not see one another, and they were obliged to cover their mouths with wet cloths and throw themselves on the ground, faces downward, in order to breathe. They had nothing to eat but salt pork, which was served to them at the guns. Thus these brave men fought on for *thirty-four hours*. At length the flagstaff was shot away. . . One of the officers rushed out and brought away the flag, nailed it to the staff, and planted it on the ramparts.

About this time General Wigfall came up to one of the embrasures with his handherchief tied to his sword for a flag of truce, and, in the name of General Beauregard, demanded the surrender of the fort. Major Anderson, thinking it would be madness to remain any longer, acceded to Beauregard's demand, and marched out of the fort on Sunday afternoon, with colors flying and drums beating, bringing away all company and private property, *and saluting the dear old flag with fifty guns*. [The men had spent Sunday morning making cartridges with which to fire this salute.] When the last gun was fired the flag was lowered; but some of its brave defenders lived to see it raised again. At the firing of the last gun an accident happened, by which one man was killed and several were wounded. This was the only death at the fort during the bombardment, although several men were wounded at different times within the fort.

The Children's Life of Abraham Lincoln, M. Louise Putnam, page 139.

"A Live Coal on the Heart of the American People"

This first firing on the American flag acted like the tap of the drum, calling all the South to arms in a frenzy, and sweeping away all the remnants of attachment to the old Union lingering in it. But the North was, to their amazement, not paralyzed or struck down, nor did the Democratic sympathizers with the South arise and crush "Lincoln and his minions." On the contrary, the news of the fall of Fort Sumter was "a live coal on the heart of the American people;" and such a tempest of rage swept in a day over millions as had never before been witnessed in America. Those who can recall the day on which the news of the insult to the flag was received, and how it was received, have the memory of the greatest conceivable outburst of patriotic passion. For a time, all party feelings were forgotten; there was no more thought of forgiveness, or suffering secession; the whole people rose up and cried out for war.

Hitherto, the press had railed at Lincoln for wanting a policy; and yet if he had made one step towards suppressing the Rebels, "a thousand Northern newspapers would have pounced upon him as one provoking war." Now, however, his policy was formed, shaped, and made glowing hot by one terrible blow.

Abraham Lincoln and the Abolition of Slavery in the United States, Charles Godfrey Leland, page 104.

First Call for 75,000 Men

On April 15, 1861, he issued a proclamation announcing that, as the laws of the United States were being opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, he, the President of the United States, called forth the militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate of 75,000, in order to suppress said combinations, and to cause the laws to be duly executed.

Abraham Lincoln and the Abolition of Slavery in the United States, Charles Godfrey Leland, page 105.

Virginia Secedes and Seizes Harper's Ferry

But if Sumter unified the sentiment of the North, it did no less for the South. Henceforth there was but one voice in the



THE CAPITOL OF THE CONFEDERACY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Southern States, and that for the Confederacy. . . . . In Virginia a convention was in session whose members up to that day were in the main for the Union. On April 17 that convention passed an ordinance of secession.

The next day the arsenal at Harper's Ferry was seized by the State, and the Southern Confederacy at Montgomery was informed that Virginia was open to its troops. The line of hostility had reached the very boundaries of Washington. The bluffs across the Potomac, now beautiful in the first green of spring, on which Mr. Lincoln looked every morning from his window in the White House, were no longer in his country. They belonged to the enemy.

With the news of the secession of Virginia there reached Washington on Thursday, April 18, a rumor that a large Confederate force was marching on the city. Now there were not more than 2500 armed men in Washington. Regiments were known to be on their way from Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, but nobody could say when they would arrive. . . . . Women and children were sent out of the city. At the White House, Mrs. Lincoln was urged to go with her boys, but she refused positively.

"I am as safe as Mr. Lincoln, and I shall not leave him," was her stout answer.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. II, page 36.

Patriots' Day, 1861

Governors and legislatures vied with each other in proffers of men and money to the Government. The Governor of Rhode Island, who was not a Republican, not only promptly raised the *quota* of men required, but actually led it to Washington and to the battlefield. The same feeling of self-sacrificing patriotism nerved the heart and arm of privates as well as officers.

"Among the privates in Rhode Island's first regiment was one worth a million dollars, who destroyed a passage ticket for a voyage to Europe on a tour of observation and pleasure, to shoulder a musket in defense of his country and her laws."

On marched the loyal soldiers of New England to defend the Capital of their country. As Governor Andrew said to the Mayor of Baltimore,

"Their march through New York was triumphal."



From *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, Ida M. Tarbell.

MRS. MARY TODD LINCOLN

Wife of the President.

But "bloody Baltimore" chose to re-enact the scenes of the 19th of April, 1775, and on the 19th of April, 1861,

"The streets our soldier-fathers trod
Blushed with their children's gore;
We saw the craven rulers nod
And dip in blood the civic rod.
Shall such things be, O righteous God!
In Baltimore?" —*Bayard Taylor.*

Abraham Lincoln, His Life and Public Services, Mrs. P. A. Hanaford, page 38.

Maryland Protests

The confusion and alarm of the city [Washington] was greatly increased on Friday by news received from Baltimore. The Sixth Massachusetts, *en route* to the Capital, had reached there that day, and had been attacked as it marched through by a mob of Southern sympathizers. Four of its members had been killed and many wounded.

"No troops should go through Maryland," the people of Baltimore declared, "whose purpose was to invade Virginia and coerce sister States."

That evening about five o'clock the regiment reached Washington. Dusty, torn, and bleeding, they marched two by two through a great crowd of silent people to the Capitol. Behind them there came, in single line, seventeen stretchers bearing the wounded. The dead had been left behind.

Early the next day, Saturday, the 20th, a delegation of Baltimore men appeared at the White House. They had come to beg Mr. Lincoln to bring no more troops through their city. After a long discussion, he sent them away with a note to the Maryland authorities, suggesting that the troops be marched *around* Baltimore. But as he gave them the letter, Mr. Nicolay heard him say laughingly:

"If I grant you this concession, that no troops shall pass through the city, you will be back here to-morrow, demanding that none shall be marched around it."

The President was right. That afternoon, and again on Sunday and Monday, committees sought him, protesting that Maryland

soil should not be "polluted" by the feet of soldiers marching against the South. The President had but one reply:

"We must have troops; and as they can neither crawl under Maryland nor fly over it they must come across it."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. II, page 37.

Room to Bury Seventy-five Thousand

Some secession sympathizers went to see the President, and told him they thought there ought to be a cessation of hostilities until Congress should assemble; they also told him that if any more troops should be marched through Maryland, seventy-five thousand persons would contest their passage. President Lincoln very quietly replied . . . that there would be no cessation of hostilities until the Rebellion was crushed, and he presumed there was room enough on the soil of Maryland to bury seventy-five thousand men.

The Children's Life of Abraham Lincoln, M. Louise Putnam, page 161.

"Why Don't They Come!"

By Tuesday, April 23, a new terror was added to the situation—that of famine. The country around had been scoured for provisions, and supplies were getting short. If Washington was to be besieged, as it looked, what was to be done about food? The Government at once ordered that the flour at the Georgetown mills, some 25,000 barrels, be seized and sold according to the discretion of the military authorities.

In its distress it was to Mr. Lincoln that the city turned. The fiber of the man began to show at once. Bayard Taylor happened to be in Washington at the very beginning of the alarm, and called on the President.

"His demeanor was thoroughly calm and collected," Taylor wrote to the New York *Tribune*, "and he spoke of the present crisis with that solemn, earnest composure which is the sign of a soul not easily perturbed. I came away from his presence cheered and encouraged."

However, the suspense of the days when the Capital was isolated, the expected troops not arriving, and an hourly attack feared, wore on Mr. Lincoln greatly.

"I begin to believe," Mr. Hay heard him say bitterly, one day,



THE "WHITE HOUSE" OF THE CONFEDERACY

Occupied by Jefferson Davis and family, at Richmond, Virginia. President Lincoln called here, just after the capture of Richmond, and rested a while.

to some Massachusetts soldiers, "that there is no North. The Seventh Regiment (New York) is a myth. Rhode Island is another. You are the only real thing."

And again, after pacing the floor of his deserted office for a half hour, he was heard to exclaim to himself, in an anguished tone:

"Why don't they come! Why don't they come!"

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. II, page 39.

Another Call for Soldiers

In a few days it was evident that the Rebellion was assuming colossal proportions, and therefore President Lincoln, on May 3d, issued another call for 42,000 three-year volunteers, and ordered the addition of 22,114 officers and men to the regular army, and 18,000 seamen to the navy. This demand was promptly responded to. . . . On the 18th of April, a plot had been discovered by which the secessionists in Washington, aided by Virginia, hoped to fire the city, seize the President and Cabinet, and all the machinery of government. By prompt action, this plan was crushed. A part of it was to burn the railway bridges, and make the roads impassable, and this was successfully executed.

Yet, in the face of this audacious attack, the Democratic press of the North and the Rebel organs of the South continued to storm at the President for irritating the secessionists. . . . But at this time several events occurred which caused great anger among loyal men; one was the loss of the great national armory at Harper's Ferry, and also of Gosport Navy Yard, with 2,000 cannon and several large ships. Owing to treachery this navy yard, with about ten million dollars' worth of property, was lost. . . . .

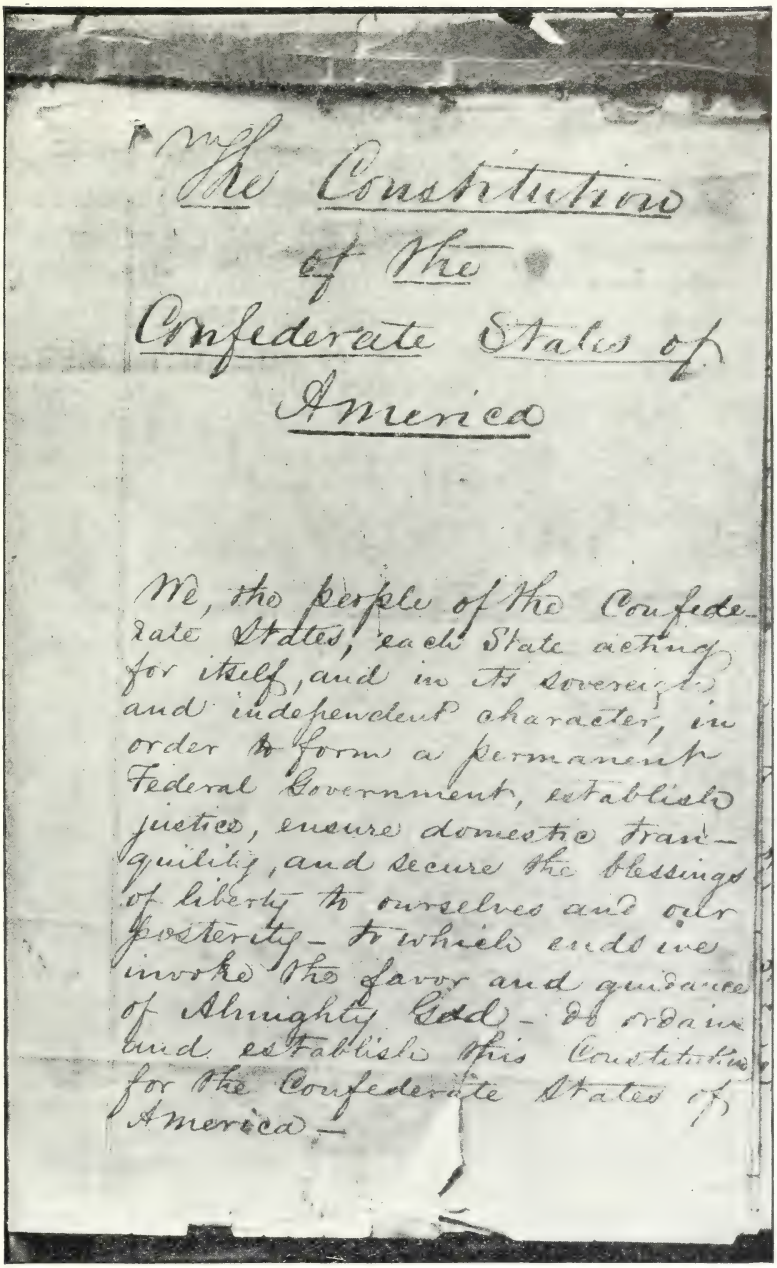
During this month the War was, to a degree, organized.

Abraham Lincoln and the Abolition of Slavery in the United States, Charles Godfrey Leland, page 111.

Robert E. Lee's Account of the Offer of Command of the Union Army

I have never seen the account (of the offer to General Lee of the command of the Federal army) just as I had it from Mr. Blair. The following is an accurate—I think a very nearly *verbatim*—report of it:

MR. BLAIR: I come to you on the part of President Lincoln to



The Constitution
of the
Confederate States of
America

We, the people of the Confederate States, each State acting for itself, and in its sovereign and independent character, in order to form a permanent Federal Government, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquility, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity — to which ends we invoke the favor and guidance of Almighty God — do ordain and establish this Constitution for the Confederate States of America —

PREAMBLE OF CONSTITUTION OF THE "C. S. A."

ask whether any inducement that he can offer will prevail on you to accept the command of the Union army.

COLONEL LEE: If I owned the four millions of slaves, I would cheerfully sacrifice them to the preservation of the Union, but to lift my hand against my own State and people is impossible.

The most valuable testimony concerning this question, however is that of General Lee himself, as given in a letter addressed to Reverdy Johnson of date February 25, 1868. In this letter he uses the following language:

"I never intimated to any one that I desired the command of the United States Army, nor did I ever have a conversation but with one gentleman, Mr. Francis Preston Blair, on the subject, which was at his invitaton, and, as I understood, at the instance of President Lincoln.

"After listening to his remarks I declined the offer he made me to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field, stating, as candidly and courteously as I could, that, though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no part in the invasion of the Southern States.

"I went directly from the interview with Mr. Blair to the office of General Scott—told him of the proposition that had been made to me and my decision. Upon reflection after returning home, I concluded that I ought no longer to retain any commission I held in the United States army, and on the second morning thereafter I forwarded my resignation to General Scott. . . . .

"Two days afterward, on the invitation of the Governor of Virginia, I repaired to Richmond, found that the convention then in session had passed the ordinance withdrawing the State from the Union, and accepted the commission of commander of its forces which was tendered me. These are the simple facts of the case."

Memoirs of Robert E. Lee, A. L. Long (formerly Military Secretary to General Lee), page 92.

Mild Measures and How They Were Received

Governor Hicks of Maryland suggested to President Lincoln that the controversy between North and South might be referred to Lord Lyons, the British Minister, for arbitration. . . . The President replied, through Mr. Seward, ...

"That no domestic contention whatever that may arise among the parties of this Republic ought in any case to be referred to any

foreign arbitrament, least of all to the arbitrament of a European monarchy."

It is certain that by his humane and wise policy, which many attributed to cowardice, President Lincoln prevented much bloodshed and devastation, but also preserved the State of Maryland. In such a crisis harshly aggressive measures in Maryland would have irritated millions on the border, and perhaps have brought the War farther north. As it was, peace and order were soon restored in Baltimore, when the regular use of the highway through that city was resumed.

On the 19th of April, 1861, the President issued another proclamation, declaring the blockade of the ports of the seceding States. This was virtually an answer to one from Jefferson Davis, offering letters of *marque* to all persons "who might desire to aid the Rebel government, and enrich themselves by depredations upon the rich and extended commerce of the United States." It may be remarked that the first official words of Jefferson Davis were singularly ferocious, threatening fire, brigandage and piracy, disguised as privateering, in all their terrors.

It may be doubted if there was in those wild days in all North America one man who to such wise forbearance added such firmness and moral courage as President Lincoln manifested. By it he preserved Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, and if moderation could have availed, he might have kept Virginia.

Strange as it seems, while the seceding States were threatening officially, and hastening to carry out all the outrages of war, the Legislature of Virginia resolved that President Lincoln's mild message announced a policy of tyranny and "coercion," and in spite of the gentlest letter of explanation ever written by any ruler who was not a coward, the State (East Virginia) marched out of the Union with drums beating and flags flying.

Abraham Lincoln and the Abolition of Slavery in the United States, Charles Godfrey Leland, page 107.

"Renting Rooms While the House is on Fire"

When, on his first arrival in Washington as President, Lincoln found himself besieged by office-seekers while the War was breaking out, he said:

"I feel like a man letting lodgings at one end of the house while the other end is on fire."

"*Abe*" *Lincoln's Yarns and Stories*, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 384.

How Some Good Boston People Looked upon Lincoln

Among my recollections of this period I especially cherish that of an interview with President Abraham Lincoln, arranged for us by our kind friend, Governor Andrew. The President was laboring at this time under a terrible pressure of doubt and anxiety. He received us in one of the drawing rooms of the White House, where we were invited to take seats, in full view of Stuart's portrait of Washington. The conversation took place mostly between the President and Governor Andrew. I remember well the sad expression of Mr. Lincoln's deep blue eyes, the only feature of his face which could be called other than plain. Mrs. Andrew, being of the company, inquired when we could have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Lincoln, and Mr. Lincoln named to us the day of her reception. He said to Governor Andrew, *à propos* of I know not what, "I once *heerd* 'George' Sumner tell a story." The unusual pronunication fixed in my memory this one unimportant sentence. The talk, indeed, ran mostly on indifferent topics.

When we had taken leave, and were out of hearing, Mr. (James Freeman) Clarke said of Mr. Lincoln,

"We have seen it in his face; hopeless honesty—that is all!"

He said it as if he felt that it was far from enough.

None of us knew then—how could we have known?—how deeply God's wisdom had touched and inspired that devout and patient soul. At the moment few people praised or trusted him. "Why did he not do this, or that, or the other? He a President indeed! Look at this war, dragging on so slowly! Look at our many defeats and rare victories!" Such was the talk that one constantly heard regarding him. The most charitable held that he meant well. Governor Andrew was one of the few whose faith in him never wavered.

Reminiscences, Julia Ward Howe, page 271.

"Undertaking to Frighten the Devil with Cold Pitch"

The reserve with which he (Lowell) speaks of the President's policy is the wise tone to be adopted in a private article. In his private letters, where such caution is not needed, he gives expression openly to his impatience. In a letter . . . he says:

"I confess that my opinion of the Government does not rise, to

say the least. If we are saved it will be God's doing, not man's; and will He save those who are not worth saving? Lincoln may be right, for aught I know,—prudence is certainly a good drag upon virtue,—but I guess an ounce of Frémont is worth a pound of long Abraham. Mr. Lincoln seems to have the theory of carrying on war without hurting the enemy. He is incapable, apparently, of understanding that they *ought* to be hurt. The doing good to those that despitefully entreat us was not meant for enemies of the commonwealth. The devil's angels are those that do his work, and for such there is a lake of fire and brimstone prepared. We have been undertaking to frighten the devil with cold pitch."

James Russell Lowell, Horace E. Scudder, page 29.

A Courteous Repulse

There was an ignorant man who once applied to President Lincoln for the post of Doorkeeper to the House. This man had no right to ask Lincoln for anything. It was necessary to repulse him. But Lincoln repulsed him gently and whimsically, without hurting his feelings, in this way:

"So you want to be Doorkeeper to the House, eh?"

"Yes, Mr. President."

"Well, have you ever been a doorkeeper? Have you ever had any experience in doorkeeping?"

"Well, no—no actual experience, sir."

"Any theoretical experience? Any instructions in the duties and ethics of doorkeeping?

"Um—no."

"Have you ever attended lectures on doorkeeping?"

"No, sir."

"Have you read any text-books on the subject?"

"No."

"Have you conversed with any one who has read such a book?"

"No, sir; I'm afraid not, sir."

"Well, then, my friend, don't you see that you haven't a single qualification for this important post?" said Lincoln, in a reproachful tone.

"Yes, I do," said the applicant, and he took leave humbly, almost gratefully.

Clipping from a Scrap-book.

Douglas's Warning to the President

At this time there occurred an interesting private incident in Lincoln's life. His old adversary, Judge Douglas, whom he warmly respected as a brave adversary, had passed his life in pandering to slavery, and, as regards the War, had been the political Mephistopheles who had made much of the mischief. But when Sumter was fired on, all that was good and manly in his nature was aroused, and he gave all his support to his old enemy. "During the brief remainder of his life, his devotion to the cause of his country was unwearied. He was done with his dreams of power," but he could yet do good. He was of service in inducing great numbers of Democrats, who still remained proslavery men in principle, to fight for the Union. . . . . Judge Douglas warned the President . . . that, instead of calling on the country for 75,000 men, he should have asked for 200,000.

"You do not know the dishonest purposes of those men as I do," he impressively remarked.

Abraham Lincoln and the Abolition of Slavery in the United States, Charles Godfrey Leland, page 110.

The Last Time Lincoln Ever Saw Douglas.

"One day Douglas came rushing in," said Lincoln, "and said he had just got a telegraph dispatch from some friends in Illinois urging him to come out and help set things right in 'Egypt' (Southern Illinois). He said that he would go, or stay in Washington, just where I thought he could do the most good.

"I told him to do as he choose, but that probably he could do best in Illinois. Upon that he shook hands with me, and hurried away to catch the next train. I never saw him again."

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Paul Selby, page 116.

"I Don't Care—if You will Fight for the Country"

I called on Lincoln at the White House to make acknowledgments for my appointment as a Major-General. When he handed me the commission, with some kindly words of compliment, I replied:

"I do not know whether I ought to accept this. I received my orders to prepare my brigade to march to Washington while trying a cause to a jury. I stated the fact to the court and asked that the case might be continued, which was at once consented to, and I left,

to come here the second morning after, my business in utter confusion." He said:

"I guess we both wish we were back trying cases," with a quizzical look upon his countenance.

I said: "Besides, Mr. President, you may not be aware that I was the Breckenridge candidate for Governor of my State in the last campaign, and did all I could to prevent your election."

"All the better," said he. "I hope your example will bring many of the same sort with you."

"But," I answered, "I do not think that I can support the measures of your administration, Mr. President."

"I do not care whether you do or not," was the reply, "if you will fight for the country."

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Benjamin F. Butler, Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 139.

"No Other Nations 'Sneakin' Round'"

The members of the Cabinet were one day solemnly debating a rather serious international problem. The President was in the minority, as was frequently the case, and he was "in a hole," as he afterwards expressed it. He didn't want to argue the points raised, preferring to settle the matter in a hurry, and an apt story was his only salvation.

Suddenly the President's face brightened.

"Gentlemen," said he, addressing those seated at the Cabinet table, "the situation just now reminds me of a fix I got into some thirty years ago when I was peddling 'notions' on the way from Indiana to Illinois. I didn't have a large stock, but I charged large prices, and I made money. Perhaps you don't see what I'm driving at?"

Secretary of State Seward was wearing a most gloomy expression; Secretary of the Treasury Chase was indifferent and cynical, while the others of the Presidential advisers resigned themselves to hearing the inevitable "story."

"I don't propose to argue this matter," the President went on to say, . . . "but this little story of mine will make some things which are now in the dark show up more clearly. . . . .

"Just before we left Indiana and were crossing into Illinois," continued Mr. Lincoln solemnly, ..."we came across a small farmhouse full of children. These ranged in age from seventeen

years to seventeen months, and all were in tears. The mother of the family was red-headed and red-faced, and the whip she held in her right hand led to the inference that she had been chastising her brood. The father of the family, a meek-looking, mild-mannered, tow-headed chap, was standing in the front door,—to all appearances awaiting his turn. . . . .

"I thought there wasn't much use in asking the head of that house if she wanted any 'notions.' She was too busy. It was evident that an insurrection had been in progress, but it was pretty well quelled when I got there. . . . . She saw me when I came up, and from her look I thought she surmised that I intended to interfere. Advancing to the doorway—roughly pushing her husband aside—she demanded my business.

"'Nothing, ma'am,' I answered as gently as possible. 'I merely dropped in, as I came along, to see how things were going.'

"'Well, you needn't wait,' she said in an irritated way; 'there's trouble here, and lots of it, too, but I kin manage my own affairs without the help of outsiders. This is jest a family row, but I'll teach these brats their places ef I hev to lick the hide off ev'ry one of them. I don't do much talkin', but I run this house, an' I don't want no one sneakin' round tryin' to find out how I do it either.'

"That's the case here with us," the President said in conclusion. "We must let the other nations know that we propose to settle our family row in our own way, an' teach these brats (the seceding States) their places, if we have to 'lick the hide off' each and every one of them. And, like the old woman, we don't want any 'sneakin' round' by other countries that would like to find out how we are to do it, either. Now, Seward, you write some diplomatic notes to that effect."

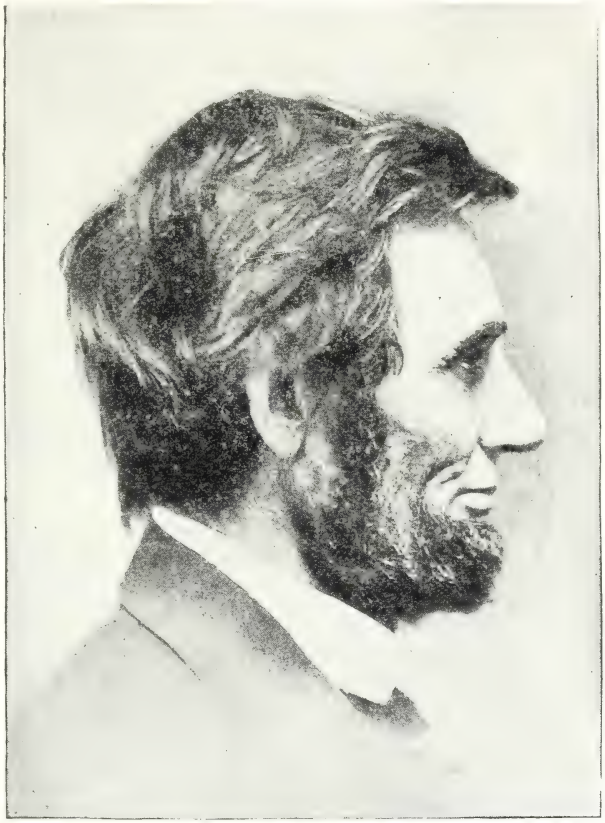
And the Cabinet session closed.

"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 430.

"I Guess Mary Will Have Something for Us to Eat"

Before parting I told Mr. Lincoln that I had a German brother-in-law with me in Washington, Mr. Henry Meyer, a young merchant from Hamburg, and an ardent friend of this country, who would be proud to pay his respects to the President. Could I bring him for a moment? "Certainly," said Mr. Lincoln, "bring him to-morrow

about lunch time and lunch with me. I guess Mary (Mrs. Lincoln) will have something for us to eat." Accordingly the next day I brought my brother-in-law, who was greatly astonished at this unexpected invitation to lunch with the President, and much troubled about the etiquette to be observed. I found it difficult to quiet him with the assurance that in this case there was no etiquette at all. But he was still more astonished when Mr. Lincoln, instead of waiting for a ceremonious bow, shook him by the hand like an old acquaintance and said in his hearty way that he was glad to see the brother-in-law of "this young man here," and that he hoped the Americans treated him well. Mrs. Lincoln — "Mary," as the President again called her—was absent, being otherwise engaged, and there were no other guests. So we had Mr. Lincoln at the table all to ourselves. He seemed to be in excellent spirits, asking many questions about Hamburg, which my brother-in-law, who spoke English fluently, answered in an entertaining manner, and Mr. Lincoln found several occasions for inserting funny stories,



From *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, Ida M. Tarbell.
LINCOLN IN '61.

at which not only we, but he himself, too, laughed most heartily. As we left the White House, my companion could hardly find words to express his puzzled admiration for the man who, having risen from the bottom of the social ladder to one of the most exalted stations in the world, had remained so perfectly natural and so absolutely unconscious of how he appeared to others—a man to whom it did not occur for a single moment that a person in his position might put on a certain dignity to be always maintained, and who bore himself with such genial sincerity and kindliness that the dignity was not missed, and that one would have regretted to see him different.

The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz, Vol. II, page 243.

"The People Will Understand"

The eyes of princes, nobles, aristocrats, of dukes, earls, scholars, statesmen, warriors, all turned on the plain backwoodsman with his simple sense, his imperturbable simplicity, his determined self-reliance, his impracticable and incorruptible honesty, as he sat amid the war of conflicting elements, with unpretending steadiness, striving to guide the national ship through a channel at whose perils the world's oldest statesmen stood aghast. The brilliant courts of Europe leveled their opera-glasses at the phenomenon. Fair ladies saw that he had horny hands and disdained white gloves. Dapper diplomatists were shocked at his system of etiquette; but all statesmen, who knew the terrors of that passage, were wiser than court ladies and dandy diplomatists, and watched him with a fearful curiosity, simply asking, "*Will* that awkward old backwoodsman really get that ship through?"

Sooth to say, our own politicians were somewhat shocked with his state-papers at first. Why not let us make them a little more conventional, and file them to a classical pattern?

"No," was his reply, "I shall write them myself. *The people will understand them.*"

Abraham Lincoln, Harriet Beecher Stowe. *The Watchman and Reflector, Littell's Living Age*, Vol. LXXX, February 6, 1864, page 283.

CHAPTER XVI

Defiance, Disaster, Sorrow

News of the First Battle of Bull Run

On Sunday, July 21, when the battle of Bull Run was fought, the military telegraph-line had reached Fairfax Court-house, and an improvised office had been opened at that point. Communication with General McDowell's headquarters at the front was maintained by means of a corps of mounted couriers, organized by Andrew Carnegie, under the immediate direction of William B. Wilson, who then served as our manager. These couriers passed back and forth all day long between Fairfax and the front. Lincoln hardly left his seat in our office and waited with deep anxiety for each succeeding despatch. At all times during the awful day, General Scott would confer with the President or Secretary Cameron for a short period, and then depart to put into effect some urgent measures for protecting the Capital. . . . .

All the morning and well along into the afternoon, General McDowell's telegrams were more or less encouraging, and Lincoln and his advisers waited with eager hope, believing that Beauregard was being pushed back to Manassas Junction; but all at once the despatches ceased coming. At first this was taken to mean that McDowell was moving farther away from the telegraph, and then, as the silence became prolonged, a strange fear seized upon the assembled watchers that perhaps all was not well. Suddenly the telegraph-instrument became alive again and the short sentence "Our army is retreating," was spelled out in the Morse characters. This brief announcement was followed by meager details concerning the first great disaster that had befallen our troops and the panic that followed.

The crowded telegraph office was quickly deserted by all except the operators, but Lincoln returned at intervals until after midnight, and shortly afterwards the outlying office at Fairfax Court-house was abandoned. When morning dawned, our demoralized



FIRST BATTLE OF BULL RUN

On Sunday, July 21, 1861, occurred this first great battle of the War, resulting in the complete defeat of the Union army, which fled in panic from the field.

troops began to straggle, and then to pour, in an ever-increasing stream of frightened humanity over Long Bridge into Washington, the immediate capture of which seemed then to be, and really was, within the power of the Confederate army, if only they had pressed their advantage. Consternation reigned supreme, and all realized that a great crisis of the War, the next after Sumter, was upon us.

The dark clouds that settled at that time upon Lincoln's already wrinkled brow were destined never to lift their heavy weight, except for that all too brief period of exaltation, just before his tragic ending, when Grant had pushed Lee to Appomattox, and Richmond was at last in our hands.

Lincoln in the Telegraph Office, David Homer Bates, page 88.

"This Nation Should Be on the Lord's Side"

A member of the church, at a reception, closed his remarks with the pious hope that "the Lord is on our side."

"I am not at all concerned about that," commented the President, "for we know that the Lord is always on the side of the right. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

Lincolnics, Henry Llewellyn Williams, page 139.

"Death-bed Repentance a Big Thing!"

The name of a most virulent and dishonest official was mentioned—one who, though very brilliant, was very bad.

"It's a big thing for Blank," said Lincoln, "that there is such a thing as death-bed repentance."

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, David R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby"). Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 451.

Stanton's Early Abuse of the President

In view . . . of the fault-finding and distrust which then marked the conduct of those who stood nearest to the President, it is not surprising that an outsider so prejudiced as Mr. Stanton should indulge in adverse criticism. . .

"No one," he wrote (in 1861), "can imagine the deplorable condition of this city, and the hazard of the government, who did not witness the weakness and panic of the Administration, and the painful imbecility of Lincoln." . . . .

During the week that was ushered in by the defeat at Bull Run, Mr. Stanton wrote:—

"The imbecility of this Administration culminated in that catastrophe; an irretrievable misfortune and national disgrace, never to be forgotten, are to be added to the ruin of all peaceful pursuits and national bankruptcy, as the result of Lincoln's running the machine for five months. . . . It is not unlikely that some change in the War and Navy Departments may take place, but none beyond those two departments until Jeff Davis turns out the whole concern."

This correspondence was not given out until some years after the close of the War. . . . . Mr. Stanton, however, at the time, made no secret of his hostility. . . . . According to at least two chroniclers, he spoke of the President as "a low, cunning clown." According to another, he habitually referred to Mr. Lincoln as the "original gorilla," and often said that Du Chaillu was a fool to wander all the way to Africa in search of what he could easily have found at Springfield, Illinois. In short, from the day of the first meeting in Cincinnati, until deep into the first year of the War, he looked upon Lincoln with contempt.

Lincoln, Master of Men, Alonzo Rothschild, page 225.

"I Believe He Would Do It!"

An officer, having had some trouble with Sherman, being very angry, presented himself before Mr. Lincoln, who was visiting the camp, and said:

"Mr. President, I have a cause of grievance. This morning I went to Colonel Sherman and he threatened to shoot me."

"Threatened to shoot you? Well (in a stage whisper), if I were you, I wouldn't trust him—for I believe he would do it."

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Paul Selby, page 191.

"You Can't Fool All the People All the Time"

Lincoln was a strong believer in the virtue of dealing honestly with the people.

"If you once forfeit the confidence of your fellow-citizens," he said to a caller at the White House, "you can never regain their respect and esteem.

"It is true you may fool all the people some of the time; you can even fool some of the people all the time; but you can't fool all of the people all the time."

"*Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories*, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 184.

"Darn You! Who Commenced This Fuss?"

President Lincoln was at all times an advocate of peace, provided it could be obtained honorably and with credit to the United States. As to the cause of the Civil War, which side of Mason and Dixon's line was responsible for it, who fired the first shots, who were the aggressors, etc., Lincoln did not seem to bother about; he wanted, above all things, to preserve the Union. . . . . To illustrate his feeling in the matter he said:

"Now this reminds me of a story I heard once, when I lived in Illinois. A vicious bull in a pasture took after everybody who tried to cross the lot, and one day the neighbor of the owner was the victim. This man was a speedy fellow and got to a friendly tree ahead of the bull, but not in time to climb the tree. So he led the enraged animal a merry race around the tree, finally succeeding in getting the bull by the tail.

"The bull, being at a disadvantage, not able either to catch the man or release his tail, was mad enough to eat nails; he dug up the earth with his feet, scattered gravel all around, bellowed until you could hear him for two miles or more, and at length broke into a dead run, the man hanging onto his tail all the time.

"While the bull, much out of temper, was legging it to the best of his ability, his tormentor, still clinging to the tail, asked, 'Darn you, who commenced this fuss?'

"It's our duty to settle this fuss at the earliest possible moment, no matter who commenced it. That's my idea of it."

"*Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories*, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 157.

"There Is a Man in Here!"

An old friend of Mr. Lincoln once related to me another of his stories which shows not a little of his character. This gentleman was conversing with the President at a time during the War when things looked very dark. On taking leave, he asked the President

what he should say to their friends in Kentucky—what cheering news he could give them of him. Mr. Lincoln replied:

"That reminds me of a man who prided himself greatly on his game of chess, having seldom been beaten. He heard of a machine called the 'Automaton Chess Player,' which was beating every one who played against it. So he went to try his skill with the machine. He lost the first game, so with the second, and the third. Then, rising in astonishment from his seat, he walked around the machine and looked at it a few minutes. Then, stopping and pointing at it, he exclaimed, 'There is a man in there.'

"Tell my friends," said Mr. Lincoln, "there is a man in here!"

Anecdotes of the Civil War, Brevet Major-General E. D. Townsend, page 91.

"Sugar-Coated" in a President's Message

In the July following Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, an extra session of Congress was called. In the message then sent in, speaking of secession, and the measures taken by the Southern leaders to bring it about, there occurs the following sentence:

"With rebellion thus sugar-coated, they have been drugging the public mind of their section for more than thirty years; until, at length, they have brought many good men to a willingness to take up arms against the Government," etc.

Mr. Defrees, the Government printer, told me that when the message was being printed, he was a good deal disturbed by the use of the term "sugar-coated," and finally went to the President about it. . . . . He told Mr. Lincoln frankly that he ought to remember that a message to Congress was a different affair from a speech at a mass-meeting in Illinois; that the messages became a part of history, and should be written accordingly.

"What is the matter now?" inquired the President.

"Why," said Mr. Defrees, "you have used an undignified expression in the message;" and then, reading the paragraph aloud, he added, "I should alter the structure of that, if I were you."

"Defrees," replied Mr. Lincoln, "that word expresses precisely my idea, and I am not going to change it. The time will never come in this country when people won't know exactly what '*sugar-coated*' means!"

Six Months at the White House, F. B. Carpenter, page 126.

"I Think I Can Beat You Both"

On another occasion, Mr. Defrees states that a certain sentence of another message was very awkwardly constructed. Calling the President's attention to it in the proof copy, the latter acknowledged the force of the objection raised, and said:

"Go home, Defrees, and see if you can better it."

The next day Mr. Defrees took in to him his amendment. Mr. Lincoln met him by saying:

"Seward found the same fault that you did, and he has been rewriting the paragraph also."

Then reading Mr. Defrees's version, he said:

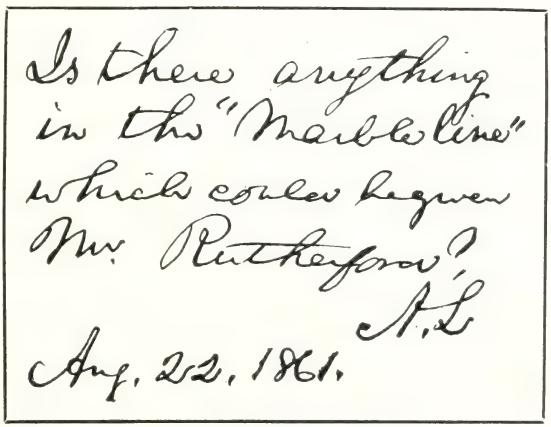
"I believe you have beaten Seward; but, 'I jings,' I think I can beat you both."

Then, taking up his pen, he wrote the sentence as it was finally printed.

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Paul Selby, page 181.

What Lincoln Liked to Eat

"The President seemed never to lose his relish for the things he liked when a boy. He seemed especially fond of bacon. He needed plenty of good, strengthening food, for his duties and cares required almost superhuman strength and physical endurance. From early in the morning till twelve at night, almost without ceasing, his work went on. He took but little fresh air. An occasional drive, a rare horseback ride, a short walk to the War Department were all. That he didn't collapse under the terrible strain was almost miraculous."


Is there anything in the "Marble Line" which could happen Mr. Rutherford?
A. L.
Aug. 22, 1861.

ASKING FOR A PRIVATE JOB

Related by a confidential servant in the White House.

"Whose Boots Do They Black?"

Another foreign nobleman sought my intercession, of whose genuineness I became fully convinced. He was a young German count whose identity was vouched for by a member of the Prussian Legation. Moreover, there were no smartnesses at all in his talk. He had a long row of ancestors, whom he traced back for several hundred years. He was greatly impressed with the importance of this fact, and thought it would weigh heavily in securing him a position in our army. If he could only have an "audience" with the President and lay his case before him, he believed the result could not be doubtful. He pursued me so arduously with the request for a personal introduction to Mr. Lincoln, that at last I succumbed and promised to introduce him, if the President permitted. The President did permit. The count spoke English moderately well, and in his ingenuous way he at once explained to Mr. Lincoln how high the nobility of his family was, and that they had been counts so-and-so many centuries. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, interrupting him, "that need not trouble you. That will not be in your way, if you behave yourself as a soldier." The poor count looked puzzled, and when the audience was over, he asked me what in the world the President could have meant by so strange a remark.

Another saying of Mr. Lincoln, of a similar kind, made the rounds at the time and was very much enjoyed. I cannot vouch for the truth of the anecdote, but it is so strikingly Lincolnesque that there is a strong probability in its favor. I have never seen it mentioned anywhere, and so I may be pardoned for inserting it here. It was to this effect: An Englishman, who had traveled far and wide over the United States, called upon Mr. Lincoln and told him of the impressions he had received of various parts of the country. Speaking of social conditions and habits, he said, among other things, that to his astonishment he had heard that many gentlemen in America were in the habit of blacking their own boots. "That is true," said Mr. Lincoln, "but would gentlemen in your country not do that?" "No, certainly not," the Englishman replied with emphasis.

"Well!" said Mr. Lincoln quietly, "whose boots *do* they black?"

The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz, Vol. II, page 339.

The Only Times He Ever Seemed Happy

"About the only recreation he seemed to enjoy was romping about the White House, playing with Tad; playing horse, blind-man's buff, and cantering through the rooms with the boy on his shoulders, and boisterous games like that. During those short play-spells were the only times the President ever seemed really happy."

Related by a confidential servant in the White House.

"Blunt as a Meat-Ax and Keen as a Razor"

Those who accuse Lincoln of frivolity never knew him. I never saw a more thoughtful face. I never saw a more dignified face. He had humor of which he was totally unconscious, but it was not frivolity. He said wonderfully witty things, but never from a desire to be witty. His wit was entirely illustrative. He used it because, and only because, at times he could say more in this way, and better illustrate the idea with which he was pregnant. He never cared how he made a point so that he made it, and he never told a story for the mere sake of telling a story. When he did it, it was for the purpose of illustrating and making clear a point. He was essentially epigrammatic and parabolic. He was a master of satire, which was at times as blunt as a meat-ax, and at others as keen as a razor, but it was always kindly, except when some horrible injustice was its inspiration, and then it was terrible. Weakness he was never ferocious with, but intentional wickedness he never spared.

In this interview the name came up of a recently deceased politician of Illinois, whose undeniable merit was blemished by overweening vanity. His funeral was largely attended:

"If General Blank had known how big a funeral he would have," said Mr. Lincoln, "he would have died years ago."

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, David R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby"). Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 441.

"You are Spoiling the Bust!"

A reference was made to Jones the sculptor. . . . Looking up, the President said:

"Jones tells a good story of General Scott, of whom he once made a bust. Having a fine subject to start with, he succeeded in giving great satisfaction. At the closing sitting he attempted to define and elaborate the lines and markings of the face. The General sat patiently; but when he came to see the result, his countenance indicated decided displeasure.



GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT

"'Why, Jones, what have you been doing?' he asked.

"'Oh,' rejoined the sculptor, 'not much, I confess, General; I have been working out the details of the face a little more, this morning.'

"'Details,' exclaimed the General warmly; *blank* the details! Why, man, you are spoiling the bust!'"

Six Months in the White House, F. B. Carpenter, page 34.

John C. Frémont's Assumptions of Authority

The most popular military appointment Lincoln made before McClellan was that of John C. Frémont to the command of the Department of the West. Republicans appreciated it, for had not Frémont been the first candidate for their party for the Presidency? The West was jubilant; Frémont's explorations had years before made him the hero of the land along the Mississippi. The Cabinet was satisfied. . . . Lincoln himself "thought well of Frémont,"

believed he could do the work to be done; and he had already had experience enough to discern that his great trouble was to be, not finding major-generals—he had "more pegs than holes to put them in," he said one day—but finding major-generals who could do the thing they were ordered to do.

Frémont had gone to his headquarters at St. Louis, Missouri, late in July. Before a month had passed the gravest charges of incompetency and neglect of duty were made against him. It was even intimated to the President that the General was using his position to work up a Northwestern Confederacy. Mr. Lincoln had listened to all these charges but taken no action, when, on the morning of August 30, he was amazed to read it in his newspaper that Frémont had issued a proclamation declaring, among other things, that the property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri who should take up arms against the United States, or who should be directly proved to have taken an active part with its enemies in the field, would be confiscated to public use and their slaves, if they had any, declared freemen.

Frémont's proclamation astonished the country as much as it did the President. In the North it elicited almost universal satisfaction. This was striking at the root of the trouble—slavery. But in the Border States, particularly in Kentucky, the Union party was dismayed. The only possible method of keeping those sections in the Union was not to interfere with slavery. Mr. Lincoln saw this as clearly as his Border State supporters. It was well known that this was his policy. He felt that Frémont had not only defied the policy of the Administration, he had usurped power which belonged only to the legislative part of the Government. He had a good excuse for reprimanding the General, even for removing him. Instead, he wrote him, on September 2, a most kindly letter. . . .

In the meantime, Lincoln's letter reached Frémont. After a few days the General replied that he wished the President would make the general order modifying the clause of the proclamation which referred to the liberation of slaves. This letter he sent by his wife, Jessie Benton Frémont, a woman of ambition and of great energy of character.

"While Frémont was in command of the Department, Mrs. Frémont was the real chief of staff," says Col. George F. Leighton. "She was a woman of strong personality, having inherited much of

the brains and force of character of her distinguished father, Senator Benton."

Mrs. Frémont . . . . started East, deeply indignant that Mr. Lincoln should ask her husband to modify his proclamation. When she reached Washington, she learned that Mr. Blair had gone to St. Louis. Jumping to the conclusion that it was with an order to remove her husband she hastened to Mr. Lincoln. It was midnight, but the President gave her an audience. Without waiting for an explanation she violently charged him with sending an enemy to Missouri, to look into Frémont's case, and threatening that if Frémont desired to he could set up a government for himself. "I had to exercise all the rude tact I have to avoid quarreling with her," said Mr. Lincoln afterwards.

The day after this interview Lincoln sent the order modifying the clause as Frémont had requested. When this was made public a perfect storm of denunciation broke over the President. The whole North felt outraged. There was talk of impeaching Lincoln and of replacing him with Frémont. Great newspapers criticised his action, warning him to learn whither he was tending. Influential men in all professions spoke bitterly of his action. . . . . The hardest of these criticisms to bear were those from his old friends in Illinois, nearly all of whom supported Frémont.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. II, page 61.

Death of Colonel Baker at Ball's Bluff

October 21, 1861, I was in Washington. The Army of the Potomac was in camp on Arlington Heights. . . . . The afternoon was lovely—a rare October day. I learned early in the day that something was going on up the Potomac near Edwards' Ferry, by the troops under General Banks. . . . . It was near sunset when, accompanied by a fellow-correspondent, I went once more to ascertain what was taking place. . . . .

While waiting, President Lincoln came in, recognized us, reached out his hand, spoke of the beauty of the afternoon, while waiting for the return of the young lieutenant who had gone to announce his arrival. The lines were deeper in the President's face than when I saw him in his own home, the cheeks more sunken. They were lines of care and anxiety. . . . . .

"Please to walk this way," said the lieutenant. . . . . Five minutes passed, and then Mr. Lincoln, unattended, with bowed head, and tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks, his face pale and wan, his heart heaving with emotion, passed through the room. He almost fell as he stepped into the street, and we sprang involuntarily from our seats to render assistance, but he did not fall. With both hands pressed upon his heart he walked down the street, not returning the salute of the sentinel pacing his beat before the door. . .

At that moment the *finale* of the terrible disaster at Ball's Bluff was going on—the retreat to the river, the plunge into the swirling water to escape the murderous fire flaming upon them from the rifles of the victorious Confederates. It was the news of the death of Colonel E. D. Baker which stunned President Lincoln.

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Charles Carleton Coffin, Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 171.

"There Is Meat in That, General"

When I returned to Washington, Lincoln sent for me, and after greetings said:

"General, you are out of a job; now, if we only had the troops, I would like to have an expedition either against Mobile, New Orleans, or Galveston. Filling up regiments is going on very slowly." I said:

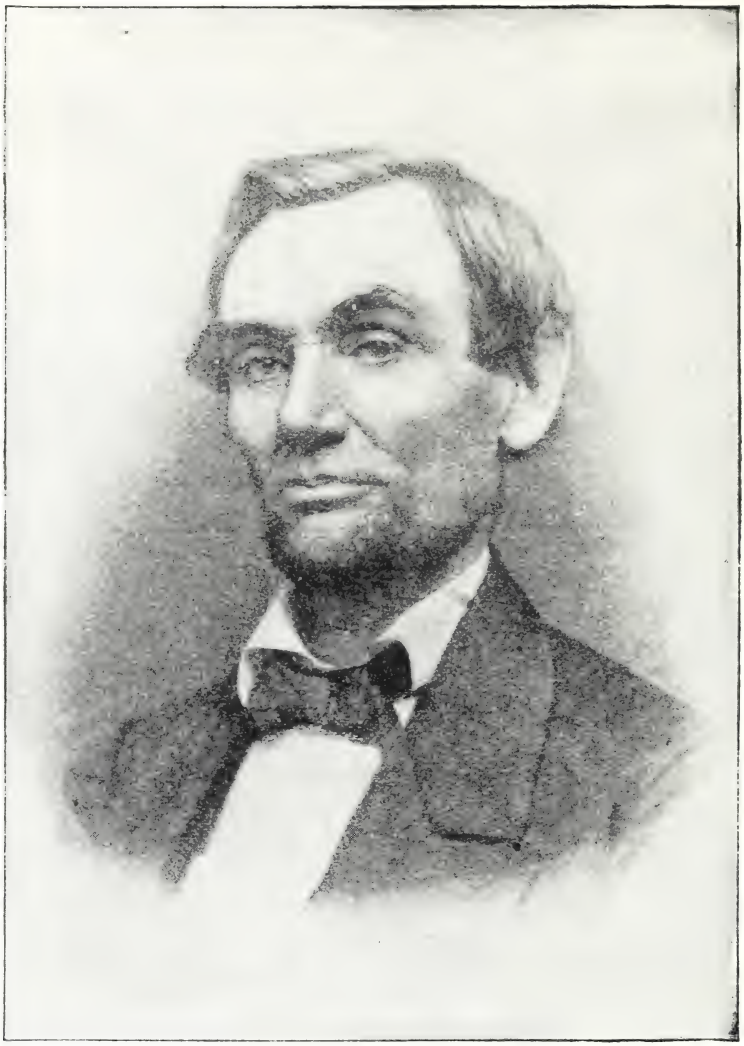
"Mr. President, you gave me permission to tell you when I differed from the action of the Administration." He said hastily:

"You think we are wrong, do you?"

I said, "Yes, in this: You are making this too much of a party war. That perhaps is not the fault of the Administration, but the result of political conditions. All the northern Governors are Republicans, and they of course appoint only their Republican friends as officers of regiments, and then the officers only recruit Republicans. Now this war cannot go on as a party war. You must get the Democrats in it, and there are thousands of patriotic Democrats who would go into it if they could see any opportunity on equal terms with Republicans." . . . .

He said: "There is meat in that, General," a favorite expression of his, "what is your suggestion?"

I said: "Empower me to raise volunteers for the United States and to select the officers, and I will go to New England and raise a



From *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, Ida M. Tarbell.

LINCOLN IN 1861

From a photograph taken when he began to let his beard grow. This was the subject of humorous comment and caricature by the press generally.

division of 6,000 men in sixty days. If you will give me power to select the officers I shall choose all Democrats. And if you put epaulets on their shoulders they will be as true to the country as I hope I am."

He said: "Draw such an order as you want, but don't get me into any scrape with the Governors about the appointments of the officers if you can help it."

The order was signed, the necessary funds were furnished the next day, and I started for New England; in ninety days I had 6,000 men enlisted, and was ordered to make preparations for an expedition to Ship Island, and the last portion of that expedition sailed on the 25th of February, 1862. . . . .

Before I left Washington I called on the President to take leave of him. He received me very cordially, and said:

"Good-bye, General; get into New Orleans if you can, and the backbone of the rebellion will be broken. It is of more importance than anything else that can now be done; but don't interfere with the slavery question, as Frémont has done at St. Louis, and as your man Phelps has been doing on Ship Island."

I said: "May I not arm the negroes?"

He said: "Not yet; not yet."

I said: "Jackson did."

He answered: "Not to fight against their masters, but with them."

I replied: "I will wait for the word or the necessity, Mr. President."

"That's right; God be with you."

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Benjamin F. Butler, Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 140.

The "Trent" Affair and Its "White Elephants"

After Ball's Bluff, the grumbling against inaction in the Army of the Potomac increased until public attention was suddenly distracted by an incident of an entirely new character, and one which changed the discouragement of the North over the repeated military failures and the inactivity of the army into exultation.

This incident was the capture, on November 8, by Captain Wilkes, of the warship *San Jacinto*, of two Confederate Commissioners to Europe, Messrs. Mason and Slidell. Captain Wilkes had stopped the British royal mail packet *Trent*, one day out from Havana,

and taken the envoys with their secretaries from her. It was not until November 15 that Captain Wilkes put into Hampton Roads and sent the Navy Department word of his performance.

Of course the message was immediately carried to Mr. Lincoln at the White House. A few hours later Benson J. Lossing called on the President, and the conversation turned on the news. Mr. Lincoln did not hesitate to express himself.

"I fear the traitors will prove to be 'white elephants,'" he said. "We must stick to American principles concerning the rights of neutrals. We fought Great Britain for insisting by theory and practice on the right to do exactly what Captain Wilkes has done. If Great Britain shall now protest against the act and demand their release, we must give them up, apologize for the act as a violation of our doctrines and thus forever bind her over to keep the peace in relation to neutrals, and so acknowledge that she has been in the wrong for sixty years." . . . .

Early in December, word reached America that England was getting ready to go to war in case we did not give up the Commissioners. The news aroused the deepest indignation, and the determination to keep Mason and Slidell was for a brief time stronger than ever. Common sense was doing its work, however. . . . .

It was on Christmas day that Seward finally had his answer ready. It granted the British demand as to the surrender of the prisoners, though it refused an apology—on the ground that Captain Wilkes had acted without orders. . . . .

Lincoln's first conclusion was the real ground on which the Administration submitted:

"We must stick to American principles concerning the rights of neutrals."

The country grimaced at the conclusion. It was to many, as Chase declared it was to him, "gall and wormwood."

Lowell's verse [in "Biglow Papers"] best expressed the popular feeling:

"We give the critters back, John,
'Cos Abram thought 'twas right;
It warn't your bullyin' clack, John,
Provokin' us to fight."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. II, page 71.

"Wilkes Had No Right to Turn His Quarter-Deck into a Prize-Court"

I often heard the Attorney-General (Bates) say on his return from important Cabinet meetings that the more he saw of Mr. Lincoln the more he was impressed with the clearness and vigor of his intellect and the breadth and sagacity of his views, and he would add:

"He is beyond question the master-mind of the Cabinet."

No man could talk with him on public questions without being struck with the singular lucidity of his mind and the rapidity with which he seized upon the essential point.

A day or two after the news came of the stopping of the English steamer *Trent* by Admiral Wilkes, and the forcible capture of Mason and Slidell, the President walked into the Attorney-General's room, and as he seated himelf, said to that officer:

"I'm not getting much sleep out of that exploit of Wilkes's, and I suppose we must look up the law of the case. I am not much of a prize lawyer, but it seems to me pretty clear that if Wilkes saw fit to make that capture on the high seas he had no right to turn his quarter-deck into a prize court."

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Titian J. Coffey, Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 245.

"Sumner Thinks He Runs Me"

Although himself a most polished, even a fastidious, gentleman, Senator Sumner never allowed Lincoln's homely ways to hide his great qualities. Sumner gave Lincoln the respect and esteem at the start which others accorded only after experience. The Senator was most tactful, too, in his dealings with Mrs. Lincoln, and soon had a firm footing in the household. That he was proud of this, and perhaps a little boastful, there is no doubt. Lincoln himself appreciated this.

"Sumner thinks he runs me," he said, with an amused twinkle, one day.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. II, page 73.

LEADING EVENTS IN 1861

Steamer "Star of the West" fired on by Secessionists	Jan. 9
Formation of the Southern Confederacy	Feb. 4
Jefferson Davis elected President of C.S.A.	Feb. 18
Bombardment of Fort Sumter by Confederates	Apr. 13
Lincoln calls for 75,000 soldiers	Apr. 15
Seizure of Harper's Ferry by Confederates	Apr. 18
Bloodshed at Baltimore, (Sixth Massachusetts Regiment)	Apr. 19
Confederates seize Norfolk Navy Yard	Apr. 20
Secession of East Virginia, Arkansas, Tennessee and North Carolina, making 11 Confederate States	May and June
Battle of Bull Run (E. Virginia), Confederate victory	July 21
Trent Affair, Union capture of Mason and Slidell	Nov. 8

Cameron, Secretary of War, Sent to Russia

Before the *Trent* affair was settled another matter came up to . . . . harass Mr. Lincoln. This time it was trouble in his official family. Mr. Cameron, his Secretary of War, had become even more obnoxious to the public than Frémont or McClellan. Like Seward, Cameron had been one of Lincoln's competitors at the Chicago convention in 1860. His appointment to the Cabinet, however, had not been made, like Seward's, because of his eminent fitness. It was the one case in which a bargain had been made before the nomination. This bargain was not struck by Mr. Lincoln, but by his friend and ablest supporter at Chicago, Judge David Davis. . . .

Soon after the extra session of Congress assembled in July, a committee was appointed to look into the contracts the War Department was making. . . . . The Secretary of War, it was clear, had not been able to manage his department without great scandal. . . . . The matter was too serious a one for Mr. Lincoln to overlook. The public would not have permitted him to overlook it, even if he had been so disposed. . . . .

Nine months of this sort of experience convinced Mr. Lincoln that Cameron was not the man for the place, and he took advantage of a remark which the Secretary, probably in a moment of depression, had made to him more than once, that he wanted a "change of position," and made him Minister to Russia.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, page 76.

Cabinet Ministers and Skunks

The skill and success with which Mr. Lincoln would dispose of an embarrassing question or avoid premature committal to a policy advocated by others is well known. He knew how to send applicants away in good humor even when they failed to extract the desired response.

A story told of him after General Cameron's retirement from the War Department illustrates this habit. Every one knows that Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet was chosen chiefly from his rivals for the Presidential nomination. . . . . But the exigencies of the War demanded, in the opinion of a good many Republicans, a reorganization of the Cabinet based on the special fitness of each member for the great work in hand. Of this opinion were some of the leading

Republican Senators. After the retirement of General Cameron they held a caucus and appointed a committee to wait on the President. . . . . Since the President had decided to select a new War Minister, they thought the occasion was opportune to change the whole seven Cabinet ministers. They therefore earnestly advised him to make a clean sweep and select seven new men, and so restore the waning confidence of the country.

The President listened with patient courtesy, and when the Senators had concluded, he said, with a characteristic gleam of humor in his eye:



"Gentlemen, your request for a change of the whole Cabinet because I have made one change reminds me of a story I once heard in Illinois of a farmer who was much troubled by skunks. They annoyed his household at night, and his wife insisted that he should take measures to get rid of them. One moonlight night he loaded his old shot-gun and stationed himself in the yard to watch for the intruders, his wife remaining in the house anxiously awaiting the result.

"After some time she heard the shot-gun go off, and in a few minutes the farmer entered the house.

"'What luck had you?' she asked.

" 'I hid myself behind the woodpile,' said the old man, 'with the shot-gun pointed toward the hen-roost, and before long there appeared not one skunk but *seven*. I took aim and blazed away, killed one, and he raised such a fearful smell that I concluded it was best to let the other six go.' "

With a hearty laugh the Senators retired, and nothing more was heard of Cabinet reconstruction.

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Titian J. Coffey, Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 235.

Stanton Made Secretary of War

What change, if any, Mr. Stanton's attitude had undergone by January, 1862, is not known. Howbeit, on the 13th of that month, the President, brushing personal feelings aside, nominated him to

succeed Simon Cameron as Secretary of War. . . . . It (the appointment) was promptly accepted and as promptly confirmed.

The elevation of Mr. Stanton to an important place in the Lincoln Cabinet was a surprise to the nation. And his consent . . . aroused the still greater wonder of his own friends. One of them . . . asked the new Secretary:

"What will you do?"

Mr. Stanton, ignoring the purport of the question, answered, among other things:

"I will make Abe Lincoln President of the United States."

He clearly believed himself summoned . . . to strengthen the hands of an impotent President.

However grossly Edwin M. Stanton may have misjudged Mr. Lincoln, his confidence in himself was well founded. . . . . His firmness degenerated, at times, into sheer obstinacy; his enthusiasm, into intolerance; his strength of will, into arrogance. No one who knew the man courted an encounter with him. Only a master of masters could control such an embodiment of force. . . . . There appeared to be abundant ground for their comforting prediction that "Stanton would run away with the whole concern." Strangely enough, the President showed no alarm. He was merely reminded of a little story.

"We may have to treat him," said he, "as they are sometimes obliged to treat a Methodist minister I know out West. He gets wrought up to so high a pitch of excitement in his prayers and exhortations, that they have to put bricks into his pockets to keep him down. We may be obliged to serve Stanton the same way, but I guess we'll let him jump awhile first."

Lincoln, Master of Men, Alonzo Rothschild, page 227.

How Newspaper Stories Grow

From January, 1862, until the close of the War, the telegraphic reins of Government were held by a firm and skilful hand in the War Department and in their guiding influence upon the affairs of the nation were all-powerful for good. Dating, also, from the appointment of Stanton to the Cabinet, Lincoln began to make the War Department telegraph office his lounging-place, and during the winter of 1862 we saw him daily, although our office at that time

was crowded and inconvenient. It was in the first-floor rear room that I first heard one of his humorous remarks. General Robert C. Schenck, who after the War became minister to England (but who is perhaps better remembered as the author of a treatise on the gentle art of playing poker, of which game the English public became enamored about that time), was in command of our forces near Alexandria. One evening he sent a telegram from Drainsville, Virginia, announcing a slight skirmish with the enemy, resulting in the capture of thirty or forty prisoners, all armed with Colt's revolvers. As Lincoln read the message, he turned to the operator who had handed it to him, and said, with a twinkle in his eye, that the newspapers were given to such exaggeration in publishing army news that we might be sure when General Schenck's dispatch appeared in print next day all the little Colt's revolvers would have grown into horse pistols.

Lincoln in the Telegraph Office, David Homer Bates. *Century Magazine*, Vol. LXXIV, May, 1907, page 129.

The White House Becomes a House of Mourning

The children, Tad and Willie, were constantly receiving presents. Willie was so delighted with a little pony that he insisted on riding it every day. The weather was changeable, and exposure resulted in a severe cold which deepened into fever. He was very sick and I was summoned to his bedside. It was sad to see the boy suffer. Always of a delicate constitution, he could not resist the inroads of disease. The days dragged wearily by, and he grew weaker and more shadow-like. He was his mother's favorite child—she doted on him. . . . . When able to be about, he was almost constantly by her side. When I would go in her room, almost always I found blue-eyed Willie there, reading, or curled up in a chair with pencil and paper in hand. He had a decidedly literary taste, and was a studious boy. (A short time before his death, he wrote a simple poem, "Lines on the Death of Colonel Edward Baker," which he sent to the editor of the *National Republican*.)

Finding that Willie continued to grow worse, Mrs. Lincoln determined to withdraw her cards of invitation and postpone the reception. Mr. Lincoln thought that the cards had better not be withdrawn. At least he advised that the doctor be consulted before

any steps were taken. Accordingly Dr. Stone was called in. He pronounced Willie better, and said that there was every reason for an early recovery. He thought, since the invitations had been issued, it would be best to go on with the reception. Willie, he insisted, was in no immediate danger. Mrs. Lincoln was guided by these counsels, and no postponement was announced.

On the evening of the reception Willie was suddenly taken worse. His mother sat by his bedside a long while, holding his feverish hand in her own, and watching his labored breathing. Still the doctor claimed there was no cause for alarm.

I arranged Mrs. Lincoln's hair, then assisted her to dress. Her dress was white satin trimmed with black lace. The train was very long, and she swept through the room, Mr. Lincoln was standing with his back to the fire, his hands behind him, and his eyes on the carpet. His face wore a solemn, thoughtful look. The rustling of the satin dress attracted his attention. He looked at it; then in his quaint, quiet way remarked,

"Whew! our cat has a long tail to-night." Mrs. Lincoln did not reply. The President added:

"Mother, it is my opinion that if some of that tail was nearer the head, it would be in better style," and he glanced at her bare arms and neck. She had a beautiful neck and arm, and low dresses were becoming to her. She turned away with a look of offended dignity, and presently took the President's arm and both went down-stairs to their guests, leaving me alone with the sick boy.

The reception was a large and brilliant one, and the rich notes of the Marine Band, in the apartments below, came to the sick-room in soft, subdued murmurs, like the wild, faint sobbing of far-off spirits. Some of the young people suggested dancing, but Mr. Lincoln met the suggestion with an emphatic veto. . . . .

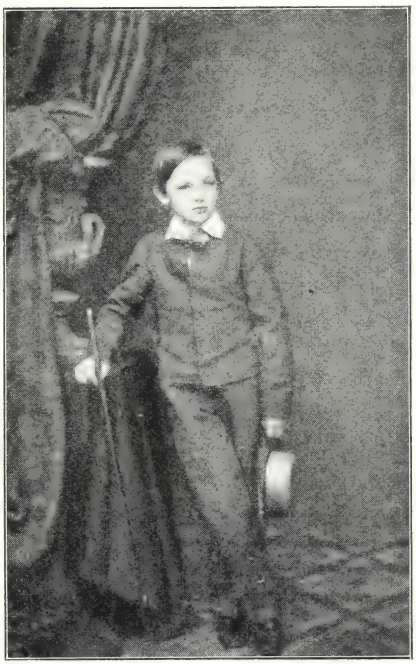
During the evening, Mrs. Lincoln came up-stairs several times, and stood by the bedside of the suffering boy. She loved him with a mother's heart, and her anxiety was great. The night passed slowly; morning came, and Willie was worse. He lingered a few days and died. God called the beautiful spirit home, and the house of joy was turned into the house of mourning.

I was worn out with watching, and was not in the room when Willie died, but was immediately sent for. I assisted in washing and dressing him, and then laid him on the bed, when Mr. Lincoln came

in. I never saw a man so bowed down with grief. He came to the bed, lifted the cover from the face of his child, gazed at it long and earnestly, murmuring,

"My poor boy, he was too good for this earth. God has called him home. I know that he is much better off in heaven, but then we loved him so. It is hard—hard—to have him die!"

Great sobs choked his utterance. He buried his head in his hands, and his tall frame was convulsed with emotion. I stood at the foot of the bed, my eyes full of tears, looking at the man in silent, awe-stricken wonder. His grief unnerved him, and made him a weak, passive child. I did not dream that his rugged nature could be so moved; I shall never forget those solemn moments. . . . There is a grandeur as well as a simplicity about the picture that will never fade. . . . .



WILLIE LINCOLN

From a photograph in the collection of Charles W. McLellan, Esq.

Mrs. Lincoln was inconsolable. . . . . In one of her paroxysms of grief the President kindly bent over his wife, took her by the arm, and gently led her to the window. With a solemn, stately gesture he pointed to the lunatic asylum, saying:

"Mother, do you see that large, white building on the hill yonder? Try and control your grief, or it will drive you mad, and we may have to send you there."

Mrs. Lincoln was so completely overwhelmed with sorrow that she did not attend the funeral. . . . . The White House was draped in mourning. . . . .

Nathaniel Parker Willis, the genial poet, wrote a beautiful sketch of Willie Lincoln, which closed as follows:

"The funeral was very touching. Of the entertainments in the East Room the boy had been a most life-giving variation. . . . . He was his father's favorite. They were intimates—often seen hand in hand. And there sat the man, with a burden on the brain at which the world marvels—bent now with the load at both heart and brain—staggering under a blow like the taking from him of his child. His men of power sat around him—McClellan, with a moist eye when he bowed to the prayer, as I could see from where I stood; and Chase and Seward, with their austere features at work; and senators, ambassadors and soldiers, all struggling with their tears—great hearts sorrowing with the President as a stricken man and a brother. That God may give him strength for all his burdens is, I am sure, the prayer of a nation."

This sketch was much admired by Mrs. Lincoln. I copy it from the scrap-book in which she pasted it, with many tears, with her own hands.

Behind the Scenes, Elizabeth Keckley (Thirty Years a Slave and Four Years in the White House), page 98.

CHAPTER XVII

Lincoln and McClellan

"Some Strange Operation of Magic"

Lincoln's kindness and patience in dealing with the generals who did not succeed is the wonder of all who study the history of the Civil War. The letters he wrote to them show, better than whole volumes of description could do, the hopeful and forbearing spirit in which he sought to aid them.

First among these unsuccessful generals was George B. McClellan, who had been called to Washington after the Battle of Bull Run and placed in charge of the great raw army of three years' volunteers that was pouring so rapidly into the city. McClellan proved a wonderful organizer. Under his skilful direction the raw recruits went to their camps of instruction, fell without delay or confusion into brigades and divisions, were supplied with equipments, horses and batteries, and put through a routine of drill, tactics and reviews that soon made this Army of the Potomac, as it was called, one of the best prepared armies the world has ever seen—a perfect fighting machine of over 150,000 men and more than 200 guns.

General McClellan excelled in getting soldiers ready to fight, but he did not succeed in leading them to fruitful victory. At first the Administration had great hopes of him as a commander. He was young, enthusiastic, winning, and on arriving in Washington seemed amazed and deeply touched by the confidence reposed in him:

"I find myself," he wrote to his wife, "in a new and strange position here, President, Cabinet, General Scott and all, deferring to me. By some strange operation of magic I seem to have become the power of the land."

His rise in military rank had equaled the inventions of fairy tales. He had been only a captain during the Mexican War. Then he resigned. Two months after volunteering for the Civil War he

found himself a Major-General in the Regular Army. For a short time his zeal and activity seemed to justify this amazing good fortune. In a fortnight, however, he began to look upon himself as the principal savior of his country. He entered upon a quarrel with General Scott which soon drove that old hero into retirement and out of his pathway. He looked upon the Cabinet as a set of "geese," and seeing that the President was kind and unassuming in discussing military affairs, he formed the habit of expressing contempt for him in letters to confidential friends. This feeling grew until it soon reached a mark of open disrespect; but the President's conduct toward him did not change. Mr. Lincoln's nature was too forgiving, and the responsibility that lay upon him was too heavy for personal resentment.

The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln, Helen Nicolay, page 172.

"Enough to Tax the Patience of Job!"

It was not in the West alone that the President was suffering disappointment. At the time when Frémont received the order retiring him, McClellan had been in command of the Army of the Potomac for over three months. His force had been increased until it numbered over 168,000 men. He had given night and day to organizing and drilling this army, and it seemed to those who watched him that he now had a force as near ready for battle as an army could be made ready by anything save actual fighting. Mr. Lincoln had fully sympathized with his young general's desire to prepare the Army of the Potomac for the field, and had given him repeated proofs of his support.

McClellan, however, seems to have felt from the first that Mr. Lincoln's kindness was merely a personal recognition of his own military genius. He had conceived the idea that it was he alone who was to save the country.

"The people call upon me to save the country," he wrote to his wife. "I must save it, and cannot respect anything that is in the way." . . . . "The President cannot or will not see the true state of affairs."

Lincoln, in his anxiety to know the details of the work in the army, went frequently to McClellan's headquarters. That the President had a serious purpose in these visits McClellan did not see.

"I enclose a card just received from 'A. Lincoln,'" he wrote to his wife one day, "it shows too much deference to be seen outside."

In another letter to Mrs. McClellan he spoke of being "interrupted" by the President and Secretary Seward, "who had nothing particular to say," and again of concealing himself, "to dodge all enemies in the shape of 'browsing' Presidents, etc." His plans he kept to himself, and when in the Cabinet meetings, to which he was constantly summoned, military matters were discussed, he seemed to feel that it was an encroachment on his special business.

"I am becoming daily more disgusted with this Administration —perfectly sick of it," he wrote early in October; and a few days later: "I was obliged to attend a meeting of the Cabinet at 8 P.M., and was bored and annoyed. There are some of the greatest geese in the Cabinet I have ever seen—enough to tax the patience of Job."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. II, page 69.

Lincoln Studies Strategy While McClellan Is Ill

Towards the end of December McClellan fell ill. The long-expected advance was out of the question until he recovered. Distracted at this idea, the President for the first time asserted himself as Commander-in-chief of the forces of the United States . . . . . This hesitancy about exercising his military authority came from Lincoln's consciousness that he knew next to nothing about the business of fighting. When he saw that those supposed to know something of the science did nothing, he resolved to learn the subject himself as thoroughly as he could.

"He gave himself, night and day, to the study of the military situation," say Nicolay and Hay, his secretaries. "He read a large number of strategical works. He pored over the reports from the various departments and districts of the field of war. He held long conferences with eminent generals and admirals, and astonished them by the extent of his special knowledge and the keen intelligence of his questions."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. II, page 83.

McClellan's Account of His Relations with Lincoln

My relations with Mr. Lincoln were generally very pleasant, and I seldom had trouble with him when we could meet face to face.

The difficulty always arose behind my back. I believe that he liked me personally, and certainly he was much influenced by me when we were together. During the early part of my command in Washington he often consulted with me before taking important steps or appointing general officers. . . . .

When Stanton was made Secretary of War I knew nothing of the matter until the nomination had already gone to the Senate. Next day the President came to my house to apologize for not consulting me on the subject. He said that he knew Stanton to be a friend of mine and assumed that I would be glad to have him Secretary of War, and that he feared that if he told me beforehand "some of those fellows would say that I had dragooned him into it." . . . .

Officially my association with the President was very close until the severe attack of illness in December, 1861. I was often sent for to attend formal and informal Cabinet meetings, and at all hours whenever the President desired to consult with me on any subject; and he often came to my house, frequently late at night, to learn the last news before retiring. His fame as a narrator of anecdotes was fully deserved, and he always had something *à propos* on the spur of the moment.

Late one night, when he was at my house, I received a telegram from an officer commanding a regiment on the upper Potomac. The despatch related to some very desperate fighting that had been done during the day, describing in magniloquent terms the severe nature of the contest, fierce bayonet-charges, etc., and terminated with a very small list of killed and wounded, quite out of proportion with his description of the struggle.

The President quietly listened to my reading of the telegram, and then said that it reminded him of a notorious liar, who attained such a reputation as an exaggerator that he finally instructed his servant to stop him, when his tongue was running too rapidly, by pulling his coat or touching his feet. One day the master was relating wonders he had seen in Europe, and described a building which was about a mile long and a half-mile high. Just then the servant's heel came down on the narrator's toes, and he stopped abruptly. One of the listeners asked how broad this remarkable building might be; the narrator modestly replied, "About a foot!" . . . .

Long before the war, when vice-president of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, I knew Mr. Lincoln, for he was one of the counsel of the company. More than once I have been with him in



From *The Reminiscenses of Carl Schurz.*

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT GENERAL McCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS

out-of-the-way county-seats where some important case was being tried, and, in the lack of sleeping accommodations, have spent the night in front of a stove listening to the unceasing flow of anecdotes

from his lips. He was never at a loss, and I could never quite make up my mind how many of them he really had heard before, and how many he invented on the spur of the moment. His stories were seldom refined, but were always to the point.

McClellan's Own Story, page 160.

President Lincoln's First General War Order

President Lincoln was not wanting in a correct estimate of the power vested in him by the Constitution and the laws, nor was he wanting in will or in dignity of character to assert his authority when it was directly questioned. But he found it difficult to deal with the indirect insubordination which ignored or neglected his orders, and which baffled his purposes by groundless excuses and unnecessary delays. He sought to persuade without commanding, and for a time carried this to the verge of an abdication of authority. He had placed the destinies of the country in the hands of a young man who had never fought a battle, and who, at the time of Stanton's appointment, gave little promise of any intention ever to fight one. He believed that the army should move, but still left General McClellan to decide when it should move. Foreign intervention was imminent, and even the war spirit in the North might not be proof against hope too long deferred. But the young General, while giving out indications at various times of an intended early advance, was never ready. Mr. Lincoln saw that McClellan was wanting either in capacity or earnestness, but was not willing to say so harsh a thing. . . . .

Stanton was emotional and sympathetic too, but he had no tenderness for indifference or insubordination. . . . . He thought when the President asserted his authority, it would be obeyed. He took office with the intention of urging that course upon Mr. Lincoln, and of supporting him in it. . . . . McClellan declares in his "Own Story" that he had smooth sailing with the Administration until shortly before Stanton became Secretary of War, when difficulties commenced, which culminated soon after his appointment.

Mr. Lincoln had temporized with McClellan in the exercise of that large charity which "hopeth all things, believeth all things, and endureth all things." . . . .

At that time the lower Potomac was blockaded, the Baltimore

and Ohio Railroad obstructed, and the Capital besieged, while 180,000 troops were idling in camp. In the West the Rebels had been aggressive, and although they had not had their own way in Missouri and Kentucky, no general plan of campaign was yet visible. . . . .

Stanton soon found that McClellan was as stubborn against his persuasions as he had been against those of Mr. Lincoln. Then commenced the long struggle between the Government and General McClellan, which, at its height, threatened the integrity both of the Government and of the Army.

As mere suggestions and exhortations to McClellan to take some steps toward raising the siege of the Capital produced no effect, the President issued the following order:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.
"January 27, 1862.

"*President's General War Order, No. 1.*

"*Ordered:* That the 22nd day of February, 1862, be the day for a general movement of the land and naval forces of the United States against the insurgent forces. That especially the army at and about Fortress Monroe, the Army of the Potomac, the Army of Western Virginia, the army near Munfordville, Kentucky, the army and flotilla near Cairo, and a naval force in the Gulf of Mexico, be ready to move on that day.

"That all other forces, both land and naval, with their respective commanders, obey existing orders for the time, and be ready to obey additional orders when duly given.

"That the heads of departments, and especially the Secretaries of War and of the Navy, with all their subordinates and the General-in-chief with all other commanders and subordinates of land and naval forces, will severally be held to their strict and full responsibilities for the prompt execution of this order.

"A. LINCOLN."

. . . .It was Mr. Lincoln's first exercise of his authority as Commander-in-chief.

Life and Public Services of Edwin M. Stanton, George C. Gorham, Vol. I, page 338.

"Masterly Inactivity" of the Army of the Potomac

During Mr. Stanton's first week in the War Department General McClellan had laid before him orally his opinion as to the part the Army of the Potomac should execute, in a general plan of operations of all the armies. This was to transport that army down the Potomac and lower Chesapeake, and advance upon the Rebel capital from that direction. The Secretary instructed him to develop his plans to the President, which he did. They were disapproved, and, on the 31st day of January, the President issued his order, "that all the disposable forces of the Army of the Potomac, after safely providing for the defense of Washington, be formed into an expedition for the immediate object of seizing and occupying a point upon the railroad, southwestward of what is known as Manassas Junction, all details to be in the discretion of the General-in-chief, and the expedition to move before or on the 22nd day of February next."

This order was never revoked and never obeyed. General McClellan asked leave to submit his views as to the two opposing plans. These must have been presented fully already, in the long conferences which had been held with him by the President and the Secretary. Nevertheless, he was granted the desired permission, and on the 3d of February he submitted a long paper in which he gave his reasons in support of his own plan as against the plan of Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln at the same time addressed him the following letter:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
"February 3, 1862.

"MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN:

"*My dear Sir.*—You and I have distinct and different plans for a movement of the Army of the Potomac—yours to be down the Chesapeake, up the Rappahannock to Urbana, and across land to the *terminus* of the railroad on the York River; mine to move directly to a point on the railroad southwest of Manassas.

"If you will give me satisfactory answers to the following questions, I shall gladly yield my plan to yours:

"1st. Does not your plan involve a greatly larger expenditure of *time* and *money* than mine?

"2nd. Wherein is a victory *more certain* by your plan than mine?

"3d. Wherein is a victory *more valuable* by your plan than mine?

"4th. In fact, would it not be less valuable in this, that it would break no great line of the enemy's communications, while mine would?

"5th. In case of disaster, would not a safe retreat be more difficult by your plan than by mine? Yours truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

In McClellan's "views" he named the total force necessary for his plans to be from 110,000 to 140,000. He informs us in his final report that "this letter must have produced some effect upon the mind of the President, since the execution of his order was not required," that is to say, it was treated by him as not revoked, because it was not imperatively enforced. . . . .

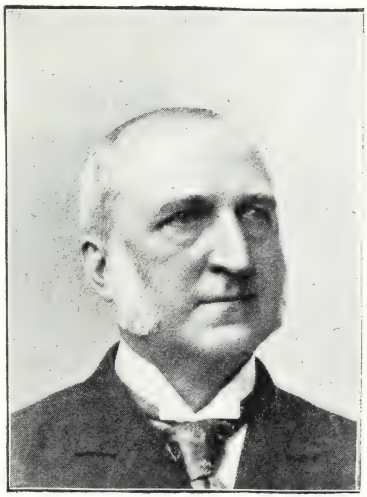
No other plan was taken, and, as a consequence, there was no pushing it, either vigorously or otherwise. The Rebels evacuated their Potomac batteries at their own will and pleasure ten days later, when, unmolested and without the knowledge of McClellan, they also evacuated Manassas and Winchester.

Life and Public Services of Edwin M. Stanton, George C. Gorham, Vol. I, page 338

"I Would Find Means to Prevent the 'Merrimac'"

The late Schuyler Colfax told me that he was present at an interview accorded to the representatives of the moneyed interests of New York, when the *Merrimac* escaped from Hampton Roads and was supposed to be making its way to that port.

The delegation arose one after another, one man stating that he was worth $10,000,000, and another that he represented $50,000,000, and another that he was worth several millions of dollars and represented many times as many millions more; and that they had paid their taxes, subscribed to the Government's loans, and ought to be protected.



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

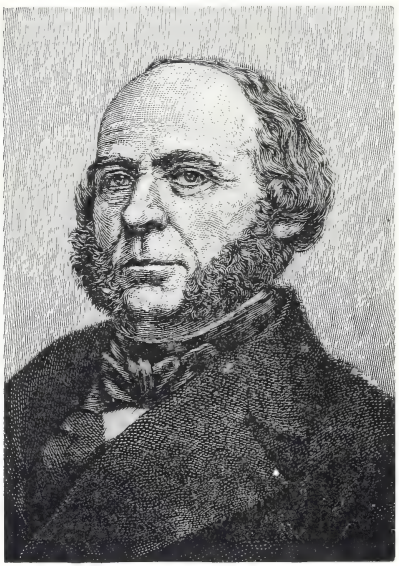
Mr. Lincoln said: "Well, gentlemen, the Government has no vessel as yet, that I know of, that can sink the *Merrimac*, and our resources, both of money and credit, are strained to the utmost. But if I had as much money as you say you have got, and was as '*skeered*' as you seem to be, I would find means to prevent the *Merrimac* ever reaching my property."

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Chauncey M. Depew, Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 433.

The President's Unwavering Confidence in the "Monitor"

The President expressed his belief in the *Monitor* to Captain Fox, the adviser of Captain Ericsson who constructed it.

"I am not prepared for disastrous results, why should I be? We have three of the most effective vessels in Hampton Roads, any number of small craft that will hang on the stern of the *Merrimac* like small dogs on the haunches of a bear. They may not be able to tear her down, but they will interfere with the comfort of her voyage. Her trial trip will not be a pleasure trip, I am certain. We have had a big share of bad luck already, but I do not believe the future has any such misfortunes in store as you anticipate."



JOHN ERICSSON
Inventor and builder of the "Monitor."

Said Captain Fox:

"If the *Merrimac* does not sink our ships, who is to prevent her from dropping her anchor in the Potomac where that steamer lies, ... and throwing her hundred-pound shells into this room, or battering down the walls of the Capitol?"

"The Almighty, Captain," answered the President, excitedly, but without the least affectation. "I expect set-backs, defeats; we have had them and shall have them. They are common to all wars. But I have not the slightest fear of any result which shall fatally impair our military

and naval strength, or give other powers any right to interfere in our quarrel. The destruction of the Capitol would do both. I do not fear it, for this is God's fight, and He will win it in His own good time. He will take care that our enemies do not push us too far.

"Speaking of ironclads," said the President, "you do not seem to take the little *Monitor* into account. I believe in the *Monitor* and her commander. If Captain Worden does not give a good account of the *Monitor* and of himself, I shall have made a mistake in following my judgment for the first time since I have been here, Captain. I have not made a mistake in following my clear judgment of men since this war began. I followed that judgment when I gave Worden the command of the *Monitor*. I would make the appointment over again to-day. The *Monitor* should be in Hampton Roads now. She left New York eight days ago. . . . . .

"The *Monitor* was one of my inspirations; I believed in her formerly when that energetic contractor first showed me Ericsson's plans. Captain Ericsson's plain but rather enthusiastic demonstration made my conversion permanent. It was called a floating battery then; I called it a raft. I caught some of the inventor's enthusiasm and it has been growing upon me. I thought then, and I am confident now, that it is just what we want. I am sure that the *Monitor* is still afloat, and that she will yet give a good account of herself. Sometimes I think she may be the veritable sling that will yet smite the *Merrimac* Philistine in the forehead."

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Paul Selby, page 192.

The President's Delight at the Victory of the "Monitor" over the "Merrimac"

Three days after the emancipation meeting of the 6th of March, I returned to Washington and made my report to Mr. Lincoln. He was in high spirits over the event which, in the preceding day, had taken place in Hampton Roads. It was the epoch-making naval battle between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*—the introduction of the ironclad war-vessel to the history of the world. There was, indeed, ample reason for congratulating ourselves upon a narrow escape from incalculable disaster. On March 8th the

famous *Merrimac*, an old vessel which had been sunk in Norfolk Harbor and then raised by the Rebels, and which had been covered by a thick coat of metal plates and armed with an iron ram and a formidable battery, steamed out of the mouth of Elizabeth River, sunk or destroyed a number of United States men-of-war assembled in Hampton Roads, without being harmed in the least by their artillery, and thus demonstrated her ability to overpower any war-ship in our navy then afloat. When the news reached Washington, the members of the Cabinet rushed to the White House in a state of utter consternation. Some of them already saw that dreadful monster, carrying an apparently invulnerable armament, easily break up our blockade of Southern ports, or lay our seaport cities under contribution, or ascend the Potomac, and, with its shells, drive the government out of the National Capital. The next morning the terrible dragon came forth from Norfolk Harbor again to continue the work of unimpeded ruin. Then, all of a sudden, an insignificant-looking thing, resembling a small "raft with a large iron cheese-box" upon it, appeared on the scene and bade defiance to the Rebel demon. It was the celebrated *Monitor*, which, under the orders of the Government, had been built by the famous engineer, Ericsson, and which had been quietly towed from New York to Hampton Roads. The savior arrived in good time. The *Monitor* proved as invulnerable as the *Merrimac*, and even more effective. After a duel between the two champions, lasting several hours, the *Merrimac* retreated into Elizabeth River, and the *Monitor* remained in undisturbed possession of the field.

When I saw Mr. Lincoln the next day, his mind was still so full of the great event that it gave him evident delight to tell me the whole story. He described vividly the arrival of the first tidings of disaster, and his own and the several Cabinet members' dismay at the awful prospect thus opened, and their sighs of relief when the telegraph announced the appearance of "the little cheese-box" which drove the Rebel Goliath off the field.

The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz, Vol. II, page 327.

The Country's Debt to Lincoln and Worden for the "Monitor's" Success

The fight of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* changed all the conditions of naval warfare.

After the victory was gained, the President, Captain Fox and



From *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.*

DECISIVE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMAC

This encounter of the "David and Goliath" of the Civil War greatly encouraged the whole country, delighted the heart of the President, and revolutionized naval warfare by illustrating what could be done with armored battleships.

others went on board the *Monitor*, and Captain Worden was requested by the President to narrate the history of the encounter.

Captain Worden did so in a modest manner, and apologized for not being able better to provide for his guests. The President smilingly responded:

"Some uncharitable people say that 'old Bourbon' is an indispensable element in the fighting qualities of some of our generals in the field, but, Captain, after the account we have heard to-day, no one will say that any 'Dutch courage' is needed on board the *Monitor*."

"It never has been, sir," modestly observed the captain.

Captain Fox then gave a description of what he saw of the engagement and characterized it as indescribably grand. Then, turning to the President, he continued:

"Now, standing here on the deck of this battle-scarred vessel, the first genuine ironclad—the victor in the first fight of ironclads—let me make a confession, and perform an act of simple justice:

"I never fully believed in armored vessels until I saw this battle. I know all the facts which united to give us the *Monitor*. I withhold no credit from Captain Ericsson, her inventor, but I know that the country is principally indebted to President Lincoln for the construction of the vessel, and for the success of her trial to Captain Worden, her commander."

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Paul Selby, page 194.

The President's Intercession Prevents the Dismissal of a Faithful Officer

(Captain) Eckert, accompanied by Sanford, went to the War Department that afternoon, and was ushered into the Secretary's presence, and . . stood for at least ten minutes while Stanton continued to write at his desk, without looking up to see who his callers were. Finally Stanton turned and asked Eckert what he wanted.

The latter replied, "Mr. Sanford tells me that you have sent for me, and I am here."

Then Stanton, in a loud voice, said he understood that Captain Eckert had been neglecting his duties, and was absent from his office much of the time, and allowed newspaper men to have access to the telegraphic office; also that he was an unfit person for the important position he occupied. . . . .

Eckert replied that he had not neglected his duties; that he had attended to them strictly and faithfully; that any statements to the contrary were false; that for over three months he had been at his post of duty almost constantly, and had hardly taken off his clothes during that time except to change his linen; that he had remained in his office many times all night long, and that he seldom slept in his bed at his hotel; and, finally, inasmuch as it appeared that his services were not acceptable, he insisted upon his resignation being accepted.

Just then Eckert felt an arm placed on his shoulder, and, supposing it to be that of Sanford, who had all this time remained standing with him, turned around, and was surprised to find that, instead, it was the hand of the President, who had entered the room while the discussion was going on.

Lincoln, still with his hand on the Captain's shoulder, said to Stanton:

"Mr. Secretary, I think you must be mistaken about this young man neglecting his duties, for I have been a daily caller at General McClellan's headquarters for the last three or four months, and I have always found Eckert at his post. I have been there often before breakfast, and in the evening as well, and frequently late at night, and several times before dawn, to get the latest news from the army. Eckert was always there, and I never observed any reporters or outsiders in the office." . . . .

Stanton was so impressed by the intercession of Lincoln, Sanford and Brough that he quietly took from his desk a package of papers, and opening one, said,

"I believe this is your resignation, is it not, sir?"

Captain Eckert said it was; whereupon Stanton tore it up and dropped the pieces on the floor. He then opened another paper and said:

"This is the order dismissing you from the army, which I had already signed, but it will not be executed."

He then tore up the order of dismissal and said:

"I owe you an apology, Captain, for not having gone to General McClellan's office and seen for myself the situation of affairs. You are no longer Captain Eckert; I shall appoint you a major as soon

as the commission can be made out, and I shall make you a further acknowledgment in another manner."

So, from that Sunday afternoon, in February, 1862, until just before the close of the War, Eckert's military title was "Major." The additional acknowledgment referred to by Secretary Stanton consisted of a horse and carriage, purchased for Eckert's use in the performance of his official duties.

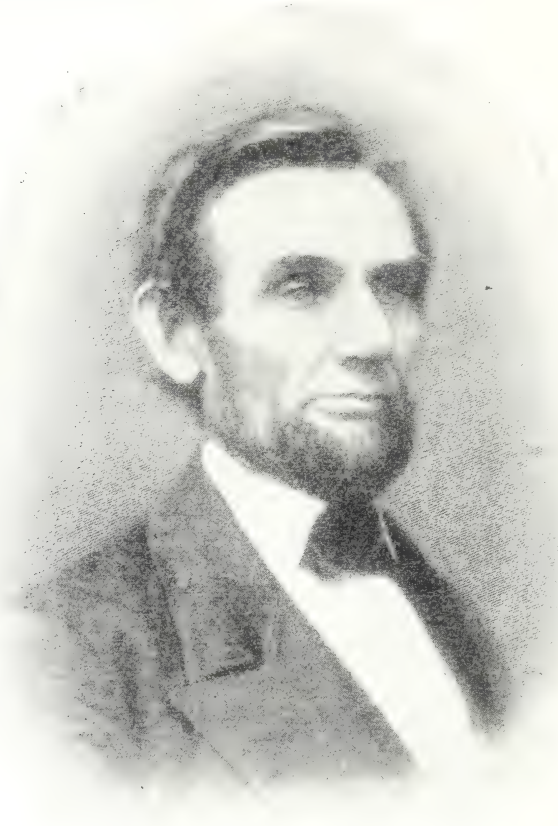
Lincoln in the Telegraph Office, David Homer Bates, page 133.

The Fiasco at Harper's Ferry

The President, under the inspiration received on the preceding night, hoped anxiously for further news. His confidence in the success of the movement was unabated; he felt that the enemy had already been surprised, and that—at least in confidential official circles—he might say that McClellan had occupied important positions in Virginia, and that troops enough to resist any force that could be thrown against him were already *en route* for Harper's Ferry, where a pontoon bridge, that would carry them all in brigades, had already been thrown. But as the shadows lengthened those who knew him well could not fail to notice indications of unusual anxiety. He paced the floor of the Executive Chamber; he was restless, and not as he had been through the earlier hours of the day, ready to greet visitors with a smile and a cheering word. It was evident that his confidence was fading, and that he was under the influence of misgivings lest his General had again deluded him and disappointed the country. . . . . Soon after dark Mr. Stanton came from the War Department and handed him a dispatch he had just received from the General. It was dated Sandy Hook, 3.30 P.M., and read as follows:

"The lift-lock is too small to permit the canal-boats to enter the river, so that it is impossible to construct the permanent bridge as I intended. I shall probably be obliged to fall back on the safe and slow plan of merely covering the reconstruction of the railroad. This will be done at once, but will be tedious. I cannot, as things now are, be sure of my supplies for the forces necessary to seize Winchester, which is probably reinforced from Manassas. The wiser plan is to rebuild the railroad bridge as rapidly as possible, and then act according to the state of affairs."

It will be observed that this dispatch contained no intimation that the orders for the advance of troops to sustain those who had been posted in Virginia against the alleged threatened advance from Manassas had been countermanded.



LINCOLN IN '62

Before leaving the Department Stanton had replied as follows:

"If the lift-lock is not big enough, why cannot it be made big enough? Please answer immediately."

The reply to which was as follows, and bore date 10.30 P.M.:

"It can be enlarged, but entire masonry must be destroyed and

rebuilt, and new gates made—an operation impossible at the present stage of water, and requiring many weeks at any time. The railroad bridge can be rebuilt many weeks before this could be done."

This failure and the ridiculous excuse for it—that the engineers had neglected to ascertain the width of the lock through which the boats they were concentrating were to pass,—gave rise to a popular fear that the sacrifices and scandals of Ball's Bluff were to be repeated on a grander scale near Harper's Ferry. . . . .

At 9.30 P.M. of the same day the President received a telegram in which McClellan asserted that he knew he "had acted wisely," and that the President "would cheerfully agree with him when he explained," but the kernel of the message was found in the following passage:

"It is impossible for many days to more than supply the troops now here and at Charlestown. We could not supply and move to Winchester for many days, and had I moved more troops here they would have been at a loss for food on the Virginia side."

Here was a "change of base." . . . . . The President was now compelled to doubt whether McClellan had ever considered a plan with a view to its execution, . . . and that it was evident he would not execute movements directed by his superiors. Now, with extreme gravity and emphasis, he added, the time has come when such a plan for a movement toward Richmond must be adopted and be promptly executed by McClellan or his successor. . . . .

Mr. Stanton could, when greatly irritated, find relief in the use of forcible expletives, but it was not so with the great-hearted, patient, long-suffering President, with whom it was my privilege to converse on the night of the 27th. He was more restless than I had ever seen him, and I think more dejected, though he had not yet been advised of the countermanding by McClellan of all orders for the forwarding of troops. His position was pitiable. He knew that the army was aware that Scott had recommended McClellan's advancement and approved his ability; that he (McClellan) had placed his confidential friends in every important command of the Army of the Potomac; and that, whether true or false, the country had been made to believe that the rank and file of the army so worshiped their "Little Commander" that to displace him might

produce consequences which he was not willing to risk; yet this was a measure he must now contemplate. . . . .

The next day he requested an early interview with the General and . . . Senators Ben Wade and Andrew Johnson were present. . . . . They were henceforth unreserved in their denunciation of the General as "treacherous" or "incompetent;" and of the puerility of his explanations. It was probably due to the unrestained expression of their indignation that the public so soon learned that the President had a practicable plan of campaign which would be enforced.

Lincoln and Stanton, William D. Kelley, M.C., page 25.

"I Could Permit No One to Couple the Word Treason with My Name"

It was a part of Mr. Stanton's policy—only too well carried out—to prevent frequent personal interviews between the President and myself; he was thus enabled to say one thing to the President and exactly the opposite to me. A few days later, on the 8th of March, the President sent for me at an early hour in the morning, about half-past seven, and I found him in his office. He appeared much concerned about something and soon said that he wished to talk with me about "a very ugly matter." I asked what it was; and, as he still hesitated, I said that the sooner and more directly such things were approached the better.

He then referred to the Harper's Ferry affair (the boats being too wide for the lift-locks, etc.), upon which I found that the Secretary had deceived me when he said the President was satisfied. I told him what had passed between the Secretary and myself, . . . at which he was much surprised. He told me that he had never heard of my *memorandum* or of any explanation on my part. I then gave him my statement of the matter, with which he expressed himself entirely satisfied.

He then adverted to the more serious—and "ugly"—matter, and now the effects of the intrigues by which he had been surrounded became apparent. He said that it had been represented to him (and he certainly conveyed to me the distinct impression that he regarded these representations as well founded) that my plan of campaign . . . . was conceived with the traitorous intent of removing its defenders from Washington, and thus giving over to the enemy the Capital and the Government, thus left defenseless.

It is difficult to understand that a man of Lincoln's intelligence could give ear to such abominable nonsense. I was seated when he said this, concluding with the remark that it did look to him much like treason. Upon this I arose, and, in a manner perhaps not altogether decorous towards the Chief Magistrate, desired that he should retract the expression, telling him that I could permit no one to couple the word treason with my name. He was much agitated, and at once disclaimed any idea of considering me a traitor, and said that he merely repeated what others had said, and that he did not believe a word of it. I suggested caution in the use of language, and again said that I would permit no doubt to be thrown upon my intentions, whereupon he again apologized and disclaimed any purpose of impugning my motives. . . . .

Before leaving this subject I will call attention to the fact that my official report contained the statement that the Secretary had assured me of the President's approval of my action when I returned from the upper Potomac, and that this assertion was never denied. Moreover, no other statement made in the *memorandum* was ever denied or objected to either by the President or the Secretary and that *memorandum* shows very clearly that there was no ground of dissatisfaction with my conduct, but that I did precisely what I told them I should do under given circumstances.

McClellan's Own Story, page 195.

That Discrepancy a "Convenient Mistake" of Stanton's

At this time I received the following letter from the President:

"WASHINGTON, April 9, 1862.

"*My dear Sir:*—Your despatches complaining that you are not properly sustained, while they do not offend me, do pain me very much. . . . .

"I do not forget that I was satisfied with your arrangement to leave Banks at Manassas Junction; but when that arrangement was broken up, and nothing was substituted for it, of course I was constrained to substitute something for it myself. And allow me to ask, Do you really think I should permit the line from Richmond *via* Manassas Junction to this city to be entirely open, except what

resistance could be presented by less than 20,000 unorganized troops? This is a question which the country will not allow me to evade.

"There is a curious mystery about the number of troops now with you. When I telegraphed you on the 6th, saying you had over a hundred thousand with you, I had just obtained from the Secretary of War a statement, taken, as he said, from your own returns, making 108,000 then with you and *en route* to you. You now say you will have but 85,000 when all *en route* to you shall have reached you. How can the discrepancy of 23,000 be accounted for? . . .

"I suppose the whole force which has gone forward for you is with you by this time, and if so, I think it is the precise time for you to strike a blow. By delay the enemy will relatively gain upon you —that is, he will gain faster by fortifications and reinforcements than you can by reinforcements alone. And once more let me tell you, it is indispensable to you that you strike a blow. I am powerless to help this. You will do me the justice to remember that I always insisted that going down the bay in search of a field, instead of fighting at or near Manassas, was only shifting, and not surmounting, a difficulty; that we would fight the same enemy and the same or equal entrenchments at either place. The country will not fail to note, is now noting, that the present hesitation to move upon entrenched enemy is but the story of Manassas repeated.

"I beg to assure you that I have never written you or spoken to you in greater kindness of feeling than now, or with a fuller purpose to sustain you, so far as, in my most anxious judgment, I consistently can. But you must act.

"Yours very truly,

"A. Lincoln."

. . . Asregards the discrepancy of 23,000 men, it is sufficient to say that my estimate was made from the actual latest returns of the men present for duty, and was correct. I have no doubt that the number furnished the President was the aggregate—present and absent—a convenient mistake not unfrequently made by the Secretary of War.

McClellan's Own Story, page 276

How Vallandigham and Others Hampered the President

To avoid misinterpretation and misrepresentation, I pause to say that I allude to no Democrat who believed, as Jackson had done, that the Union was a blessing worth preserving, when I refer to the leaders of the reactionary force of that day. They were Northern proslavery disunionists who preferred the destruction of the Union to the destruction of slavery, of which Clement L. Vallandigham was a brilliant type. They sought the advantages of union and organization, and established secret orders—such as the "Knights of the Golden Circle;" and when addressing meetings of illiterate men in opposition to the enforcement of the draft, to the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, to the enlistment of colored troops in the army, or to any other vital measures, not infrequently spoke of President Lincoln as a "mulatto buffoon." In their familiar *parlance* those who supported the Administration, in its efforts to save the country, were characterized as "Black Republican Disunionists" and "nigger lovers," and, if they wore the national uniform, as "Lincoln's hirelings."

But for the instant, earnest and persistent co-operation of national Democrats, the Government could not, I believe, have crushed the rebellion and restored the Union. Dix and Stanton were Democrats who had served till the close of Buchanan's administration in his Cabinet; Morton, of Indiana, and Tod and Brough, of Ohio, who were distinguished for courage and energy among the illustrious group of War Governors, had been life-long Democrats, and I might add the names of hundreds of Democrats of State or national reputation who promptly sought service in the Union army. But the highest enthusiasm for the national cause was exhibited by the rank and file who, ignoring party names or distinctions, with the jubilant shout:

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,"

swarmed into the Union camps of every State, and illustrated the popular devotion to the country and flag by compelling the President to accept the services of tens of thousands of men for whom he had not called, but whose services would evidently be needed. Yet the headquarters of the General-in-chief (McClellan) soon became a rendezvous for the master-spirits of the reactionary force. Here frequent conferences were held, in which Messrs.

Vallandigham and others were conspicuous. These meetings were characterized by a prominent Democrat (Moses F. Odell of New York), who revolted from their objects, as a "continuing caucus for the consideration of plans of resistance to all measures which proposed to strengthen the army or the navy; to provide means for their pay, sustenance, the munitions of war, and means of transportation; and to devise means of embarrassing the Government by constitutional quibbles and legal subtleties."

Lincoln and Stanton, William D. Kelley, M. C., page 5.

"All Quiet along the Potomac"

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

"All quiet along the Potomac" to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.

A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother: "May Heaven defend her!"

. . . . . .

All Quiet along the Potomac, Ethel Lynn Beers, in Stedman's *An American Anthology*, page 454.

"I Will Hold McClellan's Horse"

General McClellan had little or no conception of the greatness of Abraham Lincoln. As time went on, he began to show his contempt of the President, frequently allowing him to wait in the anteroom of his house while he transacted business with others. [On one occasion McClellan went up stairs to bed, leaving the President and an attendant waiting below.—W. W.]

The discourtesy was so open that McClellan's staff noticed it, and newspaper correspondents commented on it. The President was too keen not to see the situation, but he was strong enough to ignore it. It was a battle he wanted from McClellan, not deference.

"I will hold McClellan's horse, if he will only bring us success," he said one day.

"*Abe*" *Lincoln's Yarns and Stories*, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 241.

"A Special Talent for a Stationary Engine"

Because of McClellan's "masterly inactivity" the words, "All quiet along the Potomac" became a by-word of bitterness throughout the North.

Lincoln said one day with a sad smile:

"McClellan is a great engineer, but he has a special talent for a *stationary* engine."

W. W.

McClellan and the Peninsular Campaign

In the Peninsula, McClellan's hallucinations as to the overwhelming strength of the enemy in front of him continued. He drilled and reviewed and dug entrenchments, like the practical engineer that he was, and imperiously demanded more men, more guns and more support from Washington, where cabals in his imagination were always at work to hinder the fruition of his simplest plans.

Stanton once declared that if McClellan "had a million men he would swear the enemy had two million, and then he would sit down in the mud and yell for three."

In his (McClellan's) private letters at this time he wrote of Washington as that "sink of iniquity" and of Lincoln, Stanton and their associates as those "treacherous hounds," but in May, detachments of his army met bodies of Confederates, and some expensive

fighting was indulged in in an effort to open the way to Richmond. In June the Union advance guard had reached a point within four miles of the secession capital. Because of the extreme deliberation of his movements the Confederates were enabled to mass a large army in front of him, and after a number of sanguinary engagements in which victory seemed to rest with the Union army, its commander withdrew to Harrison's Landing, and thus disappointingly ended the campaign, ill-starred from the moment it was undertaken.

The army had come nearer to Richmond than it was destined to do again for three years. It had fought bravely in a number of engagements and displayed at many points personal courage and collective *morale* superior to that of the force arrayed against it, but the movement had failed—McClellan declared, because of the omission of Washington to sustain him with the necessary number of troops. . . . .

Lincoln's personal disappointment at the result reached the stage of the severest distress, but he did not give way to discouragement. . . . .

His communications to McClellan were indulgent and fatherly, while the General busily employed himself in a work for which he thought himself entitled to a great deal of credit, that of "saving" his army. Mr. Lincoln, unable to gain an intelligible opinion of the situation from conflicting reports, determined to visit the camp in person, and upon the 8th of July arrived at Harrison's Landing. He came back little cheered by what he had seen. The public patience was becoming well exhausted, as was also the President's. So favorably impressed was he by this time with Halleck's military abilities, that on July 11, 1862, that General was brought to Washington to take the post of General-in-chief, an office which while he held it, as Nicolay and Hay observe, was never more than a chief-of-staff to the President. Mr. Lincoln had now become his own General-in-chief, and held that post masterfully until Grant came forward to lend his commanding genius to the work of solving the problems of the war.

Abraham Lincoln, Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer, Ph.D., page 233.

How the Retreat Looked from the Southern Side

Perhaps if McClellan had known that he was fighting *eighty-one thousand* men and not *two hundred thousand* be might have acted

with more confidence. Mr. Lincoln telegraphed June 26th that his suggestion of the probability of his being overwhelmed by two hundred thousand men, and talking about where the responsibility would belong, pained him very much. . . . .

The Washington War Secretary [Stanton] was confident of Federal success as late as the evening of June 29th, for he telegraphed Hon. William H. Seward, at New York, that his inference is, from what has taken place around Richmond, that McClellan will be in the city within two days; and the day after, to General Wool, at Fort Monroe, that McClellan had a favorable position near Richmond, and that it looked more like occupying that city than any time before.

At 11.30 on the night of June 30th [1862] the Union Army Commander [McClellan] had begun to realize that his "change of base," as he termed it, would not be attended with favorable results, and telegraphed Mr. Stanton that he feared he would be forced to abandon his material in order to save his men, under cover of the gunboats, and that if none of them escaped, they would at least have done honor to the country.

On July 1st his army was at Haxall's plantation, on the James, and McClellan says he dreaded the result if he was attacked; that if possible he would retire that night to Harrison's Bar, where the gunboats could aid in covering his position.

"I now pray for time [wrote McClellan]. We have failed to win only because overpowered by superior numbers."

On July 2nd McClellan's army had succeeded in reaching Harrison's Landing. He told Mr. Lincoln that if he were not attacked during that day his men would be ready to repulse the enemy on the morrow.

On the same day he received a dispatch from President Lincoln in that vein of humor for which he was remarkable:

"If you think you are not strong enough to take Richmond just now, I do not ask you to. Try just now to save the army material and *personnel*, and I will strengthen it for the offensive again as fast as I can. The governments of eighteen States offered me a new levy of three hundred thousand, which I accepted."

And in a letter of the same date, with reference to sending him re-enforcements, Mr. Lincoln adds a postscript:

"If at any time you feel able to take the offensive, you are not restrained from doing so."

. . . . McClellan resumed the habit he contracted in West Virginia of issuing proclamations. On July 4th the following was read to his army from the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, camped near Harrison's Landing:

"SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC: Your achievements of the last ten days have illustrated the ability and endurance of the American soldier. Attacked by vastly superior forces, and without hope of reinforcements, you have succeeded in changing your base of operations by a flank movement, regarded as the most hazardous of military expedients. You have saved all your material, all your trains, and all your guns, except a few lost in battle. Upon your march you have been assailed day after day with desperate fury by men of the same race and nation, skillfully massed and led, and under every disadvantage of numbers, and necessarily of position also. You have in every conflict beaten back your foes with enormous slaughter.

(Signed) "GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
"Major-General Commanding."

By a series of brilliant movements General Lee had driven an army superior to his in numbers, from the gates of his capital, and had fully restored himself in the confidence of his people by the exercise of military genius and by his personal conduct and supervision of the troops on the battlefield. It might be said of him, as Addison wrote of the great Marlborough, that

"His mighty soul inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught a doubtful battle where to rage."

General Lee, Fitzhugh Lee, His Nephew and Cavalry Commander, page 169.

"I Should Like to Borrow the Army for a Day or Two"

In November, 1862, I found myself in Washington, whither I had been summoned to attend a council of women connected with the Sanitary Commission. It was a gloomy time all over the country. The heart of the people had grown sick with hope deferred; and the fruitless undertakings and timid, dawdling policy of General McClellan had perplexed and discouraged all loyalists,

and strengthened and made bold all traitors. The army was always entrenched or entrenching. Its advance was forbidden by the autumnal rains and the policy of its commanding General, whatever that might have been. The Rebel army was in front, and every day a new crop of rumors was harvested in reference to its purpose. One hour, "Washington was safe!" and "All was quiet on the Potomac!" The next, "The Rebels were marching on to Washington!" "They were blocking our river communications!" "They were threatening to overwhelm our forces!" or, "They had already taken our position!" Despondency sat on every face.

"I wonder whether McClellan *means* to do anything!" said Mr. Lincoln one day to a friend. "I should like to borrow the army of him for a day or two."

My Story of the War, Mary A. Livermore, page 554.

Why Antietam Was a Drawn Battle

When the Woman's Council adjourned, we were glad to accept an invitation to call on the President in a body. The President had appointed an early hour for our reception.

I shall never forget the shock which his presence gave us. Not more ghastly or rigid was his dead face, as he lay in his coffin, than on that never-to-be-forgotten night. His introverted look and his half-staggering gait were like those of a man walking in sleep. He seemed literally bending under the weight of his burdens. A deeper gloom rested on his face than on that of any person I had ever seen. He took us each by the hand mechanically, in an awkward, absent way, until my friend Mrs. Hoge, of Chicago, and myself were introduced, when the name of the city of our residence appeared to catch his attention, and he sat down between us.

"So you are from Chicago!" he said, familiarly; "you are not scared by Washington mud, then; for you can beat us all to pieces in that." . . . .

It was explained to him that we were all identified with the Sanitary Commission, and that we had called, before separating to our widely divergent homes, to obtain from him some word of encouragement—something to cheer and stimulate.

"I have no word of encouragement to give!" was his sad and

blunt reply. "The military situation is far from bright; and the country knows it as well as I do."

There was no attempt at question or answer; but a momentary deep and painful silence settled on his auditors.

"The fact is," he continued after a pause, "the people haven't yet made up their minds that we are at war with the South. They haven't buckled down to the determination to fight this war through; for they have got the idea into their heads that we are going to get out of this fix, somehow, by strategy! That's the word—*strategy!* General McClellan thinks he is going to whip the Rebels by strategy; and the army has got the same notion. They have no idea that the War is to be carried on and put through by hard, tough fighting, that it will hurt somebody; and no headway is going to be made while this delusion lasts."

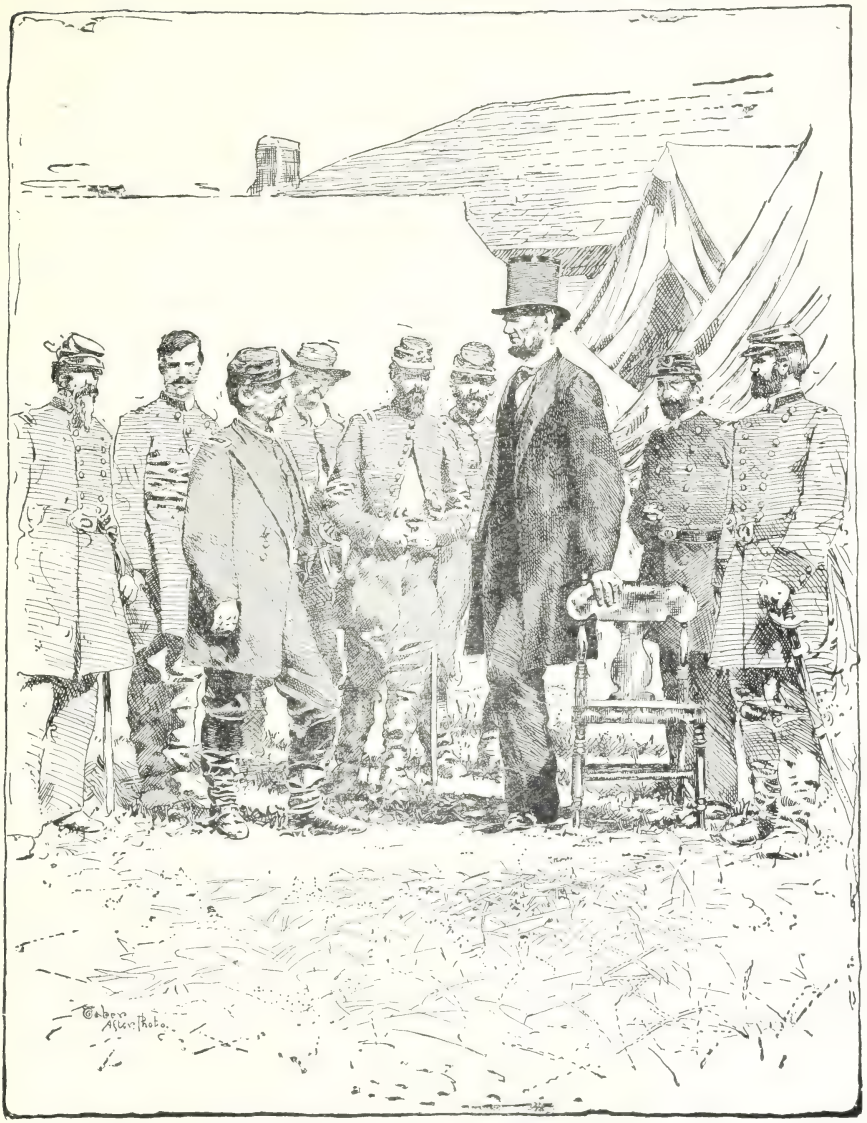
Some one ventured to remonstrate against this, and reminded the President how hundreds of thousands had rushed to arms at the call of the country; how bravely the army and navy had fought at Forts Henry and Donelson, Pea Ridge, Shiloh and New Orleans; and how gloriously they had triumphed.

He admitted this, but returned to his first statement.

"The people *haven't* made up their minds that we are at war, I tell you!" he repeated, with great positiveness.

"They think there is a royal road to peace, and that General McClellan is to find it. The army has not settled down into the conviction that we are in a terrible war that has got to be fought out—no; and the officers haven't either. When you came to Washington, ladies, some two weeks ago, but very few soldiers came on the trains with you—that you will all remember. But when you go back you will find the trains and every conveyance crowded with them. You won't find a city on the route, a town, or a village, where soldiers and officers on furlough are not plenty as blackberries. There are whole regiments that have two-thirds of their men absent—a great many by desertion, and a great many on leave granted by company officers, which is almost as bad.

"General McClellan is all the time calling for more troops, more troops; and they are sent to him; but the deserters and furloughed men outnumber the recruits. To fill up the army is like undertaking to shovel fleas. You take up a shovelful" (suiting the word to an indescribably comical gesture), "but before you can



From *Abraham Lincoln: A History*, John G. Nicolay and John Hay.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN VISITS GENERAL McCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS JUST AFTER THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM

'Little Mac" stands directly facing the President.

dump them anywhere they are gone. It is like trying to ride a balky horse. You coax, and cheer, and spur, and lay on the whip; but you don't get ahead an inch—there you stick!"

"Do you mean that our men *desert?*" we asked, incredulously; for in our glorifying of the soldiers we had not conceived of *our* men becoming deserters.

"That is *just* what I mean!" replied the President. "And the desertion of the army is just now the most serious evil we have to encounter. At the battle of Antietam, General McClellan had the names of about one hundred and eighty thousand men on the army rolls. Of these, seventy thousand were absent on leave granted by company officers, which, as I said before, is almost as bad as desertion. For the men ought not to ask for furloughs with the enemy drawn up before them, nor ought the officers to grant them.

"About twenty thousand more were in the hospital, or were detailed to other duties, leaving only some ninety thousand to give battle to the enemy. General McClellan went into the fight with this number. But in two hours after the battle commenced thirty thousand had straggled or deserted, and so the battle was fought with sixty thousand—and as the enemy had about the same number it proved a drawn game. The Rebel army had coiled itself up in such a position that if McClellan had only had the seventy thousand absentees, and the thirty thousand deserters, he could have surrounded Lee, captured the whole Rebel army, and ended the War at a stroke without a battle.

"We have a Stragglers' Camp out here in Alexandria, in connection with the Convalescent Camp, and from that camp in three months General Butler has returned to their regiments seventy-five thousand deserters and stragglers who have been arrested and sent there. Don't you see that the country and the army fail to realize that we are engaged in one of the greatest wars the world has ever seen, and which can only be ended by hard fighting? General McClellan is responsible for the delusion that is untoning the whole army—that the South is to be conquered by strategy."

"Is not death the penalty of desertion?" we inquired.

"Certainly it is."

"And does it not lie with the President to enforce this penalty?"

"Yes."

"Why not enforce it then? Before many soldiers had suffered

death for desertion, this wholesale depletion of the army would be ended."

"Oh, no, no!" replied the President, shaking his head ruefully. "That can't be done; it would be unmerciful, barbarous."

"But is it not more merciful to stop desertions, so that when a battle comes off it may be decisive, instead of being a drawn game, as you say Antietam was?"

"It might seem so. But if I should go to shooting men by scores for desertion, I should have such a hullabaloo about my ears as I haven't had yet, and I should deserve it. You can't order men shot by dozens or twenties. People won't stand it and they ought not to stand it. No, we must change the condition of things in some other way."

My Story of the War, Mary A. Livermore, page 555.

McClellan Recalled by Lincoln after Being Dismissed from His Command

Note of Explanation.—This order of September 2, 1862, was the last order ever issued to General McClellan giving him any command. He seems never to have known that it actually appeared in two forms within twenty-four hours, first as an order from the President by direction of the Secretary of War, second as a simple order of General Halleck. The history of its origin and modification is obscure. . . . . When these events are seen in close relation every honest mind must be filled with amazement at the duplicity with which McClellan was surrounded. . . . .

On the morning of September 1, McClellan went up from Alexandria to Washington, and now Halleck verbally placed him in charge of the defences of Washington, but expressly forbade him to exercise any control over the troops of the Army of the Potomac or the Army of Virginia. . . . .

Early in the morning of September 2, the President, accompanied by General Halleck, went to General McClellan's house and found him alone. They told him the Capital was lost. The President asked him if "under the circumstances" (to wit, the recent treatment of Stanton and Halleck, and the insulting general order of August 30) he would "resume command and do the best that could be done." The instant acceptance of this vast responsibility by McClellan puts at rest a falsehood published on the authority of General Burnside, that McClellan proposed to make conditions, took time to consider,



THE SECRETARY OF WAR ADVOCATING AN IMPORTANT MEASURE

From left to right:—Lincoln, Seward, Chase, Welles, and Stanton (standing).

and finally only yielded to the persuasions of others in accepting the command. This story was a pure fabrication—one of thousands which were directed against McClellan, and which a deluded public widely accepted as true.

General McClellan has contented himself with a brief account of this remarkable interview, in which Mr. Lincoln, with deep emotion, threw himself and the salvation of the Capital and the Union on the General whom his subordinates had cajoled, slandered, deceived, and represented to the people as disgraced. The terms of the trust imposed on him were unlimited. The simple words "resume command" were ample. Two honest minds were in contact, and each trusted the other. Mr. Lincoln then intended to give to McClellan discretionary powers over military matters and neither of them stopped to choose words.

General McClellan went swiftly to work. General Halleck went to inform Secretary Stanton of the overthrow of their plans by the recall of McClellan to command. . . . .

When he (Lincoln) left McClellan, the simple, loyal soldier and servant of the people, he had to face men of a very different character. The Cabinet meeting which now followed was in many respects the most remarkable ever held in Washington. Mr. Lincoln entered it knowing his men. He knew that Mr. Chase and Mr. Stanton were Presidential candidates, guiding, each in his own peculiar way, their official conduct and acts as his rivals for the next nomination. He was perfectly aware that in this critical time they were ready to throw on him all the responsibility of the impending ruin, the loss of the Capital, if that were to be, the end of the Union itself which might possibly follow. That they would seek to save their own reputations at any cost to his was a matter of course with such men. He had this advantage in meeting them, that McClellan's confidence had reassured him, while they were still in a state of wild alarm.

McClellan's Own Story, page 538.

McClellan and "Bap" McNabb's Little Red Rooster

According to Judge Herndon, Lincoln told him, in 1865, the story of his experience with General McClellan, comparing it to a certain cock-fight he once witnessed in New Salem.

" 'Bap' McNabb was famous for his ability in raising and

buying roosters of prime fighting quality, and when his birds fought the attendance was large. . . . . One night there was a fight on the schedule. . . . . Bap brought a little red rooster whose fighting qualities had been well advertised for days in advance, and much interest was manifested in the outcome. . . . .

"They formed a ring and tossed in their fowls—Bap's red rooster along with the rest. But no sooner had the little beauty discovered what was to be done than he dropped his tail and ran.

"The crowd cheered, while Bap, in disappointment, picked him up and started away, losing his quarter (the entrance fee), carrying his dishonored fowl home and throwing him down there in chagrin."

"The little rooster, out of sight of all rivals, mounted a woodpile and proudly flirting out his feathers, crowed with all his might. Bap looked on in deep disgust.

" 'Yes, you little cuss,' he exclaimed spitefully, 'you're great on dress parade, but you're not worth a darn in a fight!' "

"*Abe*" *Lincoln's Yarns and Stories*, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 91.

"McClellan's Bid for the Presidency"

General Frank P. Blair, who was very close to the President while the War lasted, told Richard Vaux this story:

"Mr. Lincoln had become impatient at McClellan's delay on the Peninsula, and asked Frank Blair to go with him to see the commanding general. The country was a volcano, smoking and ready for eruption.

"The distinguished visitors arrived on a hot day, and went at once to McClellan's headquarters. They were received with scant courtesy. Lincoln sat silent and uncomfortable, with his long and sinewy limbs doubled up like a jack-knife, until the General broke the silence by saying,

"Mr. President, have you received the letter I mailed you yesterday?'

" 'No,' Lincoln replied, 'I must have passed it on the way.'

"McClellan then requested the chief-of-staff to find a copy of the letter. It was speedily produced, and the General read his vituperative attack on Stanton, with reflections on the conduct of the War. Lincoln's peaceful smile vanished. When the letter was ended he rose quickly and went out looking neither to right nor left, and not waiting for any farewell. He seemed oppressed with a

consciousness of the dangers of the military as well as the political situation. He drove slowly with General Blair over to the boat that was to convey them from Harrison's Landing back to Washington. When the vessel had started, Lincoln, for the first time since leaving McClellan's tent, broke the silence and said:

"Frank, I understand the man now. That letter is McClellan's bid for the Presidency. I will stop that game. Now is the time to issue the proclamation emancipating the slaves."

Recollections of Lincoln, James M. Scovel, *Lippincott's Magazine*, Vol. LXIII, February, 1899, page 289.



STATUE OF McCLELLAN IN CITY HALL SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

CHAPTER XVIII

The Emancipation Proclamation

Lincoln's "Compensated Emancipation" Defeated in Delaware

By no means the least of the evils of slavery was a dread which had haunted every Southern household from the beginning of the Government that the slaves might one day rise in revolt and take sudden vengeance on their masters. This vague terror was greatly increased by the outbreak of the Civil War. . . . . Not only were the people of the South battling for the principle of slavery; their slaves were a great source of military strength. They were used by the Confederates in building forts, hauling supplies, and in a hundred ways that added to the effectiveness of the armies in the field. On the other hand, the very first result of the War was to give adventurous or discontented slaves a chance to escape into Union camps, where, even against orders to the contrary, they found protection for the sake of the help they could give as cooks, servants, or teamsters, the information they brought about the movements of the enemy, or the great service they were able to render as guides. Practically therefore, at the very start, the War created a bond of mutual sympathy between the Southern negro and the Union volunteer. . . . . .

At some points this became a positive embarrassment to Union commanders. A few days after General Butler took command of the Union troops at Fortress Monroe . . . . the agent of a Rebel master came to insist on the return of three slaves, demanding them under the Fugitive Slave Law. Butler replied that since their master claimed Virginia to be a foreign country and no longer a part of the United States, he could not at the same time claim that the Fugitive Slave Law was in force, and that his slaves would not be given up unless he returned and took the oath of allegiance to the United States. In reporting this, a newspaper pointed out that as the breastworks and batteries which had risen so rapidly for Confederate defense were built by slave labor, negroes were undoubtedly "contraband of war," like powder

and shot, and other military supplies, and should no more be given back to the Rebels than so many cannon or guns. The idea was so pertinent and the justice of it so plain that the name "contraband" sprang at once into use. . . . .

In dealing with this perplexing subject Mr. Lincoln kept in mind one of his favorite stories: the one on the Methodist Presiding Elder who was riding about his circuit during the spring freshets. A young and anxious companion asked how they should ever be able to cross the swollen waters of Fox River, which they were approaching, and the Elder quieted him by saying that he made it a rule of his life never to cross Fox River until he came to it.

The President, following this rule, did not immediately decide the question. On the general question of slavery, the President's mind was fully made up. He felt that he had no right to interfere with slavery where slavery was lawful, just because he himself did not happen to like it, for he had sworn to do all in his power to "preserve, protect and defend the Government and its laws," and slavery was lawful in the Southern States. When freeing the slaves should become necessary in order to preserve the Government, then it would be his duty to free them; until that time came, it was equally his duty to let them alone. . . . .

Long ago he had considered and in his own mind adopted a plan of dealing with the slavery question. . . . . While a member of Congress, he had proposed for the District of Columbia, that on condition of the slave-owners voluntarily giving up their slaves, they should be paid a fair price for them by the Federal Government.

Delaware was a slave State, and seemed an excellent place in which to try this experiment of "Compensated Emancipation," as it was called; for there were, all told, only 1798 slaves left in that State. Without any public announcement of his purpose, he offered to the citizens of Delaware, through their representative in Congress, four hundred dollars for each of these slaves, the payment to be made, not all at once, but yearly, during a period of thirty-one years. He believed that if Delaware could be induced to accept this offer, Maryland might follow her example, and that afterward other States would allow themselves to be led along the same easy way. The Delaware House of Representatives voted in favor of the proposition, but five of the nine members of the

Delaware Senate scornfully repelled the "abolition bribe," as they chose to call it, and the project withered in the bud.

The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln, Helen Nicolay, page 184.

A Little Conundrum

President Lincoln replied to a deputation, one of many who called to urge immediate slave-emancipation when the proposition was not yet framed as a bill:

"If I issue a proclamation now, as you suggest, it will be . . . ineffectual. . . It cannot be forced. Now, by way of illustration, how many legs will a sheep have if you call his tail a leg?"

They all answered: "Five."

"You are mistaken," said Lincoln, "for calling a tail a leg does not make it one."

Lincolnics, Henry Llewellyn Williams, page 129.

Writing the First Draft of the Emancipation Proclamation

Until very recently it has not been known, except by a few persons, that Lincoln wrote the first draft of the Emancipation Proclamation while seated at Major Eckert's desk in the cipher room of the War Department telegraph office.

Some of the incidents connected with the writing of the immortal document have now been recorded by Eckert, as follows:

"As you know, the President came to the office every day and invariably sat at my desk while there. Upon his arrival early one morning in June, 1862, shortly after McClellan's 'Seven Days' Fight,' he asked me for some paper, as he wanted to write something special. I procured some foolscap and handed it to him. He then sat down and began to write. I do not recall whether the sheets were loose or had been made into a pad. There must have been at least a quire. He would look out of the window a while and then put his pen to paper, but he did not write much at once. He would study between times and when he had made up his mind he would put down a line or two, and then sit quiet for a few minutes. After a time he would resume his writing, only to stop again at intervals to make some remark to me or to one of the cipher operators as a fresh dispatch from the front was handed to him.

"Once his eye was arrested by the sight of a large spider-web stretched from the lintel of the portico to the side of the outer win-

dow-sill. This spider-web was an institution of the cipher-room and harbored a large colony of exceptionally big ones. We frequently watched their antics, and Assistant-Secretary Watson dubbed them 'Major Eckert's lieutenants.' Lincoln commented on the web, and I told him that my lieutenants would soon report and pay their respects to the President. Not long after a big spider appeared at the cross-roads and tapped several times on the strands, whereupon five or six others came out from different directions. Then what seemed to be a great confab took place, after which they separated, each on a different strand of the web. Lincoln was much interested in the performance, and thereafter, while working at the desk, would often watch for the appearance of his visitors.



THINKING IT OVER

"On the first day Lincoln did not cover one sheet of his special writing paper (nor indeed on any subsequent day). When

ready to leave, he asked me to take charge of what he had written and not allow any one to see it. I told him I would do this with pleasure and would not read it myself. 'Well,' he said, 'I should be glad to know that no one will see it, although there is no objection to your looking at it; but please keep it locked up until I call for it to-morrow.' I said his wishes would be strictly complied with.

"When he came to the office on the following day he asked for the papers, and I unlocked my desk and handed them to him and he again sat down to write. This he did nearly every day for several weeks, always handing me what he had written when ready to leave the office each day. Sometimes he would not write more than a line or two, and once I observed that he had put question-marks on the margin of what he had written. He would read over each day all the matter he had previously written and revise it, studying carefully each sentence.

"On one occasion he took the papers away with him, but he brought them back a day or two later. I became much interested in the matter and was impressed with the idea that he was engaged upon something of great importance, but did not know what it was until he had finished the document and then for the first time he told me that he had been writing an order giving freedom to the slaves in the South, for the purpose of hastening the end of the War. He said he had been able to work at my desk more quietly and command his thoughts better than at the White House, where he was frequently interrupted. I still have in my possession the inkstand which he used at that time and which, as you know, stood on my desk until after Lee's surrender. The pen he used was a small barrel-pen made by Gillott—such as were supplied to the cipher operators."

Lincoln in the Telegraph Office, David Homer Bates, page 138.

"A Divine Message by Way of Chicago"

He was just as ready to answer, *instanter*, the affirmation of his opponents as he was to present and vindicate his own. This striking peculiarity of Mr. Lincoln's mental operations throws a flood of light upon the searching questions he propounded to the Chicago ministers who called on him, in September, 1862, to demand of him a proclamation of emancipation. After listening to their appeal, he replied, pointedly:

"Now, gentlemen, if I cannot enforce the Constitution down South, how am I to enforce a mere Presidential proclamation? Won't the world sneer at it as being as powerless as the Pope's bull against the comet?" and they went away sorrowing, in the erroneous belief that he had decided the case adversely. . . . . .

One of these ministers felt it his duty to make a more searching appeal to the President's conscience. Just as they were retiring, he turned and said to Mr. Lincoln:

"What you have said to us, Mr. President, compels me to say to you in reply, that it is a message to you from our Divine Master, through me, commanding you, sir, to open the doors of bondage that the slave may go free!"

Mr. Lincoln replied, instantly,—"That may be, sir, for I have studied this question, by night and by day, for weeks and for months, but if it is, as you say, a message from your Divine Master, is it not odd that the only channel he could send it by was the roundabout route by way of that awful wicked city of Chicago?"

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Schuyler Colfax. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 334.

Lincoln's Own Story about the Emancipation Proclamation

"It had got to be midsummer, 1862," said he. "Things had gone on from bad to worse, until I felt that we had reached the end of our rope on the plan of operations we had been pursuing; that we had about played our last card, and must change our tactics or lose the game!

"I now determined upon the adoption of the emancipation policy; and, without consultation with or knowledge of the Cabinet, I prepared the original draft of the proclamation, and, after much anxious thought, called a Cabinet meeting upon the subject. This was the last of July or the first part of August, 1862. . . . . This Cabinet meeting took place, I think on a Saturday. All were present excepting Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General, who . . . came in subsequently.

"I said to the Cabinet that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject-matter of a proclamation before them; suggestions . . . would be in order, after they had heard it read. . . . . Various suggestions were offered. Secretary Chase wished the language

stronger in reference to the arming of the blacks. Mr. Blair, after he came in, deprecated the policy, on the ground that it would cost the Administration the fall elections. Nothing, however, was offered that I had not fully anticipated and settled in my own mind, until Secretary Seward spoke. He said in substance:

"'Mr. President, I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind, consequent upon our repeated reverses, is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted Government, a cry for help; the Government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia, instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hands to the Government.' His idea," said the President, "was that it would be considered our last *shriek*, on the retreat.

"'Now,' continued Mr. Seward, 'while I approve the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue, until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as it would be now, upon the greatest disasters of the War!' "

Mr. Lincoln continued: "The wisdom of the views of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force. It was an aspect of the case that, in all my thought upon the subject, I had entirely overlooked. The result was that I put the draft of the proclamation aside, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for a victory. From time to time I added or changed a line, touching it up here and there, anxiously watching the progress of events."

"Well, the next news we had was of Pope's disaster at Bull Run (second Battle of Bull Run, August 30, 1862). Things looked darker than ever. Finally, came the week of the battle of Antietam. I determined to wait no longer. The news came, I think, on Wednesday, that the advantage was on our side. I was then staying at the Soldiers' Home. Here I finished writing the second draft of the preliminary proclamation; came up on Saturday; called the Cabinet together to hear it, and it was published the following Monday."

At the final meeting of September 20th another interesting incident occurred in connection with Secretary Seward. The President had written the important part of the proclamation in these words:

"That, on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever FREE; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will *recognize* the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom."

"When I finished reading this paragraph," resumed Mr. Lincoln, "Mr. Seward stopped me and said, 'I think, Mr. President, that you should insert after the word '*recognize*,' in that sentence, the words "*and maintain.*' I replied that I had already fully considered the import of that expression, in this connection, but I had not introduced it, because it was not my way to promise what I was not entirely *sure* that I could perform, and I was not prepared to say that I thought we were exactly able to maintain this."

"But," said he, "Seward insisted that we ought to take this ground; and the words finally went in!"

"It is a somewhat remarkable fact," he subsequently remarked, "that there were just one hundred days between the dates of the two proclamations issued upon the 22nd of September and the 1st of January. I had not made the calculation at the time."

Six Months at the White House, F. B. Carpenter, page 20.

Stanton's Story of the First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation to the Cabinet

"I was more discouraged after Antietam than at any other period, and the future seemed more obscure to me then than at any previous time. But I kept on my daily work, and on the 22nd of September, 1862, I had a sudden and peremptory call to a Cabinet meeting at the White House. They did not usually require me to attend those meetings, as my duties were so exacting.

"I had to be constantly at my post, and it was only on rare and important occasions that I was called to such meetings. I went immediately to the White House, entered the room and found the historic War Cabinet of Abraham Lincoln assembled, every member

being present. The President hardly noticed me as I came in. He was reading a book of some kind, which seemed to amuse him. It was a little book. He finally turned to us and said:

"'Gentlemen, did you ever read anything from Artemus Ward? Let me read you a chapter that is very funny.'

"Not a member of the Cabinet smiled; as for myself I was angry, and looked to see what the President meant.

"It seemed to me like buffoonery. He, however, concluded to read us a chapter from Artemus Ward, which he did with great deliberation. Having finished, he laughed heartily without a member of the Cabinet joining in the laughter.

"'Well,' he said, 'let's have another chapter,' and he read another chapter, to our great astonishment.

"I was considering whether I should rise and leave the meeting abruptly, when he threw his book down, heaved a long sigh, and said:

"'Gentlemen, why don't you laugh? With the fearful strain that is upon me night and day, if I did not laugh I should die, and you need this medicine as much as I do.'

"He then put his hand in his tall hat that sat upon the table, and pulled out a little paper. Turning to the members of the Cabinet, he said:

"Gentlemen, I have called you here upon very important business. I have prepared a little paper of much significance. I have made up my mind that this paper is to issue; that the time is come when it should issue; that the people are ready for it to issue. It is due to my Cabinet that you should be the first to hear and know of it, and if any of you have any suggestions to make as to the form of this paper or its composition, I shall be glad to hear them. But the paper is to issue.'

"And to my astonishment," said the Secretary, "he read the Emancipation Proclamation of that date, which was to take effect the first of January following, containing the vital provision that on January 1, 1863, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then henceforward and forever free."

And the Secretary, turning to me, smiled and said: "I have always tried to be calm, but I think I lost my calmness for a moment,



From the famous painting, by Frank B. Carpenter, in the Capitol at Washington. This illustrious artist spent six months in the White House, painting this great picture, which has been reproduced especially for this book.

FIRST READING OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION TO THE CABINET

From left to right—Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War (seated); Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury (standing); President Lincoln and Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy (seated); Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior (standing); William H. Seward, Secretary of State (seated); Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General (standing); and Edward Bates, Attorney-General (seated).

and with great enthusiasm I arose, approached the President, extended my hand and said:

"'Mr. President, if the reading of chapters of Artemus Ward is a prelude to such a deed as this, the book should be filed among the archives of the nation, and the author should be canonized. Henceforth I see the light and the country is saved.' And all said 'Amen.'

"And Lincoln said to me in a droll way, just as I was leaving, 'Stanton, it would have been too early last spring.'

"And as I look back upon it I think the President was right."

Interview with Judge Hamilton Ward, in *Lockport Journal*, May 21, 1893.

"I See No Reason Whatever!"

The favorite poem of the President was, as is well known, "*Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?*" A member of Congress from Ohio came into his presence in a state of unutterable intoxication, and sinking into a chair, exclaimed in tones that welled up fuzzy through a gallon or more of whiskey that he contained, "Oh, why should (hic) er spirit of mortal be proud?"

"My dear sir," said the President, regarding him closely, "I see no reason whatever!"

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, David R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby"). Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 451.

"Accuse Not a Servant unto His Master"

To a man who came to him complaining of his superior officer, hoping to benefit by the discharge of that official, Lincoln said, shortly:

"Go home and read Proverbs xxx, 10."

The man went and looked up the reference, finding these words:

"Accuse not a servant unto his master, lest he curse thee, and thou be found guilty."

Lincolnics, Henry Llewellyn Williams, page 101.

The Sleeping Sentinel

The incidents here woven into verse relate to William Scott, a young soldier from the State of Vermont, who, while on duty as a sentinel at night, fell asleep, and, having been condemned to die, was pardoned by the President:

Within a prison's dismal walls, where shadows veiled decay—
In fetters, on a heap of straw, a youthful soldier lay;
Heart-broken, hopeless, and forlorn, with short and feverish breath,
He waited but the appointed hour to die a culprit's death.

'Twas night.—In a secluded room, with measured tread, and slow,
A statesman of commanding mien paced gravely to and fro,
Oppressed, he pondered on a land by civil discord rent;
On brothers armed in deadly strife—it was the President.

The woes of thirty millions filled his burdened heart with grief;
Embattled hosts, on land and sea, acknowledged him their chief;
And yet, amid the din of war, he heard the plaintive cry
Of that poor soldier, as he lay in prison doomed to die.

'Twas morning. On a tented field, and through the heated haze,
Flashed back, from lines of burnished arms, the sun's effulgent blaze;
While from a somber prison-house, seen slowly to emerge,
A sad procession o'er the sward moved to a muffled dirge.

And in the midst with faltering step, and pale and anxious face,
In manacles, between two guards, a soldier had his place;
A youth, led out to die,—it was not death but shame
That smote his gallant heart with dread, and shook his manly frame.

Still on, before the marshall'd ranks, the train pursued its way
Up to the designated spot, whereon a coffin lay—
His coffin! And with reeling brain, despairing, desolate,
He took his station by its side, abandoned to his fate.

Yet once again. In double file advancing then, he saw
Twelve comrades, sternly set apart to execute the law—
But saw no more; his senses swam, deep darkness settled round,
And, shuddering, he awaited now the fatal volley's sound.

Then suddenly was heard the noise of steeds' and wheels' approach,
And, rolling through a cloud of dust, appeared a stately coach.
On, past the guards, and through the field, its rapid course was bent,
Till, halting, 'mid the lines was seen the nation's President!

He came to save that stricken soul, now waking from despair;
And from a thousand voices rose a shout that rent the air;
The pardoned soldier understood the tones of jubilee,
And, bounding from his fetters, blessed the hand that made him free.

. . . . . .

The Sleeping Sentinel, Francis DeHaes Janvier, *The Speaker's Garland*, Vol. I, page 13.

"Why Don't You Go at Him with a 'Capias' or a 'Surrebutter?"

General (afterward President) Garfield, of Ohio, received from the President the account of the capture of Norfok, with the following preface:

"By the way, Garfield," said Mr. Lincoln, "you never heard, did you, that Chase, Stanton and I had a campaign of our own? We went down to Fortress Monroe in Chase's revenue cutter and consulted with Admiral Goldsborough as to the feasibility of taking Norfolk by landing on the north shore and making a march of eight miles. The Admiral said, very positively, there was no landing on that shore, and we should have to double the cape and approach the place from the south side, which would be a long and difficult journey. I thereupon asked him if he had ever tried to find a landing and he replied that he had not.

"Now," said I, "Admiral, that reminds me of a chap out West who had studied law but had never tried a case. Being sued, and not having confidence in his ability to manage his own case, he employed a fellow-lawyer to manage it for him. He had only a confused idea of the meaning of law terms, but was anxious to make a display of learning, and in the trial constantly made suggestions to his lawyer, who paid no attention to him. At last, fearing that his lawyer was not handling the opposing counsel very well, he lost all patience and, springing to his feet, cried out:

" 'Why don't you go at him with a *capias*, or a *surrebutter* or something, and not stand there like a confounded old *nudum-pactum?*' "

Anecdotes of Abraham Lincoln and *Lincoln's Stories*, Edited by J. B. McClure, page 58.

"No Respecter of Persons"

Senator J. F. Wilson, in pleading the cause of a soldier wrongfully accused of desertion, and finding the Secretary of War inexorable, "appealed to Cæsar," and procured an overriding order

from the President which Stanton finally obeyed. On reporting the result to Mr. Lincoln, the latter said:

"Well, I am glad you stuck to it, and that it ended as it did; for I meant it should so end, though I had to give it personal attention. A private soldier has as much right to justice as a Major-General."

Lincolnics, Henry Llewellyn Williams, page 140.

A Suitable Inscription for Greenbacks

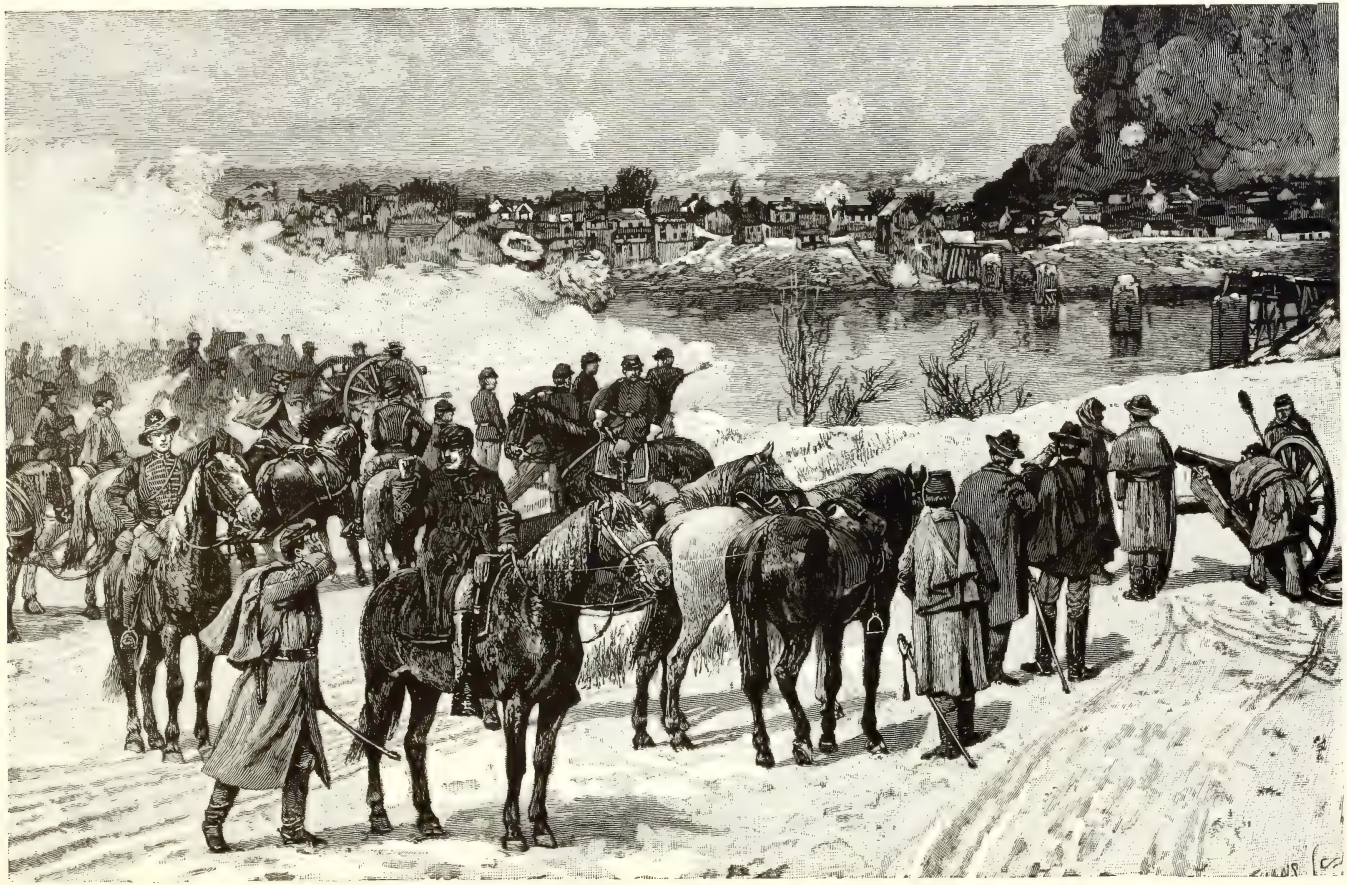
At a Cabinet meeting once the advisability of putting on greenbacks a legend similar to the "In God We Trust" on the silver coins was discussed, and the President was asked what his view was. He replied:

"If you are going to put a legend on the greenback, I would suggest that of Peter and John: 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee.'" [Acts iii, 6.]

"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 400.

Informed of the Defeat at Fredericksburg

I made all speed to the *Tribune* office, where I was told there would be no use in trying to send my report by telegraph, as the Government censor at the main telegraph office had been ordered by the Secretary of War not to allow any news from Fredericksburg to be transmitted without previous submission to and special approval by him. But there was time to send it by special messenger on the night train, which was done. It may as well be mentioned here that my account met the same fate as that of the first battle of Bull Run. I had stated in it as strongly as possible that the Army of the Potomac had suffered another great, general defeat; that an inexcusable, murderous blunder had been made in attempting to overcome the enemy by direct attack; and that the Union cause was threatened by the greatest disaster yet suffered, in consequence of the perilous situation in which the defeat left the army. The editor was afraid to let the *Tribune* solely assume the whole responsibility for what would no doubt prove a great shock to the loyal public, lest I might be mistaken in my opinion, and, accordingly the report was very much modified, but was printed as an extra issue the following morning.



From *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.*

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FREDERICKSBURG, DECEMBER 11, 1862

My duty being thus fully discharged, I went to Willard's Hotel for my supper. At the entrance I met Senator Henry Wilson of Massachusetts. He . . . surmised that I was from the front, and greeted me with the questions:

"Have you come from the army? What is the news? Have we won the fight?"

I answered: "Senator, you know whatever news I have belongs to my paper, but, for the sake of the cause, I will tell you in



BEFORE FREDERICKSBURG

strict confidence that Burnside is defeated, and in such a bad plight that I think you can render no greater service to the country than to go at once to the White House and tell the President. . . . . I do not hesitate to say to him, through you, that, in my deliberate judgment, he ought not to wait for information, but instantly order the army back to the north bank" [of the Rappahannock]. . .

After supper I went back to the *Tribune* office, but had hardly entered it when the Senator reappeared, and, taking me aside, told me that he had seen the President, who desired me to come with him to the White House at once. . . . . The Senator informed me on the way that he had not given my message to the President.

We found Mr. Lincoln in the old reception-room on the second floor, opposite the landing. He greeted me with a hearty hand-shake, saying, "I am much obliged to you for coming, for we are very anxious and have heard very little." He then asked me to give him, as far as my personal knowledge permitted, a general outline of what had happened, which I did as fully as I could in a few minutes. He followed up my account with one question after another for over half an hour. . . . . He was very careful not to ask anything so as to imply criticism of anybody, although I ventured to mingle a good deal of censure with my statements of facts. But his questions and the expression of his face showed that he believed I was aiming to tell the truth, and that he felt growing anxiety. When he ended the interview by repeating his thanks, I made bold to say as earnestly as I could: "Mr. President, it is, of course, not for me to offer advice to you, but I hope my sincere loyalty may be accepted as my excuse for taking the liberty of telling you what is not only my conviction but that of every general officer I saw during and after the fighting, that success is impossible and that the worst disaster yet suffered by our forces will befall the Army of the Potomac if the attack is renewed, and unless the army is withdrawn at once to the north side." . . . . The President took no offense, but, with a melancholy smile, remarked,

"I hope it is not so bad as all that," whereupon we took our leave.

Memoirs of Henry Villard, Vol. I, page 388.

Suspension of the Writ of Habeas Corpus

In order to prevent in some degree the mischief which Rebel sympathizers were doing by giving the enemy aid and comfort the President was obliged to resort to a measure which created great excitement among his enemies, as well as among some of his friends. This measure was called "the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*."

Habeas and *corpus* are two Latin words meaning "you may have

the body;" and the intention of the writ is to deliver a person who has been falsely imprisoned. Thus, when any one thinks he has been imprisoned from some unjust cause or upon false accusation, he appeals to the writ of *habeas corpus*. This writ commands the sheriff, or any one else to whom it may be directed, to *have the body* of the person who has been deprived of his liberty immediately before some competent tribunal. The person who restrained the said prisoner must also be present, and he must also bring with him the cause of the restraint, that all parties may be then and there lawfully judged.

This Act was originally passed in England to prevent the king from becoming a despot, and unlawfully imprisoning his subjects; and it was regarded so valuable by those persons who made the Constitution of the United States that they said it should never be suspended, "unless when, in case of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it."

Mr. Lincoln thought the time had come when the public safety did require it, and he thought the Constitution gave him a right to suspend it; accordingly he suspended it whenever he thought proper. Many persons called him a despot, and said we should yet lose all our freedom, and the days of terror would come here, as they came in France in the time of the French Revolution.

Let us see now who the persons were that Mr. Lincoln deprived of the writ of *habeas corpus*. In the early part of May (1861) the President, who knew that the small portion of Florida which we still held in our possession was infested with traitors, directed the commander of our forces in that region to remove everybody from the United States forts that he suspected or considered dangerous, and to allow nobody to exercise any authority which was inconsistent with the authority of the United States; he also authorized him to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, if he should find it necessary. That is, if the commander thought the public safety required that a man should be imprisoned, he could not be released until President Lincoln himself thought proper to give him up. Mr. Lincoln said:

"You may *not* 'have the body,' until I think proper to deliver up the man."

The Children's Life of Abraham Lincoln, M. Louise Putnam, page 161.

"Come Down and Help Me Let This Hog Go!"

The wholesale butchery at the battle of Fredericksburg made Mr. Lincoln almost broken-hearted. Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania expressed regrets that his description of that battle had affected him so sadly. He remarked:

"I would give all I possess to know how to rescue you from this terrible War."

Then Mr. Lincoln's wonderful recuperative powers began to assert themselves, and the marvelous man was "himself again." His whole aspect suddenly changed, and he relieved his mind by telling a story.

"This reminds me, Governor," he said, "of an old farmer I used to know, out in Illinois. He took it into his head to go into hog-raising, so he sent out to Europe and imported the finest breed of hogs that he could buy.

"The prize hog was put in a pen and the farmer's two mischievous boys, James and John, were told to be sure not to let it out. But James let the brute out the very next day. The hog went straight for the boys and drove John up a tree. Then it went for the seat of James's trousers, and the only way the boy could save himself was by holding on to the porker's tail.

"The hog would not give up his hunt, nor the boy his hold! After they had made a good many circles around the tree the boy's courage began to give out, and he shouted to his brother:

"'I say John, come down quick and help me let go this hog!'

"Now, Governor, that is exactly my fix. I wish some one would come and help me let the old hog go."

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Paul Selby, page 196.

The Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation

The roll containing the Emancipation Proclamation was taken to Mr. Lincoln at noon on the first day of January, 1863, by Secretary Seward and his son Frederick. As it lay unrolled before him, Mr. Lincoln took a pen, dipped it in the ink, moved his hand to the place for the signature, held it a moment, then removed his hand and dropped the pen. After a little hesitation he again took up the

pen and went through the same movement as before. Mr. Lincoln then turned to Mr. Seward and said:

"I have been shaking hands since nine o'clock this morning, and my right arm is almost paralyzed. If my name ever goes into history it will be for this act, and my whole soul is in it. If my hand trembles when I sign the Proclamation, all who examine the document hereafter will say, 'He hesitated.'"

He then turned to the table, took up the pen again, and slowly, firmly, wrote *Abraham Lincoln*, with which the whole world is now familiar. He then looked up, smiled, and said:

"That will do!"

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Paul Selby, page 188.

Emancipation "Very Like a Whale"

At last the Emancipation Proclamation was a fact. But there was little rejoicing in the heart of the man who had framed and given it to the world. In issuing it, all he had dared hope was that in the long run it would give greater gain than loss. He was not confident that this would be so, but he was willing to risk it.

"Hope and fear and doubt contended over the new policy in uncertain conflict," he said months later. As he had foreseen, dark days followed. There were mutinies in the army; there was ridicule; there was a long interval of waiting for results. Nothing but the greatest care in enforcing the Proclamation could make it a greater good than evil, and Mr. Lincoln now turned all his energies to this new task.

LEADING EVENTS IN 1862

Union victory at Fort Henry, Tenn.	Feb. 6
Grant takes Fort Donelson, Tenn.	Feb. 16
The "Monitor" defeats the "Merrimac".	Mar. 9
Grant's victory at Shiloh, (Pittsburg Landing) Tenn.	Apr. 6 and 7
Farragut takes New Orleans	Apr. 25
Union forces driven from Shenandoah Valley	June
"The Seven Days' Battles," near Richmond, Va.	June 25 to July 1
The President calls for 300,000 men to serve three years	July 2
The President calls for 300,000 more men for nine months' special service	Aug. 4
Pope's campaign and defeat in Virginia	August
Second Battle of Bull Run (Union defeat)	Aug. 30
Confederates capture Harper's Ferry.	Sept. 15
Union victory at Antietam	Sept. 17
Confederate victory at Fredericksburg	Dec. 13

"We are like whalers," he said one day, "who have been long on a chase; we have at last got the harpoon into the monster, but we must now look how we steer, or with one 'flop' of his tail he will send us all into eternity."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. II, page 126.

The Emancipation Group

Amidst thy sacred effigies
Of old renown give place,
O city, Freedom-loved! to his
Whose hand unchained a race.

Take the worn frame, that rested not
Save in a martyr's grave;
The care-lined face, that time forgot,
Bent to the kneeling slave.

Let man be free! The mighty word
He spake was not his own;
An impulse from the Highest stirred
These chiseled lips alone.

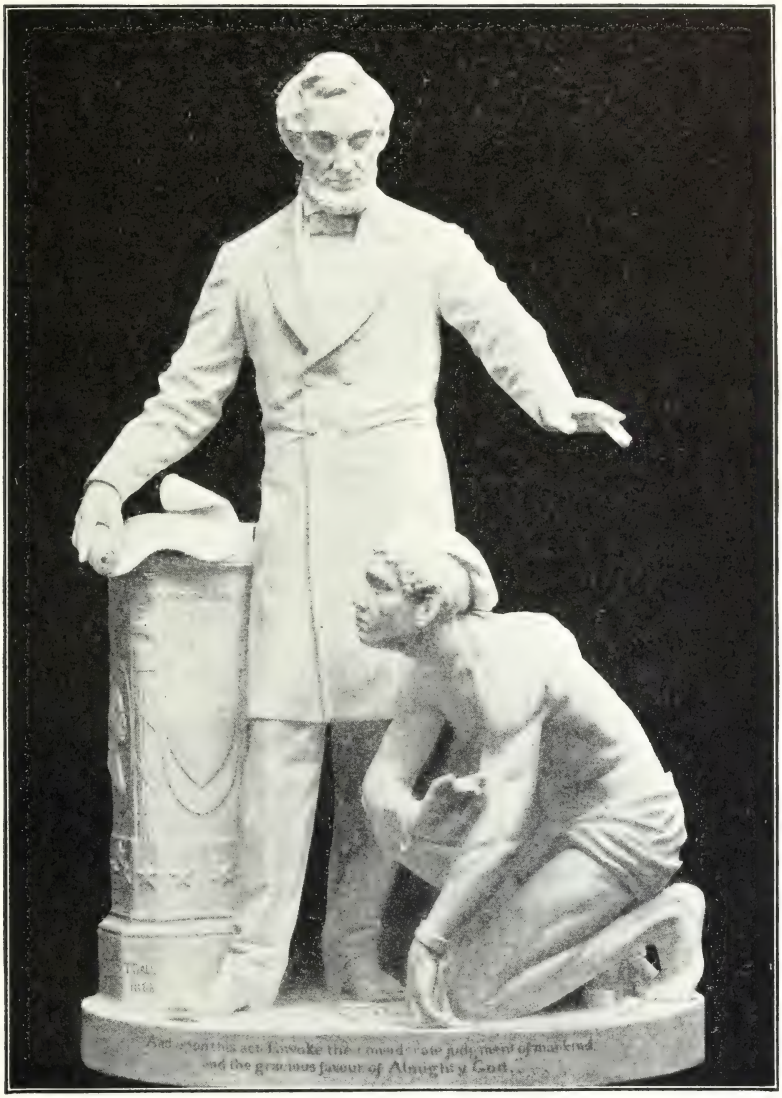
The cloudy sign, the fiery guide,
Along his pathway ran,
And Nature, through his voice, denied
The ownership of man

We rest in peace where these sad eyes
Saw peril, strife and pain;
His was the nation's sacrifice,
And ours the priceless gain.

O symbol of God's will on earth
As it is done above!
Bear witness to the cost and worth
Of justice and of love.

Stand in thy place and testify
To coming ages long
That truth is stronger than a lie
And righteousness than wrong.

Lines for the Unveiling of the Emancipation Statue in Boston, 1879, John G. Whittier. *Complete Poetical Works*, page 429.



STATUE OF EMANCIPATION, FLORENCE, ITALY

CHAPTER XIX

"The Burden and Heat of the Day"

He Was Beset by Night and by Day

Week after week and month after month, the President faced the future, never betraying a fear that the Union would not triumph in the end, but grieved sorely at the long delay. Many who were not so sure came to him with their troubles. He was beset by night and by day by people who had advice to give or complaints to make. They besought him to dismiss this or that General, to order such and such a military movement; to do a hundred things that he, in his great wisdom, felt were not right, or for which the time had not yet come.

The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln, Helen Nicolay, page 183.

Fredericksburg and Antietam Compared

On the 3d of January, 1863, *Harper's Weekly* appeared with a cartoon representing Columbia indignantly demanding of President Lincoln and Secretary of War Stanton that they restore her sons killed in that battle. Below the picture is the reading matter:

"Columbia: Where are my 15,000 sons—murdered at Fredericksburg?"

The battle of Fredericksburg was fought on December 13th, 1862, between General Burnside, commanding the Army of the Potomac, and General Lee's force. The Union troops, time and again, assaulted the heights where the Confederates had taken position, but were driven back with frightful losses. The enemy, being behind breastworks, suffered comparatively little. At the beginning of the fight the Confederate line was broken, but the result of the engagement was disastrous to the Union cause. Burnside had 1,152 killed, 9,101 wounded, and 3,234 missing, a total of 13,487. General Lee's losses, all told, were not much more than 5,000 men.

Burnside had succeeded McClellan in command of the Army

of the Potomac, mainly, it was said, through the influence of Secretary of War Stanton. Three months before, McClellan had defeated Lee at Antietam, the bloodiest battle of the war, Lee's losses footing up more than 13,000 men. At Fredericksburg, Burnside had about 120,000 men; at Antietam, McClellan had about 80,000. It had been maintained that Burnside should not have fought this battle.

"*Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories*, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 311.

"I Must Bear This Load and Do My Best"

How wofully the friends had exaggerated the power of such a proclamation as they prayed the President to issue, is well shown in the reminiscences of Moncure D. Conway, published on August 30th, in which he tells of the interview between the President, Senator Williams, Wendell Phillips, himself (Conway) and others, which occurred on the 24th of January, 1863.



WENDELL PHILLIPS

The object of this delegation was to complain of the failure of the Emancipation Proclamation, and Mr. Phillips, as its spokesman, hinted that "the Northern people, now generally antislavery, were not satisfied that it was being honestly carried out by the nation's agents and generals in the South." The President said he "had not expected much from it at first, and, consequently, had not been disappointed," and gave it as his impression that "the masses of the country generally are only dissatisfied at our lack of military successes." He did not hesitate in the course of the interview with these distinguished men to say that "most of us here present have been nearly all our lives working in minorities and many have got into a *habit of being dissatisfied;*" and when this conclusion was deprecated, he added: "At any rate, it has been very rare that an opportunity of running this Administration has been lost." And

when Mr. Phillips patronizingly said: "If we see this Administration earnestly working to free the country from slavery and its rebellion, we will show you how we can run it in another four years of power," to which, possibly remembering Mr. Phillips's description of him as a mosaic, and a "man who had never walked a straight line in his life," Mr. Lincoln said:

"Oh, Mr. Phillips, I have ceased to have any personal feelings or expectation in that matter—I don't say I never had any—*so abused and borne upon as I have been;*" and Mr. Conway tells us that his last utterance to the delegation as it left him was:

"I must bear this load which the country has entrusted to me as well as I can, and do my best."

Lincoln and Stanton, William D. Kelley, M.C., Appendix, page 87.

"How Willingly Would I Exchange Places with the Soldier!"

No one except those who saw him daily at that time can realize how the nation's woes and trials bore upon him. . . . . One morning, calling upon him at an early hour on business, I found him so pale and careworn that I inquired the cause. He replied, telling me of bad news received at a late hour of the night, and not yet printed, adding that he had not closed his eyes nor breakfasted; and then he said, with an anguished expression which I shall never forget:

"How willingly would I exchange places to-day with the soldier who sleeps on the ground in the Army of the Potomac!"

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Schuyler Colfax. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 336.

"Something That Everybody Can Take"

The President was feeling indisposed, and had sent for his physician, who soon informed him that his trouble was varioloid, or a mild form of smallpox.

"They're all over me. Is it contagious?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

"Yes," answered the doctor, "very, indeed."

"Oh!" said a visitor who had called to see the President, "I can't stop."

"Don't be in a hurry, sir," said the President, placidly.

"Thank you, sir—I'll call again!" the visitor called back as he left abruptly.

"Some people," exclaimed the Executive, smiling as he looked

after the retreating caller, "some people do not take very well to my Proclamation, but now, I am happy to say, I have *something* that *everybody* can take."

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Paul Selby, page 151.

"In the Silent Midnight Watches"

It was the duty of the guard to stand watch throughout the night. He said that the President always spoke kindly to him on going to his little bedroom in the southwest corner of the second story of the White House.

"When awakened—sometimes we had to rouse him after he had fallen into a deep sleep—he never betrayed the least annoyance and always treated the messenger most kindly. This is surely a searching test of one's temper.

"Often after a day of great suspense the President used to moan in his sleep. During the day he bore up and did all he could to hearten and comfort others, but at night, while off his guard, in sleep he seemed to betray his real sentiments and it was frightful to hear him then. It made me feel as though I were listening at the key-hole to state secrets, or, at least, taking an unfair advantage of the Great-heart of the White House."

Written from memory of a narrative by a member of Lincoln's Life-Guard.

"Lincoln Gave Me the Worst Fright of My Life!"

Lincoln visited my Department twice while I was in command. He was personally a very brave man, and gave me the worst fright of my life. He came to my headquarters and said:

"General, I should like to ride along your lines and see them, and see the boys and how they are situated in camp."

I said, "Very well, we will go after breakfast."

I happened to have a very tall, easy-riding, pacing horse, and as the President was rather long-legged, I tendered him the use of him while I rode beside him on a pony. He was dressed, as was his custom, in a black suit, a swallow-tail coat, and tall silk hat. As there rode on the other side of him at first Mr. Fox, the Secretary of the Navy, who was not more than five feet six inches in height, the President stood out as the central figure of the group. Of course the staff officers and orderly were behind.

When we got to the line of entrenchment, from which the line of Rebel pickets was not more than 300 yards, he towered high above the works, and as we came to the several encampments the boys all turned out and cheered him lustily. Of course, the enemy's attention was wholly directed to this performance, and with the glass it could be plainly seen that the eyes of their officers were fastened upon Lincoln; and a personage riding down the lines cheered by the soldiers was a very unusual thing, so the enemy must have known that he was there.

Both Mr. Fox and myself said to him:

"Let us ride on the side next to the enemy, Mr. President. You are in fair rifle-shot of them and they may open fire; and they must know you, being the only person not in uniform, and the cheering of the troops directs their attention to you."

"Oh, no," he said, laughing, "the Commander-in-chief of the army must not show any cowardice in the presence of his soldiers, whatever he may feel."

And he insisted on riding the whole six miles, which was about the length of my entrenchments, in that position, amusing himself at intervals, where there was nothing more attractive, in a sort of competitive examination of the commanding General in the science of Engineering, much to the amusement of my engineer-in-chief, General Weitzel, who rode on my left, and who was kindly disposed to prompt me while the examination was going on, which attracted the attention of Mr. Lincoln, who said,

"Hold on, Weitzel, I can't beat you, but I think I can beat Butler."

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Benjamin F. Butler. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 146.

"If There Is a Man out of Hell That Suffers More than I Do!"

The next day my friend, Mrs. Hoge, and myself had another interview with the President, on business entrusted to us. If we were shocked the night before at his haggard face, how much more were we pained when the broad light of day revealed the ravages which care, anxiety and overwork had wrought. In our despondent condition it was difficult to control our feelings so as not to weep before him. Our unspoken thought ran thus: "Our national affairs must be in the very extremity of hopelessness if they thus

prey on the mind and life of the President. The country has been slain by treason—he knows it, and that it cannot recover itself."

Our business ended, before we withdrew we made one more attempt to draw encouraging words from the reluctant head of the nation.

"Mr. President," we said timidly, "we find ourselves greatly depressed by the talk of last evening; you do not consider our national affairs hopeless, do you? Our country is not lost?"

"Oh, no!" he said with great earnestness, "our affairs are by no means hopeless, for we have the right on our side. We did not want this War, and we tried to avoid it. We were forced into it; our cause is a just one, and now it has become the cause of freedom." (The Emancipation Proclamation had then been promulgated.) "And let us also hope it is the cause of God, and then we may be sure it must ultimately triumph. But between that time and now there is an amount of agony and suffering and trial for the people that they do not look for, and are not prepared for."

No one can ever estimate the suffering endured by President Lincoln during the War. I saw him several times afterwards, and each time I was impressed anew with the look of pain and weariness stereotyped on his face.

"I envy the soldier sleeping in his blanket on the Potomac," he would say, in his torture. And sometimes, when the woes of the country pressed most heavily on him, he envied the dead soldier sleeping in the cemetery.

"Whichever way the War ends," he said to a friend of mine, "I have the impression that *I* shall not last long after it is over."

After the dreadful repulse of our forces at Fredericksburg, when the slaughter was terrific, the agony of the President wrung from him the bitter cry:

"Oh, if there is a man out of hell that suffers more than I do, I pity him!"

My Story of the War, Mary A. Livermore, page 560.

The President and the Wounded Boy

As one stretcher was passing Mr. Lincoln, he heard the voice of a lad calling to his mother in agonizing tones. His great heart filled. He forgot the crisis of the hour. Stopping the carriers he knelt, and bending over the boy asked tenderly:

"What can I do for you, my poor child?"

"Oh, you will do nothing for me," the boy replied. "You are a Yankee. I cannot hope my message to my mother will ever reach her."

Mr. Lincoln, in tears, with a voice of tenderest love, convinced the boy of his sincerity, and the lad gave his good-bye words without reserve.

These the President directed to be copied and sent that night, under a flag of truce, into the enemy's lines.

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Paul Selby, page 175.

Contrast between Lincoln's Manner and Stanton's—An Oft-Repeated Occurrence

"As we entered the Secretary's office, Mr. Stanton was writing at his desk. General Hoffman said:

" 'Mr. Secretary, this is the lady I spoke to you about. She wishes to consult you about releasing her son, who is a prisoner of war, wounded, and in the hospital at Fort McHenry?' The General then turned and left the room. I was standing near the door of the office. Mr. Stanton neither looked at me nor spoke. After a minute or two the Secretary turned round in his chair, and abruptly, in a severe tone, said:

" 'So *you* are the woman who has a son a prisoner of war in Fort McHenry. ' "

"'I am so unfortunate,' I said.

"The Secretary then answered in a still louder and sterner tone of voice, leaving me standing all the time:

"'I have nothing to say to you, and no time to waste on you. If you have raised up sons to rebel against the best Government under the sun, you and they must take the consequences.' "

"I attempted to say to him," continued the lady, "that my son was a mere boy, scarcely seventeen years old, and had entered the Confederate service without my knowledge and approval, but before I had uttered five words he fairly yelled at me, as if in an insane rage:

" 'I don't want to hear a word from you. I've no time to waste on you. I want you to go at once. I'll do nothing for you.'

"I left," she said, "and am thankful I got out of Washington alive. Oh! why are such men intrusted with power?"

And she sobbed as if her heart would break.

After a brief silence, I asked her if she could go to Washington again.

"What! to see that man? No, sir! not for all Washington," she exclaimed, before she had given me a moment for explanation. . . . . I drew up, next day, a paper addressed to the President, concisely stating the case, and asking a parole for the boy. She signed it; the surgeon certified it. She was advised to call on the President, and given directions how and when to get an interview.

After an absence of three days, she returned to Fort McHenry. . . . Her whole countenance was luminous with joy. Handing to me the same official envelope which had enclosed the document prepared for her to present to the President, she pointed to an order written *in pencil* upon it, and exclaimed with deep emotion: "My boy is free! Thank God for such a President! He is the soul of goodness and honor."

The order was as follows:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,

"March 13, 1863.

'*To the Commandant at Fort McHenry:*

"GENERAL:—You will deliver to the bearer, Mrs. Winston, her son, now held a prisoner of war in Fort McHenry, and permit her to take him where she will, upon his taking the proper *parole* never again to take up arms against the United States.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

I asked her how the President received her when she met him. "With the kindness of a brother," she replied. "When I was ushered into his presence he was alone. He immediately arose, and, pointing to a chair by his side, said:

"'Take this seat, madam, and then tell me what I can do for you.'

"I took the envelope, and asked him if he would read the inclosures."

"'Certainly,' said he, and he proceeded to read the statements I had signed, very deliberately. When he had finished reading he turned to me, and, with emotion, said:

"'Are you, madam, the unhappy mother of this wounded and imprisoned son?'

"'I am" I said.

" 'And do you believe he will honor his *parole* if I permit him to take it and go with you?'

"'I am ready, Mr. President, to peril my personal liberty upon it,' I replied.

"'You shall have your boy, my dear madam,' he said. 'To take him from the ranks of rebellion and give him to a loyal mother is a better investment for this Government than to give him up to his deadly enemies.' Then taking the envelope, he wrote with his own pencil the order which you see upon it. As he handed it to me, he said:

" 'There! Give that to the commanding officer of Fort McHenry, and you will be permitted to take your son where you will; and may God grant he may prove a great blessing to you and an honor to his country.' "

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, E. W. Andrews. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 505.

"Go Thou and Do Likewise"

Critics have arraigned Mr. Lincoln for lack of dignity; and he used to acknowledge in reply, that he had never enjoyed a quarter's education in any dignity school whatever. While his Western training, so full as it had been of independent individuality, appeared to make the requirements of etiquette always chafe and gall him, you can imagine how astonished was Lord Lyons, the stately British Minister, when he presented the autograph letter from Queen Victoria, announcing, as is the custom of European monarchies, the marriage of the Prince of Wales, and adding that whatever response the President would make he would immediately transmit to his royal mistress.

Mr. Lincoln responded instantly, by shaking the marriage announcement at the bachelor minister before him, saying:

"*Lyons, go thou and do likewise!*"

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Schuyler Colfax. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 346.

"Nothing Touches the Tired Spot"

Early in April, 1863, I accompanied the President, Mrs. Lincoln, and their youngest son, "Tad," on a visit to the Army of the Potomac—Hooker then being in command, with headquarters on Falmouth Heights, opposite Fredericksburg. . . . . .

The infantry reviews were held on several different days. On



From *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.*

BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER BY THE UNION FLEET, APRIL 7, 1863

The monitors engaged were the "Weehawken," "Passaic," "Montauk," "Catskill," "Nahant," "Patapsco," and "Nantucket."

Because of popular clamor this demonstration was made against Forts Sumter and Moultrie in Charleston Harbor. "Admiral Dupont never showed greater courage or patriotism than when he saved his ships and men, and sacrificed himself to the clamor and disappointment evoked by his defeat."

April 8th was the review of the Fifth Corps, under Meade; the Second, under Couch; the Third, under Sickles, and the Sixth, under Sedgwick. It was reckoned that these four corps numbered some 60,000 men, and it was a splendid sight to witness their grand martial array as they wound over hills and rolling ground, coming from miles away, their arms shining in the distance, and their bayonets bristling like a forest on the horizon as they marched away. The President expressed himself as delighted with the appearance of the soldiery, and he was much impressed by the parade. . . . . It was noticeable that the President merely touched his hat in return salute to the officers, but uncovered to the men in the ranks. . . . . After a few days the weather grew warm and bright . . . and the President became more cheerful and even jocular. I remarked this one evening as we sat in Hooker's headquarters, after a long and laborious day of reviewing. Lincoln replied:

"It is a great relief to get away from Washington and the politicians. But nothing touches the tired spot."

On the 9th the First Corps, commanded by General Reynolds, was reviewed by the President on a beautiful plain at the north of Potomac Creek, about eight miles from Hooker's headquarters. We rode thither in an ambulance over a rough corduroy road; and as we passed over some of the more difficult portions of the jolting way, the ambulance driver, who sat well in front, occasionally let fly a volley of suppressed oaths at his wild team of six mules. Finally Mr. Lincoln, leaning forward, touched the man on the shoulder, and said:

"Excuse me, my friend, are you an Episcopalian?"

The man, greatly startled, looked around and replied:

"No, Mr. President, I'm a Methodist."

"Well," said Lincoln, "I thought you must be an Episcopalian because you swear just like Governor Seward, who is a churchwarden."

The driver swore no more.

Washington in Lincoln's Time, Noah Brooks, page 45.

"I Am Only a Retail Dealer" in Stories

Lincoln very seldom invented a story. Once he said to me: "You speak of Lincoln stories. I don't think that is a correct

phrase. I don't make the stories mine by telling them. I am only a retail dealer."

Numberless stories were repeated to him as being from him, but he once said that, so far as he knew, only about one-sixth of all those which were credited to him had ever been told by him. He never forgot a good story, and his apt application of those which lay in his mind gave them peculiar crispness and freshness. Here is a case in point:

In 1863, a certain captain of volunteers was on trial in Washington for a misuse of the funds of his company. The accused officer made only a feeble defense, and seemed to treat the matter with indifference. After a while, however, a new charge—that of disloyalty to the Government—came into the case. The accused was at once excited to a high degree of indignation, and made a vigorous defense. He appeared to think lightly of being convicted of embezzling, but to be called a traitor was more than he could bear.

At the breakfast-table, one morning, the President, who had been reading an account of this case in the newspaper, began to laugh and said:

"This fellow reminds me of a juror in a case of hen-stealing which I tried in Illinois many years ago. The accused man was summarily convicted. After adjournment of court, as I was riding to the next town, one of the jurors in the case came cantering up behind me, and complimented me on the vigor with which I had pressed the prosecution of the hen-thief. Then he added:

" 'Why, when I was young, and my back was strong, and the country was new, I didn't mind taking off a sheep now and then. But stealing hens! Oh, Jerusalem!'

"Now this captain has evidently been stealing sheep, and that is as much as he can bear."

Washington in Lincoln's Time, Noah Brooks, page 289.

"If Anybody Wants to Kill Me, He Will Do It"

One foggy night in the spring of 1863, being at the White House, Lincoln asked me if I would not walk over to General Halleck's headquarters with him; as we passed out of the family part of the house, the President turned back and from a number of walking-sticks in a corner selected a heavy one, shod and tipped with

historic iron bolts from some ship, I believe. He never used a cane in walking, and as he took this he said, dropping his voice to a serio-comic and confidential whisper, "Mother"—he nearly always called his wife "Mother"—"has got a notion into her head that I shall be assassinated, and to please her I take a cane when I go over to the War Department nights—when I don't forget it." . . . .

Crossing the street beyond the department building, the slouching figure of a man near the Winder building attracted my notice and I scarcely paid any attention to the President's chat. . . . When we returned, an hour or two later, I was positively scared by the shadows made by the trees. . . . The President noticed this, perhaps, for when we had reached the house in safety, he said, "Now own up that I scared you by putting plots and assassinations into your head, when we went out." I confessed I was worried and that I should not have thought of danger if he had not mentioned it. He laughed and said that that was human nature. Then he added more seriously:

"I long ago made up my mind that if anybody wants to kill me, he will do it. If I wore a shirt of mail and kept myself surrounded by a body-guard, it would be all the same. There are a thousand ways of getting at a man if it is desired that he should be killed. Besides, in this case, it seems to me, the man who would come after me (Vice-President Hamlin) would be just as objectionable to my enemies—if I have any."

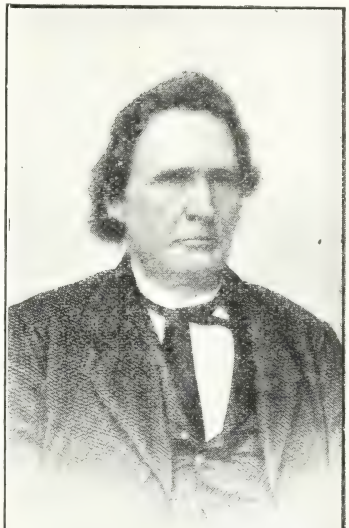
Personal Reminiscences of Lincoln, Noah Brooks, *Scribner's Monthly*, Vol. XV, March, 1878, page 674.

"Handsome Is That Handsome Does"

He said to a Congressional committee: "Here I am, surrounded by many men more eager to make money out of the nation's distress than to put a shoulder to the wheel and lift the Government hub out of the mire. Do you wonder I get depressed when I stand here and feel how hard it is to die, unless I can make the world understand that I would be willing to die if I could be sure I am doing my work towards lifting the burdens from all mankind."

He said to General Campbell: "I am as happy as if our armies had won a victory against the Rebels. Mr. Stevens brought one of his constituents to me yesterday, a lady seventy-five years of age, whose son, only nineteen years old, was sentenced to be shot

to-morrow at noon for sleeping at his post. I took till to-day to examine into the case. I cannot consent that a farmer lad, brought up to keep early hours in going to bed and resting, shall be shot to death for being found asleep when he ought to have been awake. I pardoned the boy, and I sent a messenger early this morning with the welcome news to the boy's regiment. The mother, like Niobe, all tears, has just left me, and as she went out my heart came up in my throat when, between her tears, she went up to old Thad Stevens, who had helped her save her son's life, and said, between her sobs, 'You told me Mr. Lincoln was ugly. How could you say so, Mr. Stevens, for I think he has one of the most beautiful faces I ever saw!' "



THADDEUS STEVENS

Then the President laughed his sweet, soft laugh, as merry as a boy; but there were tears in his eyes.

Recollections of Lincoln, James M. Scovel. *Lippincott's Magazine*, Vol. LXIII, February, 1899, page 281.

"Yet Aaron Got His Commission, You Know"

Scripture stories and incidents were also used by Lincoln to illustrate his argument or to enforce a point. Judge E—— had been concerned in a certain secret organization of "radical" Republicans, whose design was to defeat Lincoln's renomination. When this futile opposition had died out, the Judge was pressed by his friends for a profitable office. Lincoln appointed him, and to one who remonstrated against such a display of magnanimity, he replied:

"Well, I suppose Judge E——, having been disappointed before, did behave pretty ugly; but that wouldn't make him any less fit for this place; and I have scriptural authority for appointing him. You remember that when the Lord was on Mount Sinai getting out a commission for Aaron, that same Aaron was at the foot of the mountain making a false god for the people to worship. Yet Aaron got his commission, you know."

Washington in Lincoln's Time, Noah Brooks, page 290.

A Guarded Offer to "Nasby"

Lincoln also seized eagerly upon everything that Orpheus C. Kerr wrote, and he knew it all by heart.

It was in 1863 that I received a letter from Lincoln, which illustrates two points in his character; viz., his reckless generosity, and the caution which follows close at its heels. This is the conclusion of the letter:

"Why don't you come to Washington and see me? Is there no place you want? Come on and I will give you any place you ask for—that you are capable of filling—and fit to fill."

. . . . He had read a letter of mine which pleased him, and the generosity of his nature prompted him to write me to come see him, and that was supplemented by an offer to give me *any place I asked for*. After he had finished the letter and added his signature, it occurred to him that to promise a man of whom he knew but little . . . . *any place that he might* ask for, was rather risky. So he added a dash, and likewise the saving clause, "*that you are capable of filling*," and, to guard himself entirely,—"*and fit to fill.*"

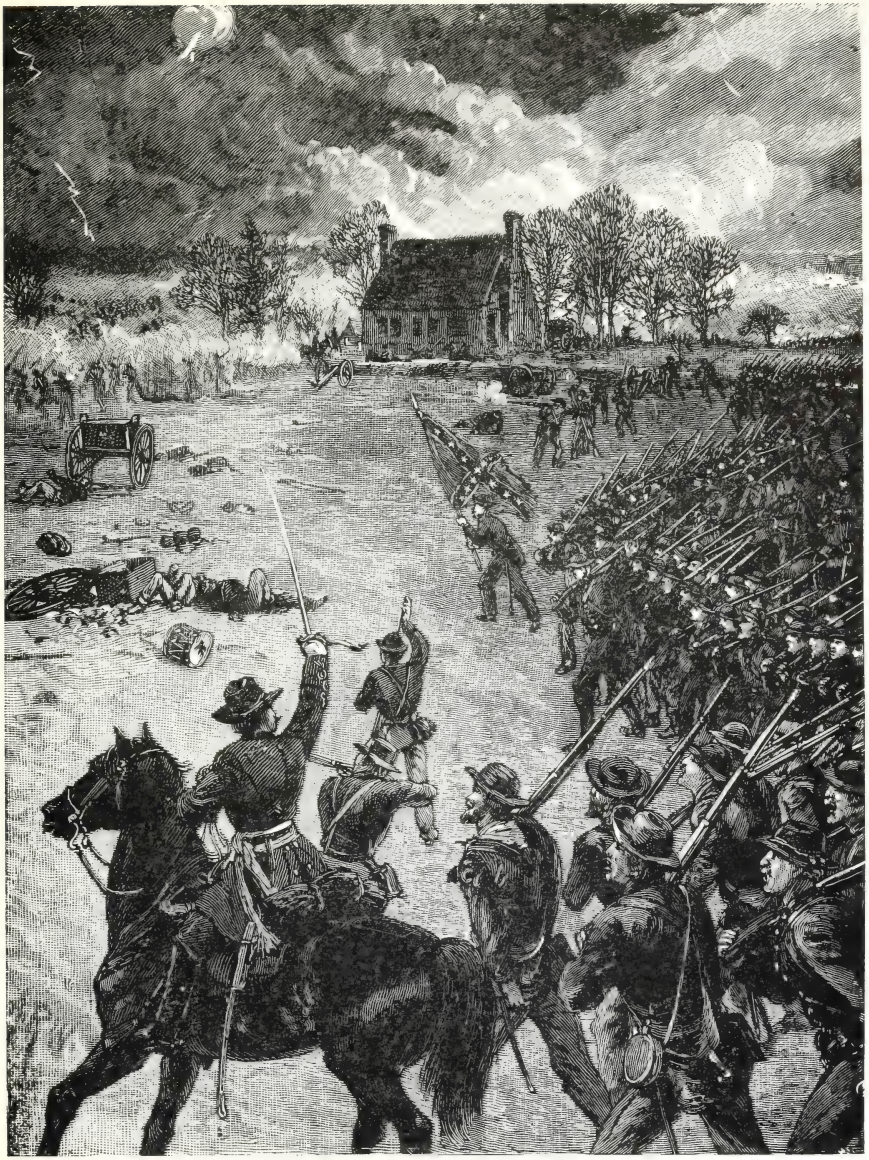
Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, David R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby"). Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 448.

"Oh, What Will the Country Say!"

Early in May (1863) the country was anxiously waiting for news from Chancellorsville. The grand movement had been only partially successful, but everybody expected to hear that the first repulse was only temporary, and that the army was pressing on gloriously to Richmond. One bright afternoon, in company with an old friend of Lincoln's, I waited in one of the family rooms of the White House, as the President had asked us to go to the Navy Yard with him to see some experiments in gunnery. A door opened and Lincoln appeared, holding an open telegram in his hand. The sight of his face and figure was frightful. He seemed stricken with death. Almost tottering to a chair, he sat down, and then I mechanically noticed that his face was of the same color as the wall behind him—not pale, not even sallow, but gray, like ashes. Extending the dispatch to me, he said, in a sort of far-away voice:

"Read it—news from the army."

The telegram was from General Butterfield, I think, then chief-of-staff to Hooker. It was very brief, simply saying that the Army



"STONEWALL" JACKSON AT THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE

General Jackson kept right up with his own advance, mingling his frequent cries of "press forward" with short prayers of praise and thanksgiving. He rode forward, in his unrestrainable impatience, one hundred yards beyond his line of battle. All at once he found himself under the fire of the Union guns. Turning to regain his lines he was shot by his own men and mortally wounded. He died a few days later at Guiney's Station.

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. VII, page 103.

of the Potomac had "safely" recrossed the Rappahannock and was now at its old position on the north bank of that stream. The President's friend, Dr. Henry, an old man and somewhat impressionable, burst into tears,—not so much, probably, at the news, as on account of its effect upon Lincoln. The President regarded the old man for an instant with dry eyes and said,

"What will the country say? Oh, what will the country say!"

Personal Reminiscences of Lincoln, Noah Brooks. *Scribner's Monthly*, Vol. XV, March, 1879, page 674.

The Night after Chancellorsville—"Darkest Just before Day"

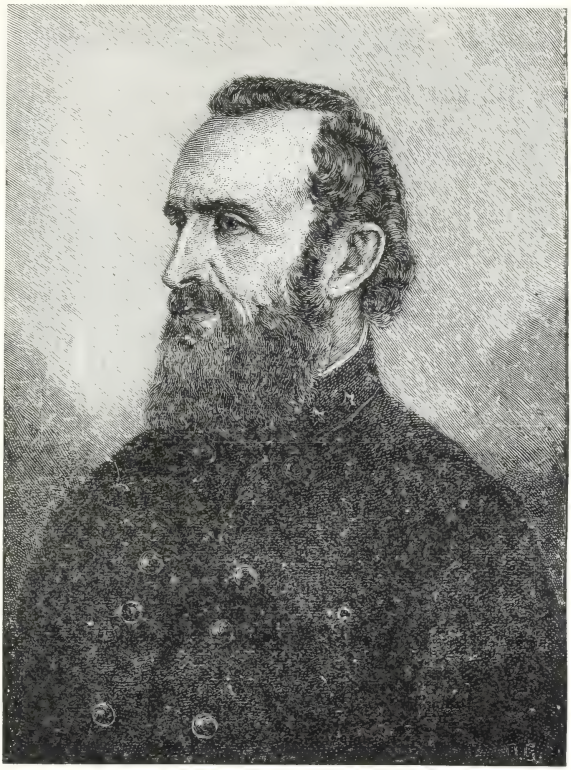
Did he never at any time reel or stagger under his burden? Oh yes, once. He could feel a hit or a stab at any time; but the things which hurt him, that made him suffer, that were slowly killing him, as he himself declared, did not interfere with the perpetual efficiency of his work. If there were hours when despondency came and when he doubted the result, ... he did not tell anybody; but there was one night when his wrestle with despair was long and terrible.

In the opinion of Edwin M. Stanton, concurred in by other good judges, the darkest hour of the Civil War came in the first week of May, 1863. The Army of the Potomac, under General Hooker, had fought the bloody battle of Chancellorsville. The record of their dead and wounded told how bravely they had fought, but they were defeated, losing the field of battle, and seventeen thousand men. . . . .

The country was weary of the long War, with its draining taxes of gold and blood. Discontent was everywhere raising its head, and the opponents of the Lincoln Administration were savage in their denunciations. Many of his severest critics were men of unquestioned patriotism. The mail desk in the Secretary's office at the White House was heaped with letters, as if the President could read them. He knew their purport well enough without reading. He knew of the forever vacant places in a hundred thousand households before Chancellorsville. If more than a third of each day's mail already consisted of measureless denunciation; if another large part was made up of piteous pleas for peace, for a termination of the long murder of the Civil War, what would it be when tidings of this last slaughter should go out and send back echoes from the heart-

stricken multitude? Had not enough been endured, and was there not imminent peril that the country would refuse to endure any more? This question was, perhaps, the darkest element in the problem presented to Mr. Lincoln.

There were callers at the White House the day on which the news of the defeat was brought; but they were not the customary throng. Members of the Senate and House came, with gloomy faces; the members of the Cabinet came to consult or to condole with the President. There were Army and Navy officers, but only such as were sent for. The house was as if a funeral were going forward, and those who entered or felt it trod softly, as people always do around a coffin, for fear they may wake the dead.



THOMAS J. ("STONEWALL") JACKSON

The Confederate General.

That night, the last visitors in Lincoln's room were Stanton and Halleck. They went away together in silence, at somewhere near nine o'clock, and the President was left alone. Not another soul was on that floor except the one secretary, who was busy with the mail in his room across the hall from the President's; and the doors of both rooms were ajar, for the night was warm. The silence was so deep that the ticking of a clock would have been noticeable; but another sound came and that was almost as regular and ceaseless.

It was the tread of the President's feet as he strode slowly back and forth across the chamber in which so many Presidents of the United States had done their work. Was he to be the last of the line? The last President of the entire United States? At that hour that very question had been asked of him by the battle of Chancellorsville. If he had wavered, if he had failed in faith or courage or prompt decision, then the nation, and not the Army of the Potomac would have lost its great battle.

Ten o'clock came, without a break in the steady march. . . . Eleven o'clock came and then another hour of that ceaseless march so accustomed the ear to it that when, a little after twelve, there was a break of several minutes, the sudden silence made one put down his letters and listen.

The President may have been at his table writing, or he may—no man knows or can guess; but at the end of the minutes, long or short, the tramp began again. Two o'clock, and he was walking yet, and when a little after three, the secretary's task was done and he slipped noiselessly out, he turned at the head of the stairs for a moment. It was so—the last sound he heard he went down was the footfall in Lincoln's room. . . . .

The young man had to return early, and he was there again before eight o'clock The President's room door was open and he went in. There sat Mr. Lincoln eating breakfast alone. He had not been out of his room; but there was a kind of cheery, hopeful, morning light on his face instead the funereal battle-cloud of Chancellorsville. He had watched all night, but a dawn had come, for beside his cup of coffee lay the written draft of his instructions to General Hooker to push forward, to fight again. There was a decisive battle won that night in that long vigil with disaster and despair. Only a few weeks later the Army of the Potomac fought it over again as desperately—and they won it—at Gettysburg.

Abraham Lincoln: Tributes of His Associates, Edited by William Hayes Ward. *Lincoln's Vigil*, William O. Stoddard (Private Secretary), page 46.

Tad's Innocent Question

Amid the cheering men at Chancellorsville, one of the volunteers lustily called out to the President:

"Send along more greenbacks!"

Lincoln was greatly amused by the incident and explained to Tad that soldiers had not been paid.

Tad thought for a moment, then said, in his innocence,

"Why didn't Governor Chase print some more greenbacks?"

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Paul Selby, page 185.

["Governor" Chase was then Secretary of the Treasury.—W.W.]



From a photograph in the collection of Isaac Markens, Esq.

THOMAS LINCOLN

Nicknamed "Tad" by his father. He died in Chicago, July 10, 1871, at the age of eighteen, just after his return from Europe.

Wise Military Suggestions to "Fighting Joe" Hooker

On the 5th of June, 1863, Lincoln warns General Hooker not to run any risk of being entangled on the Rappahannock "like an ox jumped half over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs, front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other."

On the 10th he warns Hooker not to go south of the Rappahannock upon Lee's moving north of it.

"I think Lee's army, and not Richmond is your true objective point. If he comes toward the upper Potomac, follow on his flank, and on the inside track, shortening your lines while he lengthens his. Fight him, too, when opportunity offers. If he stay where he is, fret him, and fret him."

On the 14th again he says:

"So far as we can make out here, the enemy have Milroy surrounded at Winchester and Tyler at Martinsburg. If they could hold out for a few days, could you help them? If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg, and the tail of it on the plank road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very slim somewhere; could you not break him?"

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln. Edited by Paul Selby, page 188.

"Bail out the Potomac with a Teaspoon"

An officer of low volunteer rank persisted in telling and retelling his troubles to the President on a summer afternoon when Lincoln was tired and careworn. After listening patiently, he finally turned upon the man, and, looking wearily out upon the broad Potomac in the distance, said in a peremptory tone that ended the interview:

"Now, my man, go away, go away! I cannot meddle in your case. I could as easily bail out the Potomac River with a teaspoon as to attend to all the details of the army."

Abraham Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 162.

Frederick Douglass Calls on the President

My first interview with Mr. Lincoln was in the summer of 1863, soon after the Confederate States had declared their purpose to treat colored soldiers as insurgents, and their purpose not to treat any such soldiers as prisoners of war subject to exchange like other soldiers. My visit to Mr. Lincoln was in reference to this threat of the Confederate States. . . . .

I was somewhat troubled with the thought of meeting one so august and high in authority, especially as I had never been in the White House before, and had never spoken to a President of the United States before. But my embarrassment soon vanished when I met the face of Mr. Lincoln.

When I entered he was seated in a low chair, surrounded by a multitude of books and papers, his feet and legs were extended in front of his chair. On my approach he slowly drew his feet in from the different parts of the room into which they had strayed, and he began to rise, and continued to rise until he looked down upon me, and extended his hand and gave me a welcome.

I began, with some hesitation, to tell him who I was and what

I had been doing, but he soon stopped me, saying in a sharp, cordial voice:

"You need not tell me who you are, Mr. Douglass, I know who you are, Mr. Sewell has told me all about you."

He then invited me to take a seat beside him. Not wishing to occupy his time and attention, seeing that he was busy, I stated to him the object of my call at once. I said:

. . . "Mr. Lincoln, I am recruiting colored troops. I have assisted in filling up two regiments in Massachusetts, and am now at work in the same way in Pennsylvania, and have come to say this to you, sir, if you wish to make this branch of the service successful you must do four things:

"First, ... give the colored soldiers the same pay that you give white soldiers.

"Second, ... compel the Confederate States to treat colored soldiers, when taken prisoners, as prisoners of war." . . .

To this little speech Mr. Lincoln listened with earnest attention and with every apparent sympathy, and replied to each point in his own peculiar, forcible way. . . . .

Now, as to pay, we had to make some concession to prejudice. "But," said he,

"I assure you, Mr. Douglass, that in the end they shall have the same pay as white soldiers."

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Frederick Douglass. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 185.

"I Can Bear Censure, but Not Insult"

A cashiered officer persisted several times in presenting to the President a plea for his reinstatement and was finally told that even his own statement did not justify a re-hearing. His final application being met with silence, he lost his temper and blurted out:

"Well, Mr. President, I see that you are fully determined not to do me justice."

Without evincing any emotion, Mr. Lincoln rose, laid some papers on the desk, and suddenly seizing the officer by the coat-collar, marched him to the door. After ejecting him into the hall, he said:

"Sir, I give you fair warning never to show yourself here again! I can bear censure, but not insult."

Lincolnics, Henry Llewellyn Williams, page 169.

"I'm Not Going to Open Shop Here!"

President Lincoln was passing down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington one day when a man came running after him, hailed him, and thrust a bundle of papers in his hands. This angered the President not a little, and he pitched the papers back, saying:

"I'm not going to open shop here!"

"*Abe*" *Lincoln's Yarns and Stories*, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 306.

Two Applications for Pardon, with Opposite Results

I had an opportunity during the War of witnessing the reception by the President of two applications for pardon, which met with widely different fates. The case of the first was this:

A young man, belonging to a Virginia family of most treasonable character, remained in Washington when the rest of the household went with the Confederacy. Though he took no active part with the loyalists of the Capital, he was so quiet and prudent as to allay their suspicions concerning him, and finally to gain their confidence. He opened a market and kept for sale the very best quality of meats, supplying many of the families of prominent officers of the Government, and for a time the family at the White House. He even managed to obtain a sort of intimacy in some of these households, through the intrigues of disloyal servants. As afterwards appeared, he possessed himself of information that was valuable to the Rebels, and which he imparted to them promptly and unreservedly.

When Lee moved up into Pennsylvania in the summer of 1863, this young man was suddenly missing. . . . . "He was unexpectedly called away by business," was assigned as the reason for his absence. During that June raid . . . . the young man was taken prisoner by General Kilpatrick's men. . . . He was recognized, was proved to be a spy, and but for the President's leniency would have been hanged. Instead . . . he was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. . . . Every wire was pulled that was supposed to have any power to open his prison door. . . . . At last the President himself was besieged.

It was in the President's room, while waiting my turn for an interview, that I learned the above facts. Two persons were pleading in his behalf—a man and a woman. . . . It was a very

plausible story as they told it. "Their truly loyal young kinsman had gone into Maryland to buy beeves for the Washington market was 'gobbled up' with his fine, fat kine by Stuart (the Confederate), who confiscated his property and impressed its owner into his cavalry. And then, as if that were not calamity enough for one day, he was captured again by Kilpatrick, who . . . supposed him to be a rebel like the rest."

The President listened impatiently and with a darkening face.

"There is not a word of this true!" he burst in, abruptly and sternly, "and you know it as well as I do. He *was* a spy, he has been a spy, he ought to be hanged as a spy. From the fuss you folks are making about him, who are none too loyal, I am convinced that he was more valuable to the enemy than we have yet suspected. You are the third set of persons that has been to me to get him pardoned. Now I'll tell you what—if any of you come bothering me any more about his being set at liberty, that will decide his fate. I will have him hanged, as he deserves to be. You ought to bless your stars that he got off with a whole neck; and if you don't want to see him hanged as high as Haman, don't you come to me again about him."

The petitioners, as may be imagined, "stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once," and after their departure the President narrated the facts which I have given.

The other case was of a different character. I was in the antechamber of the President's room one morning, waiting the exit of Secretary Stanton, who was holding an interview with Mr. Lincoln. . . . . There were some fifty men in attendance, and, besides myself, only one woman. She was sitting in the corner of the anteroom, with her face to the wall. . . . She was poor looking, shabbily but neatly dressed, middle-aged, sunburnt, and careworn. Her hands were tightly clenching a handkerchief, which she held close against her breast, with the evident effort to master the emotion that was shaking her whole frame, and she was weeping. I saw by her manner that she was in trouble, and my heart went out to her.

Putting my arm about her, I stooped and said as kindly as I could:

"My poor woman, I am afraid you are in trouble; can I do anything to help you?" . . . .

"Oh," said she, "I am in great trouble. My husband is to be shot, and if I cannot get him pardoned nobody can comfort me."

A kindly appearing man stepped forward, a country neighbor of the poor woman, and told her story. Her husband was a major of an Illinois regiment, and had served two years in the army with honor and fidelity. His colonel . . . was a hard man, and, when intoxicated, abusive, uncontrollable, and profane. . . . While under the influence of strong drink, he had come fiercely in collision with the major, and a most profane and angry altercation ensued in the presence of half the regiment. Foul epithets were hurled back and forth until the colonel called the major a 'coward,' with numerous obscene and profane prefixes. . . .



The major was a sober man, reticent, somewhat unpopular, very cool, and slow to anger; but this stung him.

"Take that back, Colonel," he demanded, fiercely, drawing his revolver, "or you are a dead man."

The colonel repeated the insult, even more offensively. Before the bystanders could interfere, the colonel fell dead by the major's hand. For this he was tried, convicted, sentenced to be shot, and was then lying in jail awaiting his death. He had written his wife a farewell letter, entreating her to be reconciled to the event—a brief epistle which she gave me to read—full of tenderness for her and accusation for himself, but evincing great manliness. . . . .

Senator Henderson of Missouri was to introduce my friends and myself to the notice of the President, and we entreated that he would also escort this poor woman, and give her an immediate opportunity to present her petition. He gladly consented. I sought to allay her agitation. . . .

"Won't you talk for me," she entreated, "I am so tired; I

can't think; do beg the President not to allow my husband to be shot." . . . .

Immediately we were ushered into the apartment, . . .two of us leading the trembling wife between us as if she were a child learning to walk. The townsman of the woman was first introduced, saying:

"This woman, Mr. President, will tell you her story."

But instead, she dropped tremblingly into a chair, only half alive; and, lifting her white face to the President's with a beseeching look, more eloquent than words, her colorless lips moved without emitting a sound. Seeing she was past speech, I spoke quickly in her behalf, stating her case, and urging her prayer for her husband's life with all the earnestness I felt. All the while the hungry eyes of the woman were riveted on the President's face, and tearless sobs shook her frame. . . .

The President was troubled.

"Oh, dear, dear!" he said, passing his hand over his face and through his hair. "These cases will kill me! I wish I didn't have to hear about them! What shall I do? You make the laws," turning to the members of Congress in the room, "and then you come with heart-broken women and ask me to set them aside. You have decided that if a soldier raises his hand against his superior officer, as this man has done, he shall die! Then if I leave the laws to be executed, one of these distressing scenes occurs, which almost kills me." . . .

The attendant of the wife gave the President an abstract of the case, which had been furnished by the major's counsel and which the President began gloomily to run over. . . .

He had turned over some half-dozen pages . . . when he suddenly dropped it, sprang forward in his chair, his face brightened almost into beauty, and he rubbed his hands together joyfully.

"Oh," said he, "I know all about it now! I know all about it! This case came before me ten days ago, and I decided it then. . . . Without any solicitation I have changed his sentence of death to two years' imprisonment . . . at Albany. Major Blank has been a brave man, and a good man, and a good soldier, and he had had great provocations for a year.

"Your husband knows all about it before now," he said, addressing the wife; "and when you go back you must go by way

of Albany and see him. Tell him to bear his imprisonment like a man, and take a new start in the world when it is over."

The major's wife did not at first comprehend, but I explained to her. She attempted to rise, and made a motion as if she were going to kneel at the President's feet; but instead she only slid helplessly to the floor before him, and for a long time lay in a dead faint. The President was greatly moved. He helped raise her; and when she was taken from the room, he paced back and forth for a few moments before he could attend to other business.

"Poor woman!" he exclaimed, "I don't believe she would have lived if her husband had been shot. What a heap of trouble this War has made!"

My Story of the War, Mary A. Livermore, page 566.

"Tell Me That Horse's Points"

So voluminous a report was made by a Congressional committee upon a new gun that the President pathetically said:

"I should want a new lease of life to read this through. Why can't an investigating committee show a grain of common-sense? If I send a man to buy a horse for me, I expect him to tell me that horse's points—not how many hairs he has in his tail."

Lincolnics, Henry Llewellyn Williams, page 109.

Lincoln's Own Reasons for Telling Stories

On the evening of Friday, June 26th (1863), Colonel John D. Van Buren, his son, Major Blank and I turned about nine o'clock from the highway into the winding roads of the Soldiers' Home. . .

After the servant returned and announced that the President would receive us, we sat for some time in painful silence. At length we heard slow, shuffling steps come down the uncarpeted stairs and the President entered the room as we respectfully rose from our seats. That pathetic figure has ever remained indelible in my memory. His tall form was bowed, his hair disheveled; he wore no necktie or collar, and his feet were partly incased in very loose, heelless slippers. It was very evident that he had got up from his bed, or had been very nearly ready to get into it when we were announced, and had hastily put on some clothing and those slippers that had made the flip-flap sound on the bare stairs.

It was the face that, in every line, told the story of anxiety and weariness. The drooping eyelids, looking almost swollen; the dark bags beneath the eyes; the deep marks about the large and expressive mouth; the flaccid muscles of the jaws, were all so majestically pitiful that I could almost have fallen on my knees and begged pardon for my part in the cruel presumption and impudence that had thus invaded his repose. . . . Colonel Van Buren, in fitting words, conveyed the message from Governor Seymour, asking the President in Governor Seymour's name, to pay no attention to the newspaper statements as to the Governor's unfriendliness, and assured the President of the Governor's fixed intention to fulfil any constitutional call upon him for funds to support the Government. The President replied that he had attached no importance to the rumors referred to, and that he needed no formal assurances that the Governor would do all in his power to aid him. . . . . .

Deeply moved by the President's evident fatigue, and by his cordial treatment of us in spite of our presumptuous call, Colonel Van Buren and I were about rising to make our *adieux* when, to our dismay, the Major slapped the President on his knee and said:

"Mr. President, tell us one of your good stories."

If the floor had opened and dropped me out of sight, I should have been happy.

The President drew himself up, and turning his back, as far as possible, upon the Major, with great dignity addressed the rest of us, saying:

"I believe I have the popular reputation of being a story-teller, but I do not deserve the name in its general sense; for it is not the story itself, but its purpose, or effect, that interests me. I often avoid a long and useless discussion by others or a laborious explanation on my own part by a short story that illustrates my point of view. So, too, the sharpness of a refusal or the edge of a rebuke may be blunted by an appropriate story, so as to save the wounded feeling and yet serve the purpose. No, I am not simply a story-teller, but story-telling as an emollient saves me much friction and distress."

These are almost his exact words, of which I made a record that very night.

Lincoln on His Own Story-telling, Colonel Silas W. Burt. *The Century Magazine*, Vol. LXXIII, February, 1907, page 501.

"A Bullet Through His Hat One Dark Night"

From early youth Lincoln had presentiments that he would die a violent death, or that his last days would be marked by some great tragic event. From the time of his first election to the Presidency, his closest friends tried to make him understand that he was in constant danger of assassination, but, in spite of his presentiments, he had such splendid courage that he only laughed at their fears.

During the summer months he lived at the Soldiers' Home, some miles from Washington, and he frequently made the trip between the White House and the Home without guard or escort. Secretary of War Stanton and Ward Lamon, Marshal of the District (of Columbia), were almost constantly alarmed over Mr. Lincoln's carelessness in exposing himself to danger.

They warned him time and again, and provided a suitable bodyguard to attend him. But Mr. Lincoln would often give his guardsmen the slip, and, mounting his favorite riding horse, "Old Abe," would set out alone after dark. . . . . While riding out to the Home one night he was fired upon by some one in ambush, the bullet passing through his high hat. Mr. Lincoln would not admit that the man that fired that shot had tried to kill him. He always attributed it to an accident, and begged his friends to say nothing about it.

The Story of Lincoln's Life, from *"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories*, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 497.

"Stanton's Nearly Always Right!"

Some of the biographers are enthusiastic admirers of Mr. Stanton, who seems never, until the close of the War, to have entertained cordial feelings toward the President. On some occasions Mr. Lincoln's patience with the Secretary of War is rather astonishing than admirable. A committee, headed by Mr. Lovejoy, brought the Secretary an important order of the President's and met with a flat refusal to obey.

"But we have the President's order," said Lovejoy.

"Did Lincoln give you an order of that kind?" said Stanton.

"He did, sir."

"Then he is a blanked fool," said the irate Secretary.

The conversation was immediately reported to the President.

"Did he say I was a blanked fool?" asked the President, at the close of the recital.

"He did, sir, and repeated it."

After a moment's pause, and looking up, the President said:

"If Stanton said I was a blanked fool, then I must be one, for he is nearly always right, and generally says what he means. I will step over and see him."

The President probably wished to conceal from strangers, at some sacrifice of personal dignity, the possibility of divisions in the Cabinet.

The Saturday Review. Editorial on Rice's Reminiscences, Vol. LXIII, November 6, 1886, page 624.

The President Like a Tight-Rope Walker with a Man on His Back

When differences in the Cabinet became dangerous enough to threaten its dissolution, he ceased to call his constitutional advisers together, and for over a year they had no formal Cabinet session. Twenty United States Senators called upon him in a body, intent on complaining of Stanton's conduct of the War. The President's sense of humor did not desert him, and he told a story about Blondin crossing Niagara.

"Would you," said he, "when certain death waited on a single false step, would you cry out, 'Blondin, stoop a little more! Go a little faster! Slow up! Lean more to the north! Lean a little more to the south?' No; you would keep your mouths shut.

"Now, we are doing the best we can. We are pegging away at the Rebels. We have just as big a job on hands a was ever intrusted to mortal hands to manage. The Government is carrying an immense weight; so, don't badger it. Keep silent, and we will get you safe across."

No delegation of Senators ever again attempted to dictate to Abraham Lincoln the manner in which our end of the Civil War should be conducted.

Recollections of Lincoln, James M. Scovel. *Lippincott's Magazine*, Vol. LXIII, February, 1899, page 278.

"For God's Sake, Don't Ask Me!"

A Union officer, in conversation one day, told this story:

"The first week I was with my command there were twenty-four deserters sentenced by court-martial to be shot, and the warrants for their execution were sent to the President to be signed. He refused. I went to Washington and had an interview. I said:

" 'Mr. President, unless these men are made an example of, the army itself is in danger Mercy to the few is cruelty to the many.'

"He replied: 'Mr. General, there are already too many weeping widows in the United States. For God's sake don't ask me to add to the number, for I won't do it!'"

"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 215.

"This War is Killing Me"

When Mrs. Stowe called to see Lincoln towards the close of the War, she says that she spoke of the great relief he must feel at the prospect of an early close of the War and the establishment of peace. And he said, in a sad way,

"No, Mrs. Stowe, I shall never live to see peace; this War is killing me;" and he had a presentiment that he would not live long that he had put his whole life into the War, and that when it was over he would then collapse.

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Henry Ward Beecher. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 251.

Billy Brown Goes to Washington Just to See Mr. Lincoln

"That night I footed it up to the Soldiers' Home where Mr. Lincoln was livin' then, right among the sick soldiers in their tents.

"There was lots of people settin' around in a little room, waitin' fer him, but there wa'n't anybody there I knowed and I was feelin' a little funny, when a door opened and out came little John Nicolay. He came from down this way, so I just went up and says, 'How'd you do, John; where's Mr. Lincoln?'

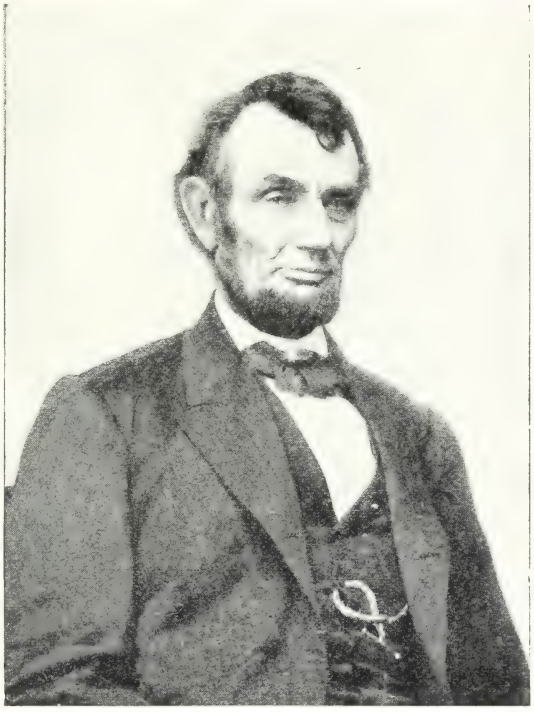
"Well, John didn't seem over glad to see me.

" 'Have you an appointment with Mr. Lincoln?' he says.

" 'No sir,' I says; 'I ain't, and it ain't necessary. Maybe it's all right and fittin' for them as wants post-offices to have appointments, but I reckon Mr. Lincoln's old friends don't need 'em, so

you just trot along, Johnnie, and tell him Billy Brown's here and see what he says.' Well, he kind of flushed up and set his lips together, but he knowed me, and so he went off.

"In about two minutes the door popped open and out came Mr. Lincoln, his face all lit up. He saw me first thing, and he laid hold of me, and just shook my hands fit to kill. 'Billy,' he says, 'now I am glad to see you. Come right in. You're goin' to stay to supper with Mary and me.' Didn't I know it? Think bein' President would change him?—not a mite. Well, he had a right smart of people to see, but as soon as he was through we went out on the back stoop and set down and talked and talked. He asked me about pretty nigh everybody in Springfield. I just let loose and told him about the weddin's and births and the funerals and the buildin', and I guess there wan't a yarn I'd heard in the three years and a half he had been away that I didn't spin for him. Laugh—you ought to ha' heard him laugh—just did my heart good, for I could see what they'd been doin' to him. Always was a thin man, but, Lordy, he was thinner'n ever now, and his face was kind a drawn and gray—enough to make you cry.



A FAVORITE PORTRAIT

From a photograph by Brady, and made familiar because reproduced on postage stamps and bank-notes.

"Well, we had supper and then talked some more, and about ten o'clock I started down town. Wanted me to stay all night, but

I says to myself, 'Billy, don't you overdo it. You've cheered him up, and you better light out and let him remember it when he's tired.' So I said, 'Nope, Mr. Lincoln, can't, goin' back to Springfield to-morrow. Ma don't like to have me away and my boy ain't no great shakes keepin' store.'

"'Billy,' he says, 'what did you come down here for?'

"'I came to see you, Mr. Lincoln.'

"'But you ain't asked me for anything, Billy. What is it? Out with it. Want a post-office?' he said, gigglin', for he knowed I didn't.

"'No, Mr. Lincoln, just wanted to see you—felt kind a lonesome—been so long since I'd seen you, and I was afraid I'd forgit some of them yarns if I didn't unload soon.'

"Well, sir, you ought to seen his face as he looked at me.

"'Billy Brown,' he says, slow-like, 'do you mean to tell me you came all the way from Springfield, Illinois, just to have a visit with me, that you ain't got no complaints in your pockets, nor any advice up your sleeve?'

" 'Yes, sir,' I says, 'that's about it, and I'll be durned if I wouldn't go to Europe to see you, if I couldn't do it no other way, Mr. Lincoln.'

"Well, sir, I never was so astonished in my life. He just grabbed my hand and shook it nearly off, and the tears just poured down his face, and he says,

"'Billy, you never'll know what good you've done me. I'm homesick, Billy, just plumb homesick, and it seems as if this War never would be over. Many a night I can see the boys a-dyin' on the fields and can hear their mothers cryin' for em' at home, and I can't help 'em, Billy. I have to send them down there. We've got to save the Union, Billy, we've got to.'"

He Knew Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, page 29.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS FAMILY IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Reading from left to right: "Tad," the President, Robert, Mrs. Lincoln. The portrait of Willie, who died in the White House, hangs just back of Robert's head.

CHAPTER XX

Lincoln and Gettysburg

Lee's Invasion of Pennsylvania

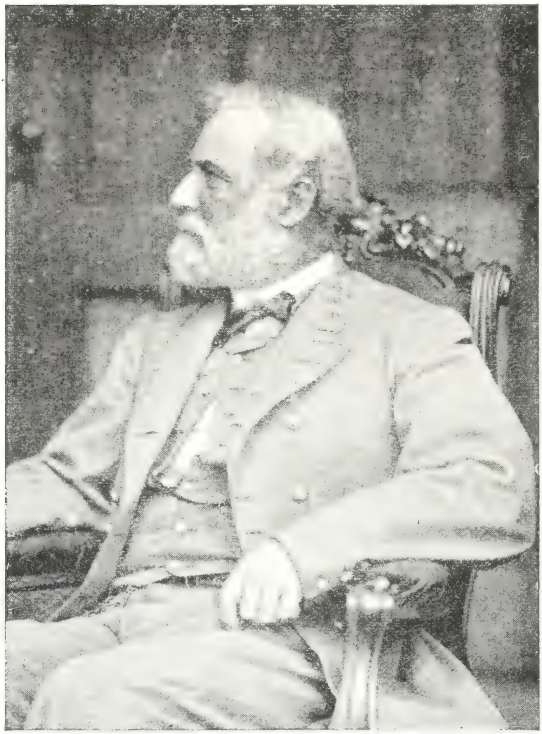
After the battle of Chancellorsville, Hooker reorganized the Army of the Potomac. The following generals were assigned to the command of the several corps of the army: to the First, Reynolds; to the Second, Hancock; to the Third, Sickles; to the Fifth, Meade; to the Sixth, Sedgwick; to the Eleventh, Howard; and to the Twelfth, Slocum. . . . .

At the same time Lee divided his nine divisions of the Army of Northern Virginia, hitherto brought together in two army corps commanded by Longstreet and Jackson, into three army corps of three divisions each. Longstreet retained the command of the First, Ewell was assigned to the Second, and A. P. Hill to the Third. . . . . .

While Lee was engaged in reorganizing his army he was at the same time busy in planning an invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania. Such an invasion promised relief to Pemberton's army besieged by Grant at Vicksburg. It was also thought that a campaign on Northern soil would be helpful to the Confederate cause abroad. The time seemed favorable for a movement of this kind. It was known that in May and June Hooker's army would lose about fifteen thousand men by the expiration of their term of service. Moreover, defeat at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, it was supposed, had so dampened the ardor of the North with reference to the War as to make the enlistment of new troops more and more difficult. . . . .

On the other hand, Lee was receiving enthusiastic recruits. To his men, flushed with victory and eager for an aggressive campaign on Northern soil, no task seemed too great. . . . At length all was ready. Lee was at the head of a solid, strong, effective body of men. . . . . On May 28th Hooker informed President Lincoln that the Army of Northern Virginia was about to make an advance northward. . . . .

On June 22nd, Lee's force was so well in hand that he ordered Ewell to cross the Potomac and move his columns toward the Susquehanna. . . . . "If Harrisburg comes within your means," he added, "capture it."



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

Meanwhile Hooker was making his way northward, covering the Capital in his march. . . . . He desired to use the garrison at Harper's Ferry in a movement on Lee's communications, but Halleck refused to give his consent, and on the 28th, Hooker, regarding this refusal as an indication that his plans would continue to be thwarted by Halleck, asked to be relieved of his command, and the request was granted. . General Meade, commanding the Fifth Corps, was made Hooker's successor.

Gettysburg and Lincoln, Henry Sweetser Burrage, pages 3 to 15.

The Battle of Gettysburg and the President's Bitter Disappointment

The country could not rally so quickly from the blow of Chancellorsville. From every side came the despairing cry,

"Abraham Lincoln, give us a man!"

But he had no man of whom he felt surer than he did of Hooker, and for two months longer he tried to sustain that General. A fundamental difficulty existed, however—what Lincoln called a

"family quarrel"—an antagonism between Halleck and Hooker, which caused constant friction. . . . . .

The trouble between Halleck and Hooker reached a climax at a critical moment. On June 3d, Lee had slipped from his position on the Rappahannock and started north. Hooker had followed him with great skill. Both armies were well north of the Potomac, and a battle was imminent when, on June 28th, angered by Halleck's refusal of a request, Hooker resigned.

During the days when Hooker was chasing Lee northward, the President had spent much of his time at the telegraph office. . . . and one of his most constant inquiries was: . . .

"Where's Meade?" "What's the Fifth Corps doing?"

He had seen, no doubt, that he might be obliged to displace Hooker, and was observing the man he had in mind for the position. At all events, it was Meade whom he now ordered to take charge of the army.

The days following were ones of terrible suspense at Washington. The North, panic-stricken by the Southern invasion, was clamoring at the President for a hundred things. Among other demands was a strongly supported one for the recall of McClellan. Col. A. K. McClure, of Philadelphia, among others, urged Lincoln to restore McClellan. . . . . .

Lincoln's view of the matter is fully shown by the telegram which he sent in reply to one from Colonel McClure:

"War Department,
"Washington City, June 30, 1863.

"A. K. McClure, Philadelphia:

"Do we gain anything by opening one leak to stop another? Do we gain anything by quieting one clamor merely to open another, and probably a larger one?

"A. Lincoln."

Three days after his appointment, Meade met Lee at Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania, and after three days of hard fighting defeated him. During these three terrible days—the 1st, 2nd and 3d of July—Mr. Lincoln spent most of his time in the telegraph office. . .

"As the telegrams came in . . . . he seemed to feel the need of talking to some one. Finally a telegram came from Meade saying

that under such and such circumstances he would engage the enemy at such and such a time.

"'Yes', said the President bitterly, 'he will be ready to fight a magnificent battle when there is no enemy there to fight!'"



GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE

Perhaps Lincoln never had a harder struggle to do what he thought to be just than he did after Meade allowed Lee to escape across the Potomac. . . . In a telegram to Simon Cameron . . he says:

"I would give much to be relieved of the impression that Meade, Couch, Smith and all, since the battle of Gettysburg, have striven only to get Lee over the river without another fight." . . . He wrote Meade a letter in which he put frankly all his discontent. . . He never sent the letter. Thinking it over in his dispassionate way, he evidently concluded that it would not repair the misfortune and that it might dishearten the General. He smothered his regret, and went on patiently and loyally for many months in the support of his latest experiment.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. II, page 139

"My God! Is That All?"

Lincoln watched the operations of the armies in the field with the deepest interest, the keenest insight, and the widest comprehension. The congratulatory order which General Meade published to his troops after the battle of Gettysburg was telegraphed to the War Department. During those days and nights of anxiety, Lincoln clung to the War Office, and devoured every scrap of news as it came over the telegraph wires. He hoped for and expected substantial fruits from our dearly bought victory at Gettysburg.

I saw him read General Meade's congratulatory order. When he came to the sentence about "driving the invaders from our soil," an expression of disappointment settled upon his face, his hands dropped upon his knees, and in tones of anguish he exclaimed:

"*'Drive the invaders from our soil!' My God! Is that all?*"

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, James B. Fry. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 402.

Why He Was Not So Anxious about Gettysburg and Vicksburg

I beg to give a significant conversation of his in my presence, in July, 1863, in Washington, D. C., on the Sunday after the Battle of Gettysburg. General Sickles, of New York, had lost a leg on the second day at Gettysburg, while in command of the Third Corps, and arrived in Washington on the Sunday following (July 5th). As a member of his staff I called to see him, and while there Mr. Lincoln also called, with his son Tad, and remained an hour or more. He greeted Sickles very heartily and kindly, of course, and complimented him on his stout fight at Gettysburg, and then, after inquiring about our killed and wounded generally, passed on to the question as to what Meade was going to do with his victory. They discussed this *pro* and *con* at some length, Lincoln hoping for great results if Meade only pressed Lee actively, but Sickles was dubious and diplomatic, as became so astute a man. And then, presently, General Sickles turned to him, and asked what he thought during the Gettysburg campaign, and whether he was not anxious about it.

Mr. Lincoln gravely replied, no, he was not; that some of his Cabinet and many others in Washington were, but that he himself had had no fears. General Sickles inquired how this was, and seemed curious about it. Mr. Lincoln hesitated, but finally replied:

"Well, I will tell you how it was. In the pinch of your cam-

paign up there, when everybody seemed panic-stricken, and nobody could tell what was going to happen, oppressed by the gravity of our affairs, I went to my room one day and locked the door, and got down on my knees before Almighty God, and prayed to him mightily for victory at Gettysburg. I told Him this was His war, and our cause His cause, but that we couldn't stand another Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville. And I then and there made a solemn vow to Almighty God that if He would stand by our boys at Gettysburg I would stand by Him. And He *did* and I *will*. And after that—I don't know how it was and I can't explain it—but soon a sweet comfort crept into my soul that things would go all right at Gettysburg, and that is why I had no fears about you."

He said this solemnly and pathetically, as if from the very depths of his heart, and both Sickles and I were deeply touched by his manner.

Presently General Sickles asked him what news he had from Vicksburg. He answered, he had none worth mentioning, but that Grant was still "pegging away" down there, and he thought a good deal of him as a general and wasn't going to remove him, though urged to do so.

"Besides," he added, "I have been praying over Vicksburg also, and believe our Heavenly Father is going to give us victory there too, because we need it, in order to bisect the Confederacy and have 'the Mississippi flow unvexed to the sea.'"

Of course he did not know that Vicksburg had already fallen, July 4th, and that a gunboat was soon to arrive at Cairo with the great news that was to make that Fourth of July memorable in history forever.

Abraham Lincoln: Tributes from His Associates, Edited by William Hayes Ward. *Lincoln's Faith in Prayer*, Gen. James F. Rusling, LL. D., page 22.

Goldwin Smith and "Darky Arithmetic"

It was an agreeable surprise to learn that the chief of the visiting party was Prof. Goldwin Smith, one of the firmest of our English friends.

As the President rose to greet them, he was the very impersonation of easy dignity, notwithstanding the *negligée* of his costume; and with a tact that never deserted him, he opened the conversation with an inquiry as to the health of John Bright, whom he said

he regarded as the friend of our country, and of freedom everywhere. . . . .

There were two of Mr. Lincoln's devoted friends who lived in dread of his little stories. Neither of them was gifted with humor. . . . . They were Senator Wilson and Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War; and as Professor Smith closed a statistical statement (of the enormous war losses) the time came for the Massachusetts Senator to bite his lips, for the President, crossing his legs in such a manner as to show that his blue stockings were long as well as thick, said that in settling such matters we must resort to "darky" arithmetic.

" 'To darky arithmetic!' " exclaimed the dignified representative of the learning and higher thought. . . . . "I did not know, Mr. President, that you have two systems of arithmetic?"

"Oh, yes," said the President, "I will illustrate that point by a little story: Two young contrabands, as we have learned to call them, were seated together, when one said,

" 'Jim, do you know 'rithmetic?' "

Meanwhile Senator Wilson's right foot was playing a quick but quiet kind of devil's tattoo. Had he known a thousand stories he would not have told one of them to Professor Smith and his grave looking British friends, and he was mortified that the President, who in all essential things had few superiors in easy dignity of manner, should so inopportunely indulge in such frivolity.

"Jim answered, 'No; what is 'rithmetic?'

" 'Well,' said the other, 'it's when you add up things. When you have one and one, and you put them together, they makes two. And when you substracts things. When if you have two things, and you takes one away, only one remains.'

" 'Is dat 'rithmetic?'

" 'Well, 'taint true den; it's no good'

"Here a dispute arose, when Jim said:

" 'Now, you, spose three pigeons set on that fence, and somebody shoot one of dem, do t'other two stay thar? I guess not, dey flies away quicker'n odder feller falls;' and, Professor, trifling as the story seems, it illustrates the arithmetic you must use in estimating the actual losses resulting from our great battles. The statements you refer to give the killed, wounded and missing at the first

roll-call after the battle, which always exhibits a greatly exaggerated total, especially in the column of missing." . . . .

It was a piece of rare good fortune that brought Goldwin Smith and his friends to my side, just after I had taken my usual seat at the dinner-table. . . . . The gentleman next me had evidently parted from him before he left the Executive Chamber, and I could not help hearing the conversation between them.

"Professor," said he, "can you give me the impression President Lincoln made upon you?"

"Yes," said he; "it was an agreeable one. Such a person is quite unknown to our official circles. . . . . Indeed I think his place in history will be unique. . . . . How wonderfully he is endowed and equipped for the performance of the duties of the chief executive officer of the United States at this time!"

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, William D. Kelley. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 286.

Recommending a Colonel for a Colored Regiment

"I personally wish Jacob Freese, of New Jersey, appointed colonel of a colored regiment, and this regardless of whether he can tell the exact color of Julius Cæsar's hair."

A note from the President to the Secretary of War.

"Well, I Don't Believe Shooting Will Do Him Any Good"

A Senator—the Hon. Mr. Kellogg—while staying in Washington, received a despatch from the army one evening to the effect that a young townsman, who had been induced to enlist through his instrumentality, had, for a serious misdemeanor, been convicted by a court-martial, and was to be shot the next day. Greatly agitated, Mr. Kellogg went to the Secretary of War, and urged a reprieve. The Secretary replied:

"Too many cases of this kind have been let off, and it is time an example was made."

Finding that all his arguments were in vain, Mr. Kellogg said:

"Well, Mr. Secretary, the boy is not going to be *shot*—of that I give you fair warning!"

Leaving the War Department, he went directly to the White House, although the hour was late. After a long parley with the sentry on duty, he passed in. The President had retired; but the Senator pressed his way through all obstacles to his sleeping apart-

ment. In an excited manner he stated that the despatch announcing the hour of execution had but just reached him.

"This man must not be shot, Mr. President," said he. "I can't help what he may have done, Why, he is an old neighbor of mine; I can't allow him to be shot!"

Mr. Lincoln had remained in bed, quietly listening to the protestations of his old friend, who had been in Congress with him, and at length said:

"Well, I don't believe shooting will do him any good. Give me that pen."

And so saying he caused another poor fellow's lease of life to be prolonged.

Abraham Lincoln, Ernest Foster, page 99.

The Conscription Bill and the Draft Riot in New York

Congress passed another very important bill for the prosecution of the War, called the Conscription Bill. This gave the President power to create a national army by enrolling and drafting the militia of the whole country. Every State was required to raise its *quota* of men according to its population. When this great army was raised, it was to be entirely at the control of the President.

By this act all able-bodied men who were citizens, or who had declared their intention of becoming citizens of the United States, between the ages of twenty and forty-five years, were liable to be drafted as soldiers. Those who chose to pay three hundred dollars or furnish a substitute could remain at home. There were also some other exemptions, such as the only son of a widow, or the only son of aged and infirm parents, who were dependent on their boy for support.

The draft was ordered to take place in July, and it was publicly proclaimed how many men each State would be required to furnish. As a general thing the loyal people approved of the draft, and thought it was the best and fairest way to raise men to carry on the War. . . . . Some of the President's enemies made a great noise about the draft and said it was a very despotic measure, because it favored the rich and oppressed the poor.

"Any rich man," said they, "can pay his three hundred dollars and stay at home; but if a poor man be drafted, he must go whether he wants to or not."

But these grumblers did not do much mischief, and the draft went quietly on in all places but New York and Chicago. At New York there was a shameful riot and mob.

The names of all the men liable to be drafted were withdrawn and placed in a wheel. A man appointed to draw the names was blindfolded, and every precaution was taken to prevent cheating. The wheel was turned, and as many names as were required were drawn from the whole number. It was like a lottery; nobody knew whether he should be drafted or not till his name was called. But nearly everybody took the matter very good-naturedly, and most of those who were drafted went; but some paid the three hundred dollars and stayed at home.

In New York, however, things did not go very smoothly. The draft began there on the 11th of July, which was Saturday. No disturbance occurred on that day; but on Sunday some bad men put their heads together to see if they could not break up the draft, which was no sooner commenced on Monday morning than a gang of these fellows burst into one of the buildings where the business was going on, broke the wheel in pieces, tore up the lists of names, and set the office on fire. The excitement quickly spread all over the city. The police did their best to restrain it, but they were almost powerless against such angry mobs as were now filling the streets. The city authorities called out the militia, but unfortunately there were but few soldiers available. Nearly all had gone to Pennsylvania to repel Lee's invasion; . . . for this was only a few days after the battle of Gettysburg.

The mob knew the city was in a crippled condition and took advantage of it. . . . . For four days they seemed to have their own way. They burned building after building, among others an orphan asylum for colored children. Negroes were hanged, beaten to death and mutilated in various ways. . . . . Of course, during the riot the draft could not proceed. It was resumed, however, in a few weeks; and as soon as the mob knew that the city was now in a position to defend itself, no more opposition was made.

The Children's Life of Abraham Lincoln, M. Louise Putnam, page 233.

The Quaker and the Draft

When the draft was made, my name was one that was drawn along with those of several other young Friends [Quakers], two

others in our little meeting. It created a good deal of excitement among us. The two others paid their three hundred dollars each, but I felt it right to do nothing, feeling that I could not go myself nor give money to hire others to go. The proper military officer came out and notified me that I would be expected to report in the military camp at Lafayette (Indiana) for training, on a certain day. I told him that I could not conscientiously be there, that as I could not fight it would not do any good for me to report. Then he demanded the three hundred dollars. To this I replied:

"If I believed that war is right I would prefer to go myself than to hire some one else to be shot in my place." . . . . .

He told me I would either have to come or pay the three hundred dollars, or he would be forced to sell my property. As I was firm in my decision . . . . he went out and looked over the farm, selecting the stock that he proposed to sell and then sat down and commenced writing bills for the public sale of our horses, cattle and hogs. While he was writing, dinner was ready, and when we sat down to the table we insisted on his eating with us. We tried to keep up a pleasant conversation on various subjects, making no reference to the work he was engaged in. After dinner he turned to me and said:

"If you would get mad and order me out of the house, I could do this work much easier, but here you are, feeding me and my horse while I am arranging to take your property from you. I tell you it's hard work!"

We told him we had no unkind feelings toward him, as we supposed he was only obeying the orders of those who were superior to him. I went out again to my work and when he had prepared the sale bills, he placed one on a large tree by the roadside in front of the house, and then rode around and placed the others in different places in the neighborhood.

A few days before the time had arrived for the sale I was at Lafayette. The officer came to me and said:

"The sale is postponed. I don't know when it will be. You can go on using your horses."

I heard nothing more about it for several years. After the War closed I learned that Governor Morton, who was in Washington about that time, spoke to President Lincoln about it and he ordered the sale to be stopped.

Autobiography of Allen Jay, The American Friend, Seventh Month 2, 1908, page 421.

Dennis Hanks Advises the President to "Spank" Secretary Stanton

Old Dennis Hanks was sent to Washington by persons interested in securing the release from jail of several men accused of being "copperheads." It was thought old Dennis might have some influence with the President. The latter heard Dennis's story and then said:

"I will send for Mr. Stanton. It is his business."

Secretary Stanton came into the room, stormed up and down, and said the men ought to be punished more than they were. Mr. Lincoln sat in his chair and waited for the tempest to subside, and then quietly said to Stanton that he would like to have the papers next day. When he was gone, Dennis said:

" 'Abe,' if I was as big and as ugly as you are, I would take *him* over my knee and spank him."

The President replied:

"No, Stanton is an able and valuable man for this nation, and I am glad to bear his anger for the service he can give the people."

"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 236.

[NOTE.—While waiting for the papers Dennis Hanks was handsomely entertained at the White House. The President greatly enjoyed talking over old times, and gave the playmate of his boyhood a watch which "Old Dennis" treasured and exhibited until his dying day, which was about thirty years later.—W. W.]

Humor of the Soldiers

Anything that savored of the wit and humor of the soldiers was especially welcome to Lincoln. His fondness for good stories is a well-accepted tradition, but any incident that showed that "the boys" were mirthful and jolly in all their privations seemed to commend itself to him. He used to say that the grim grotesqueness and extravagance of American humor were its most striking characteristics. There was a story of a soldier in the Army of the Potomac, carried to the rear of battle with both legs shot off, who, seeing a pie-woman hovering about, asked,

"Say, old lady, are them pies sewed or pegged?"

And there was another of a soldier at the battle of Chancellorsville, whose regiment, waiting to be called into the fight, was taking coffee. The hero of the story put to his lips the crockery mug which

he had carried, with infinite care, through several campaigns. A stray bullet just missing the coffee-drinker's head, dashed the mug into fragments, and left only the handle on his finger. Turning his head in that direction, the soldier angrily growled,

"Johnny, you can't do that again!"

Lincoln, relating these two stories together, said, "It seems as if neither death nor danger could quench the grim humor of the American soldier."

Washington in Lincoln's Time, Noah Brooks, page 292.

"No Influence with This Administration"

On the table near him he kept a package of blank cards, such as one finds on every hotel counter. On these were written, in lead pencil, some of the most important orders of the War. Very often he would address Secretary Stanton with a penciled request, "if the exigencies of the service would permit," to "let up" on some chaplain, civilian or soldier who complained of the rough treatment of the Secretary of War. Stanton sometimes granted these requests, but just as often he would tear up the card in the face of the applicant, and tell him to go back to Mr. Lincoln and tell him he'd "be blanked if he would do it." . . . . When Lincoln would again be appealed to he would simply look up or down on the victim of Stanton's wrath, and say, quizzically,

"'Well, I never did have much influence with this administration."

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, James M. Scovel, *Lippincott's Magazine*, Vol. LXIV, August, 1889, page 246.

The Northern Governor and the Squealing Boy

I recall an anecdote by which he pointed out a marked trait in one of our Northern Governors, . . . [who] was earnest, able and untiring in keeping up the war spirit in his State, and in raising and equipping troops; but he always wanted his own way, and illy brooked the restraints imposed by the necessity of conforming to a general system. Though devoted to the cause, he was at times overbearing and exacting in his intercourse with the general government.

Upon one occasion he complained and protested more bitterly than usual, and warned those in authority that the execution of their orders in his State would be beset by difficulties and dangers. The tone of his dispatches gave rise to an apprehension that he might not co-operate fully with the enterprise in hand. The Secre-

tary of War, therefore, laid the dispatches before the President for advice or instructions. They did not disturb Lincoln in the least. In fact, they rather amused him. After reading all the papers, he said in a cheerful and re-assuring tone:

"Never mind, never mind; those dispatches don't mean anything. Just go right ahead. The Governor is like a boy I saw once at a launching. When everything was ready they picked out a boy and sent him under the ship to knock away the trigger and let her go. At the critical moment everything depended on the boy. He had to do the job well by a direct, vigorous blow, and then lie flat and keep still while the ship slid over him.

"The boy did everything right, but he yelled as if he were being murdered from the time he got under the keel until he got out I thought the hide was all scraped off his back; but he wasn't hurt at all. The master of the yard told me that this boy was always chosen for that job, that he did his work well, that he never had been hurt, but that he always squealed in that way.

"That's just the way with Governor Blank. Make up your minds that he is not hurt, and that he is doing his work right, and pay no attention to his squealing. He only wants to make you understand how hard his task is, and that he is on hand performing it."

Time proved that the President's estimate of the Governor was correct.

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, James B. Fry. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 400.

Lincoln's Usual "Swear-Word"

On one occasion, Lincoln, when entering the telegraph office, was heard to remark to Secretary Seward, "By jings! Governor, we are here at last." Turning to him in a reproving manner, Mr. Seward said, "Mr. President, where did you learn that inelegant expression?" Without replying to the Secretary, Mr. Lincoln addressed the operators, saying:

"Young gentlemen, excuse me for swearing before you. 'By jings' is swearing, for my good mother taught me that anything that had a 'by' before it was swearing."

The only time, however, that Lincoln was ever heard really to swear in the telegraph office was on the occasion of his receiving

a telegram from Burnside, who had been ordered a week before to go to the relief of Rosecrans, at Chattanooga, then in great danger of an attack from Bragg. On that day Burnside telegraphed from Jonesboro, farther away from Rosecrans than he was when he received the order to hurry toward him. When Burnside's telegram was placed in Lincoln's hands he said, "*Damn* Jonesboro." He then telegraphed Burnside:

"*September* 21, 1863.

"If you are to do any good to Rosecrans it will not do to waste time with Jonesboro. . . .

"A. LINCOLN."

Lincoln in the Telegraph Office, David Homer Bates, page 201.

" 'Ploughed Around' That Governor for 'Three Mortal Hours' "

Upon one occasion the Governor of a State came to my office bristling with complaints in relation to the number of troops required from his State, the details for drafting the men, and the plan of compulsory service in general. I found it impossible to satisfy his demands, and accompanied him to the Secretary of War's office, whence, after a stormy interview with Stanton, he went alone to press his *ultimatum* upon the highest authority. After I had waited anxiously for some hours, expecting important orders or decisions from the President, or at least a summons to the White House for explanation, the Governor returned, and said with a pleasant smile that he was going home by the next train, and merely dropped in *en route* to say good-bye. Neither the business he came upon nor his interview with the President was alluded to. As soon as I could see Lincoln, I said:

"Mr. President, I am very anxious to learn how you disposed of Governor Blank. He went to your office from the War Department in a towering rage. I suppose you found it necessary to make large concessions to him, as he returned from you entirely satisfied."

"Oh, no," he replied, "I did not concede anything. *You* know how that Illinois farmer managed the big log that lay in the middle of his field! To the inquiries of his neighbors one Sunday, he announced that he had got rid of the big log.

" 'Got rid of it!' said they, 'how did you do it? It was too big to haul out, too knotty to split, and too wet and soggy to burn. What did you do?'

"'Well, now, boys', replied the farmer,' if you won't divulge the secret, I'll tell you how I got rid of it—*I ploughed around it.*"

"Now," said Lincoln, "don't tell anybody, but that's the way I got rid of Governor Blank. *I ploughed around him,* but it took me three mortal hours to do it, and I was afraid every minute he'd see what I was at."

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, James B. Fry. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 390.

The First Great Sanitary Fair, at Chicago

It would not be possible to describe in detail the rare and beautiful articles that attracted throngs of people to this hall. The most noteworthy of all, and that in which the widest interest was felt, was the original manuscript of President Lincoln's "Proclamation of Emancipation" of the four million slaves of the South. This was the gift of the President to the Fair, who accompanied it with the following characteristic letter:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
'WASHINGTON, Oct. 26, 1863.

"*To the Ladies having in charge the Northwestern Fair for the Sanitary Commission, Chicago, Ill.*

"According to the request made in your behalf, the original draft of the Emancipation Proclamation is herewith enclosed. The formal words at the top, and at the conclusion, except the signature, you perceive, are not in my handwriting. They were written at the State Department, by whom I know not. The printed part was cut from a copy of the preliminary Proclamation, and pasted on merely to save writing. I had some desire to retain the paper; but if it shall contribute to the relief or comfort of the soldiers, that is better.

"Your obedient servant,
"A. LINCOLN."

This manuscript was purchased for three thousand dollars, by Thomas B. Bryan for the Chicago Soldiers' Home, of which association he was President. It was finely lithographed, and copies were sold by the Board of Managers for the benefit of a permanent home for invalid Illinois soldiers, thousands of dollars accruing to the fund from their sale. The original manuscript was finally placed in

the archives of the Chicago Historical Society for safe keeping, and was there burned at the time of the great conflagration.

My Story of the War, Mary A. Livermore, page 429.

"Nasby" Has an Interview with the President

Church of St.———, November the 1st, 1863.

I felt it my dooty to visit Washington. The miserable condishon the Dimokrasy find themselves into, sinse the elecshen, makes it necessary that suthin be did, and therefore I determined to see what cood be effectid by a persnel intervew with the President.

Interdoosin myself, I opened upon him delikitly, thus:

"Linkin," sez I, "ez a Dimekrat, a free-born Dimekrat, who is prepared to die with neetnis and dispatch, and on short notis, fer the inalienable rite of free speech knoin also that you er a goriller, a feendish ape, a thirster after blud, I speek."

"Speek on," says he.

"I am a Ohio Dimekrat," says I, "who hez repoodiatid Vallandigum,"

"Before or since the elecshen, did yoo repoodiate him?" sez he.

"Sinse," retortid I.

"I thot so," sed he. "I would hev dun it, too, hed I bin you," continnered he with a goriller-like grin.

"We air now in favor uv a wiggerus prosecushen uv the war, and we want you to so alter yoor polisy that we kin act with you corjelly," sez I.

"Say on," sez he.

"I will. We don't want yoo to change yoor polisy materially. We air modrit. Anxshus to support you, we ask yoo to adopt the follerin trifling changis:

"Restoar to us our habis corpusses, as good ez new.

"Arrest no more men, wimmin, and children for opinyun's saik.

"Repele the ojus confisticashen bill, wich irrytaits the Suthern mind and fires the Suthern hart.

"Do away with drafts and conskripshens.

"Revoak the Emansipashen Proclamashen, and give bonds that you'll never ishoo another.

"Do away with tresury noates and sich, and pay nuthin but gold.

"Protect our dawters frum nigger eqwality.

"Disarm yoor nigger soljers, and send back the niggers to their owners, to conciliate them.

"Offer to assoom the War indetednis uv the South, and plej the Guverment to remoonerate our Suthrin brethren for the losses they have sustaned in this onnatrel war.

"Call a convenshen uv Suthern men and sech gileless Northern men ez F. Peerce, J. Bookannun, Fernandywood, and myself, to agree upon the terms uv reunion."

"Is that all?" sez the goriller.

"No," says I promptly. "Ez a garantee uv good faith to us, we shel insist that the best haff uv the orifises be given to Dimekrats who repoodiate Vallandigum. Do this, Linkin, and yoo throw lard ile on the trubbled waters. Do this and yoo rally to yoor support thowsends uv noble Dimekrats, who went out uv offis with Bookannon, and hev bin gettin ther whisky on tick ever sinse. We hev maid sakrifises. We hev repoodiated Vallandigum—we care not ef he rots in Canady; we are willing to jine the War party, reservin to ourselvs the poor privilidg uv dictatin how and on wat prinsipples it shel be carried on. Linkin! Goriller! Ape! I hev dun."

The President replide that he would give the matter serious considerashen. He wood menshen the idee uv resinin to Seward, Chais, and Blair, and wood addres a serculer to the postmasters, et settry, and see how menny uv them wood be willin to resine to accomodait Dimekrats. He hed no dout sevral wood do it to wunst.

"Is ther any littel thing I kin do fer *you?*"

"Nothin pertikler. I wood acept a small postorifis, if sitooatid within ezy range uv a distilry. My politikle daze is well-nigh over. Let me but see the old party wunst moar in the assendency; let these old eyes once moar behold the Constooshn ez it is, the Union ez it wuz, and the nigger ware he ought 2 be, and I will rap the mantel uv privit life arownd me, and go in2 delirum tremens happy. I hev no ambishen. I am in the seer and yellow leef. These whitnin lox, them sunken cheek, warn me that age and whisky hev dun ther perfeck work, and that I shel soon go hents. Linkin, scorn not my words. I hev sed. Adoo."

So sayin, I wavd my hand impressively, and walkd away.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Pastor uv sed Church, in charge.

Divers Views, Opinions and Prophecies, Petroleum V. Nasby (David R. Locke), page 128.

The President Invited to Speak at Gettysburg

Mr. David Wills, of Gettysburg, first suggested the creation of a national cemetery on the battle-field, and under Governor Curtin's directions and co-operation he purchased the land for Pennsylvania and other States interested, and superintended the improvements. It had been intended to hold the dedication ceremony on October 23, 1863, but Edward Everett, who was chosen to deliver the oration, had engagements for that time, and at his suggestion the occasion was postponed to November 19th.

On November 2nd, Mr. Wills wrote the President a formal invitation to take part in the dedication.

"These grounds [said his letter in part] will be consecrated and set apart to this sacred purpose by appropriate ceremonies on Thursday, the 19th inst. Hon. Edward Everett will deliver the oration. I am authorized by the governors of the different States to invite you to be present, and to participate in these ceremonies, which will doubtless be very imposing and solemnly impressive. It is the desire that, after the oration, you, as Chief Executive of the nation, formally set apart these grounds to their sacred use by a few appropriate remarks." . . .

There is no decisive record of when Mr. Lincoln wrote the first sentences of his proposed address. He probably followed his usual habit in such matters, using great deliberation in arranging his thoughts, and molding his phrases mentally, waiting to reduce them to writing until they had satisfactory form.

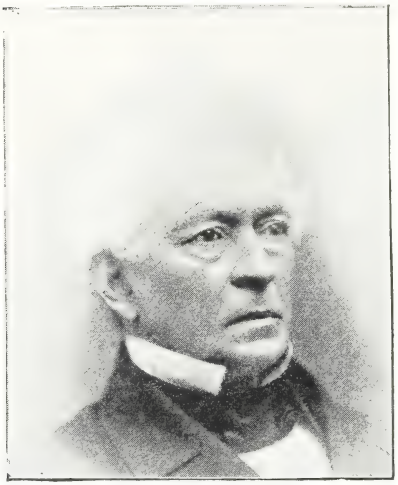
Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, John G. Nicolay. *The Century Magazine*, Vol. XXV, February, 1894, page 596.

The Gettsyburg Speech to Be "Short, Short, Short!"

One November day,—it chanced to be the Sunday before the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg—I had an appointment to go with the President to Gardner, the photographer on Seventh Street, to fulfil a long-standing engagement. Mr. Lincoln carefully explained that he could not go on any other day without interfering with the public business and the photographer's business, to say nothing of his liability to be hindered by curiosity-seekers, "and other seekers," on the way thither.

Just as we were going down the steps of the White House, the President suddenly remembered that he wanted a paper, and after

hurrying back to his office, soon rejoined me with a long envelope in his hand. When we were fairly started, he said that the envelope held an advance copy of Edward Everett's address to be delivered at the Gettysburg dedication on the following Thursday. Drawing it out, I saw that it was a one-page supplement to a Boston paper, and that Mr. Everett's address nearly covered both sides of the sheet.



EDWARD EVERETT

The President expressed his admiration for the thoughtfulness of the Boston orator who had sent this copy of this address in order that Mr. Lincoln might not traverse the same lines that the chosen speaker of the great occasion might have laid out for himself. When I exclaimed at its length, the President laughed and quoted the line,

"Solid men of Boston, make no long orations,"

which he said he had met somewhere in a speech by Daniel Webster. He said that there was no danger that he should get upon the lines of Mr. Everett's oration, for what he had ready to say was very short, or as he emphatically expressed it,—"short, short, short!" In reply to a question as to the speech having been already written, he said it was written, "but not finished." He had brought the paper with him, he explained, hoping that a few minutes of leisure while waiting for the movements of the photographer and his processes would give him a chance to look over the speech.

Glimpses of Lincoln in War Time, Noah Brooks. *The Century Magazine*, Vol. XXVII, January, 1895, page 465.

On the Way to Gettysburg

When Lincoln was on his way to the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, an old gentleman told him that his only son fell on Little Round Top at Gettysburg, and he was going to look at the spot. Mr. Lincoln replied:

"You have been called to make a terrible sacrifice for the Union, and a visit to that spot, I fear, will open your wounds afresh."

"But, oh, my dear sir, if we had reached the end of such sacrifices and had nothing left for us to do but to place garlands on the graves of those who have already fallen, we could give thanks even amidst our tears; but when I think of the sacrifices of life yet to be offered, and the hearts and homes yet to be made desolate before this dreadful war is over, my heart is like lead within me, and I feel at times like hiding in deep darkness."

At one of the stopping places a beautiful little girl having a bunch of rosebuds in her hand was held up to an open window of the President's car lisping, "Flowerth for the Prethident."

The President stepped to the window, took the rosebuds, bent down and kissed the child, saying:

"You are a sweet little rosebud yourself! I hope your life will open into perpetual beauty and goodness."

"*Abe*" *Lincoln's Yarns and Stories*, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 357.

The President and Party at Gettysburg

The President's special train left Washington at noon of Wednesday the 18th. Three members of the Cabinet—Mr. Seward, Secretary of State; Mr. Usher, Secretary of the Interior; and Mr. Blair, Postmaster General—accompanied the President, as did the French minister, M. Mercier; the Italian minister, M. Bertinatti, and several legation secretaries and *attachés*. Mr. Lincoln had also with him his private secretary, Mr. Nicolay, and his assistant private secretary, Colonel John Hay, Captain H. A. Wise of the navy, and Mrs. Wise (daughter of Edward Everett), were also of the party; likewise a number of newspaper correspondents from Washington, and a military guard of honor to take part in the Gettysburg procession. . . .

No accident or delay occurred, and the party arrived in Gettysburg about nightfall. According to invitation, Mr. Lincoln went to the house of Mr. Wills, while the members of his Cabinet, and other distinguished persons of his party, were entertained elsewhere. . . .

It was after the breakfast hour on the morning of the 19th that the writer, Mr. Lincoln's private secretary, went to the upper room which Mr. Lincoln occupied in the house of Mr. Wills, to report for

duty, and remained with the President while he finished writing the Gettysburg address, during the short leisure he could utilize for the purpose before being called to take his place in the procession which was announced on the program promptly at ten o'clock.

There is neither record, evidence, nor well-founded tradition that Mr. Lincoln did any writing, or made any notes, on the journey between Washington and Gettysburg. . . . . Mr. Lincoln carried in his pocket the autograph manuscript of so much of his address as he had written at Washington. . . . . It fills one page of the letter paper at that time habitually used in the Executive Mansion, containing the plainly printed blank heading. . . . .

The time occupied in this final writing was probably about an hour, for it is not likely that he left the breakfast table before nine o'clock, and the formation of the procession began at ten. . .

At about eleven o'clock the Presidential party reached the platform. Mr. Everett, the orator of the day, arrived fully half an hour later. . . . . It was noon before Mr. Everett began his address, after which, for two hours, he held the assembled multitude in rapt attention with his eloquent description and argument, his polished diction, his carefully studied and practised delivery.

When he had concluded and the band had performed the usual musical interlude, President Lincoln rose to fill the part assigned him. It was entirely natural for every one to expect that this would consist of a few perfunctory remarks, the mere formality of official dedication. . . . . They were, therefore, totally unprepared for what they heard, and could not immediately realize that *his* words, and not those of the carefully selected orator, were to carry the concentrated thought of the occasion like a trumpet-peal to farthest posterity.

The newspaper records indicate that when Mr. Lincoln began to speak he held in his hand the manuscript first draft of his address. . . . But it is the distinct recollection of the writer, who sat within a few feet of him, that he did not read from the written pages. . . . . That it was not mere mechanical reading is more definitely confirmed by the circumstance that Mr. Lincoln did not deliver the address in the exact form in which his first draft was written. It was taken down in shorthand by the reporter for the "Associated Press," telegraphed to the principal cities, and printed on the following morning in the leading newspapers: [Page 551.]

FACSIMILE OF THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS
As written by Lincoln for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair at Baltimore, in April, 1864.

Addresss delivered at the dedication of the
Cemetery at Gettysburg.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers
brought forth on this continent, a new na-
tion, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated
to the proposition that all men are crea-
ated equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war,
testing whether that nation, or any nation
so conceived and so dedicated, can long
endure. We are met on a great battle-field
of that war. We have come to dedicate a
portion of that field, as a final resting
place for those who here gave their lives
that that nation might live. It is alto-
gether fitting and proper that we should
do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedi-

cate — we can not consecrate — we can not hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln.

November 19, 1863.

From *Abraham Lincoln: A History*, John G. Nicolay and John Hay.

(*The Address as Delivered, Applauded and Reported.*)

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. [*Applause.*] Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. [*Applause.*] The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. [*Applause.*] It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. [*Applause.*] It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain [*Applause*]; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth. [*Long continued applause.*]

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, John G. Nicolay. *The Century Magazine*, Vol. XXV, February, 1894, page 597.

An Imperfect Tribute

An exquisite story of rare pathos, recently published in a magazine, has been widely and justly admired. It is entitled "The Perfect Tribute" and deals with Lincoln's address at Gettysburg. In it "the perfect tribute" is supposed to consist in the failure of the hearers of that great speech to applaud when the President ceased speaking, so enchanted were they, one and all, with the beauty of the sentiments expressed by the distinguished and popular orator. But the exact reverse was the fact. The auditors applauded repeatedly, as is shown in the stenographic report above quoted.

Lincoln is represented in this story as deeply disappointed

because of the lack of appreciation manifested by the crowd, as he had fondly hoped those words would live—although he is represented to have dashed them off in a few moments on the train to Gettysburg!

Edward Everett was not on the train that day, and other discrepancies appear, as to certain well-known facts connected with the occasion. No details concerning Abraham Lincoln are insignificant, especially those connected with that immortal address. It had been proven and published by one of the President's secretaries, that Lincoln did no writing on the way to Gettysburg and *facsimiles* were given showing that the address had been written at the White House.

It is also true that Lincoln thought slightingly of this speech. He said to his friend Lamon, "It won't *scour*," meaning that it would not be a lasting production. His hearers did not begin to appreciate it until they read it in the newspapers. These are not minor considerations; they are facts too well established to be disregarded even in fiction. Above all, had it been true that the speech was received without applause, it was a belittling conception of Lincoln's mind and character to represent him as brooding and sighing over it like a schoolgirl on graduation day.

"The Perfect Tribute" is a beautiful story, but it is an imperfect tribute to the manhood and genius of Abraham Lincoln.

W. W.

Stanton's Opinion of the Gettysburg Speech

I remember going into Mr. Stanton's room in the War Department on the day after the Gettysburg celebration, and he said:

"Have you seen these Gettysburg speeches?"

"No," I said, "I didn't know you had them."

He said, "Yes, and the people will be delighted with them. Edward Everett has made a speech that will make many columns in the newspapers, and Mr. Lincoln's perhaps forty or fifty lines. Everett's is the speech of a scholar, polished to the last possibility. It is elegant and it is learned; but Lincoln's speech will be read by a thousand men where one reads Everett's, and will be remembered as long as anybody's speeches are remembered who speaks the English language."

Lincoln and His Cabinet, A lecture before the New Haven Colony Historical Society, Charles A. Dana, page 36.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT

CHAPTER XXI

Lincoln and Grant

"I Can't Spare This Man—He Fights"

While in the East the President had been experimenting with men, in the West a man had been painfully and silently making himself. His name was Ulysses S. Grant. The President had known nothing of his coming into the army. No political party had demanded him; indeed he had found it difficult at first, West Point graduate though he was and great as the need of trained service was, to secure the lowest appointment. He had taken what he could get, however, and from the start he had always done promptly the thing asked of him; more than that, he seemed always to be looking for things to do. It was these habits of his that brought him at last, in February of 1862, to the command of a movement in which Lincoln was deeply interested. This was the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, near the mouth of the Tennessee River.

"Our success or failure at Fort Donelson is vastly important, and I beg you to put your soul in the effort," Lincoln wrote . . . to Halleck and Buell, then in command of Missouri and Tennessee. While the President was writing his letters, Grant, in front of Fort Donelson, was writing a note to the Confederate commander, who had asked for terms of capitulation:

"No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately on your works."

To the harassed President at Washington these words must have been like a war-cry. He had spent the winter in a vain effort to inspire his supposed great generals with the very spirit breathed in the words and deeds of this unknown officer in the West.

Grant was now made a Major-General and entrusted with larger things. He always brought about results, but in spite of this the President saw there was much opposition to him. . . . . Finally, on July 16th . . . . . Grant was put at the head of the

armies of the West. . . . . Men came to the President urging his removal. Lincoln shook his head.

"I can't spare this man," he said, "he *fights*."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. II, page 142.

"You Were Right and I Was Wrong"

About nine days after Vicksburg had fallen the President sent the following letter to General Grant, who was deeply touched by its frank and manly character, and the sincerity of its tone:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
"WASHINGTON, D. C., July 10, 1863.

"*My Dear General:*

"I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write th s now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable services you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong.

"A. LINCOLN."

Lincoln and Grant, Horace Porter, *The Century Magazine*, Vol. VIII, October, 1885, page 940.

Pemberton's Army and Sykes's Yellow Dog

Grant's successes brought with them the usual number of jealousies and rivalries. Political generals had their advocates in Washington to plead their cause, while Grant stood without friends at court. His detractors gathered at times a great deal of strength in their efforts to supplant him with a general of their own choosing, and Lincoln was beset by many a delegation who insisted that nothing would harmonize matters in the West but Grant's removal. This nagging continued even after his great triumph at Vicksburg.

Lincoln always enjoyed telling the General, after the two had become personally intimate, how the cross-roads wiseacres had

criticised his campaigns. One day, after dwelling for some time on this subject, he said to Grant:

"After Vicksburg I thought it was about time to shut down on this sort of thing, so one day, when a delegation came to see me and had spent half an hour in trying to show me the fatal mistake you had made in paroling Pemberton's army, and insisting that the Rebels would violate their *paroles* and in less than a month confront you again in the ranks, and have to be whipped all over again, I thought I should get rid of them best by telling them a story about Sykes's dog.

" 'Have you ever heard about Sykes's yellow dog?' said I to the spokesman of the delegation. He said he hadn't.

" 'Well, I must tell you about him,' said I. Sykes had a yellow dog he set great store by, but there were a lot of small boys around the village, and that's always a bad thing for dogs, you know. These boys didn't share Sykes's views, and they were not disposed to let the dog have a fair show. Even Sykes had to admit that the dog was getting unpopular; in fact it was soon seen that a prejudice was growing up against that dog that threatened to wreck all his future prospects in life. The boys, after meditating how they could get the best of him, finally fixed up a cartridge with a long fuse, put the cartridge in a piece of meat, dropped the meat in the road in front of Sykes's door, and then perched themselves on a fence a good distance off with the end of the fuse in their hands, Then they whistled for the dog. When he came out he scented the bait, and bolted the meat, cartridge and all. The boys touched off the fuse with a cigar and in about a second a report came from that dog that sounded like a small clap of thunder. Sykes came bounding out of the house, and yelled:

"'What's up! Anything busted?'

"There was no reply except a snicker from the small boys roosting on the fence, but as Sykes looked up he saw the whole air filled with pieces of yellow dog. He picked up the biggest piece he could find, a portion of the back with a part of the tail still hanging to it, and after turning it around and looking it all over he said:

" 'Well, I guess he'll never be much account again—*as a dog!*'

" 'And I guess Pemberton's forces will never be much account again—*as an army!*'

"The delegation began looking around for their hats before I

had quite got to the end of the story, and I was never bothered any more after that about superseding the commander of the Army of the Tennessee."

Lincoln and Grant, Horace Porter, *The Century Magazine*, Vol. VIII, October, 1885, page 940.

The Statue of Liberty and Grant's Favorite Brand of Whiskey

Armed with a letter from General Grant and with my report, I presented myself at the White House. There was no delay, no obstructive formality. . . . .

My call was so timed that the multitude of visitors as well as the clerks—"the boys," as Mr. Lincoln called them—were gone for the day, and the President was sitting by his office desk alone. . . . . Mr. Lincoln immediately began to ask me questions about his "fighting General," as he already called Grant. . . .

After the President had been questioning me for some time, he quickly turned the conversation . . . and asked me what I had seen since my arrival in the city. I reported a visit to the Capitol, then in process of construction, whereupon Mr. Lincoln asked what the workmen were doing. I told him that they were about to raise the statue of Liberty to the dome, and that on the Senate wing they were preparing pillars for installation.

The President remarked that there were some people who thought the work on the Capitol ought to stop on account of the War, people who begrudged the expenditure and the detention of the workmen from the army. He went on to say that in his judgment the finishing of the Capitol would be a symbol to the nation of the preservation of the Union.

"If people see the Capitol going on, it is a sign we intend the Union shall go on." . . . . .

At another time he interrupted his inquiries to ask if Grant had told me of the raid made upon him—the President—in Washington. I replied that I had not heard of it.

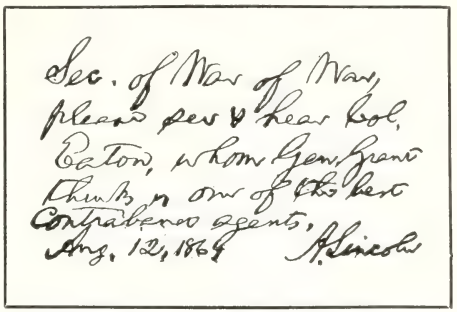
"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "you know a raid in Washington is different from what you military men mean by a raid. With you it is an attack by the enemy—the capture of soldiers and supplies; with us it is an attack by our friends in Congress seeking to influence a change in policy."

"A company of Congressmen came to me to protest that Grant ought not to be retained as a commander of American



THE CAPITOL AT LAST FINISHED—WITH THE STATUE OF LIBERTY IN PLACE

citizens. I asked what was the trouble. They said he was not fit to command such men. I asked why, and they said he sometimes drank too much and was unfit for such a position. I then began to ask them if they knew what he drank, what brand of whiskey he used, telling them most seriously that I wished they would find out. They conferred with each other and concluded they could not tell what brand he used. I urged them to ascertain and let me know, for if it made fighting generals like Grant, I should like to get some of it for distribution among some of the other generals."



From *Grant, Lincoln and the Freedmen.*

A CARD OF INTRODUCTION

Grant, Lincoln and the Freedmen, John Eaton, Ph.D., LL.D., page 87.

Real Distress over a Few "Niggers" Troubled with "Jiggers"

According to my appointment, I returned to the White House next morning and received the copy of my report. The President left me in no doubt as to the satisfaction with which he had read the information contained therein. He spoke at some length about the efforts that had been made in the East to meet the Negro question; how he had urged deportation and colonization, and of the failure of such efforts to solve the difficulty. His sympathy with the suffering caused by some of the mistakes was very evident. He told me, for instance, that the negroes in the Cow Island settlement on the coast of Hayti were suffering intensely from a pest of "jiggers," from which there seemed to be no escape or protection. His distress was as keen as it was sincere, and I have often thought of it as an illustration of his kindness of heart, which found no detail too insignificant upon which to expend itself. The spectacle of the President of the United States, conducting the affairs of the nation in the midst of civil war and genuinely affected by the discomfort occasioned a little group of negroes by an insect no bigger than a pin-head, was a spectacle that has stayed by me all my life.

Grant, Lincoln and the Freedmen, John Eaton, Ph.D., LL.D., page 91.

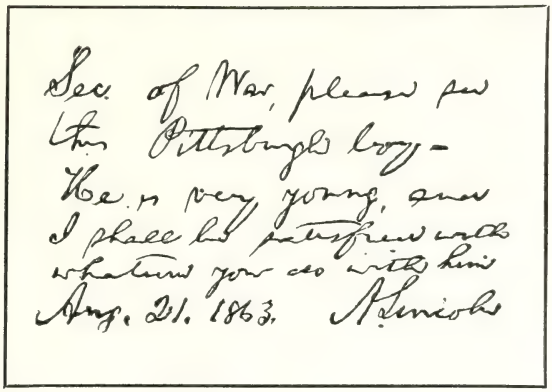
"He Cares for Us Soldiers"

Severe as Lincoln could be with any disposition to shirk what he considered a just and necessary demand, strenuously as he insisted that the ranks must be kept full, he never came to regard the army as a mere machine, never forgot the individual men who made it up. Indeed, he was the one man in the Government who, from first to last, was big enough to use both his head and his heart. From the outset, he was the personal friend of every soldier he sent to the front, and somehow every man seemed to know it. No doubt it was on Lincoln's visits to the camps around Washington, in the early days of the War, that the body of the soldiers got this idea. They never forgot his friendly hand-clasp, his hearty "God bless you," his remonstrance against the youth of some fifteen-year-old boy masquerading as twenty, his jocular remarks about the height of some soldier towering above his own six feet four. . . . . He inquired into every phase of camp life, and the men knew it and said to one another,

"He cares for us; he makes us fight, but he cares."

Reports of scores of cases where he interfered personally to secure some favor or right for a soldier found their way to the army and gave solid foundation to this impression that he was the soldiers' friend. From the time of the arrival of the first troops in Washington, in April, 1861, the town was full of men, all of them wanting to see the President. At first they were gay and curious merely, their requests trival; but later when the army had settled down to steady fighting, and Bull Run and the Peninsula and Antietam and Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville had cut and scarred and aged it, the soldiers who haunted Washington were changed. They stumped about on crutches. They sat pale and thin in the parks, empty sleeves pinned to their breasts; they came to the White House begging for furloughs to see dying parents, for release to support a suffering family.

No man will ever know how many of these soldiers Abraham Lincoln helped. Little cards are constantly turning up in different parts of the country, treasured by private soldiers, on which he had written some brief note to a proper authority, intended to help a man out of a difficulty. Here is one:


Sec. of War, please see
this Pittsburgh boy -
He is very young, and
I shall be satisfied with
whatever you do with him
Aug. 21. 1863. A. Lincoln

"The Pittsburgh boy," had enlisted at seventeen. He had been ill with a long fever. He wanted a furlough, and with a curious trust that anything could be done if he could only get to the President, he had slipped into the White House and by chance met Lincoln who listened to his story and gave him this note.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. II, page 149.

"No Man's Shoulders Are Broad Enough"

He was as tender-hearted as a girl. He asked me if the masses of the people in Ohio held him in any way personally responsible for the loss of their friends in the army.

"It is a good thing for individuals," he said, "that there's a government to shove over their acts upon. No man's shoulders are broad enough to bear what must be."

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, David R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby"). Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 451.

Four Reprieves, Judge Holt and the "Leg Cases"

In the earlier years of the War all the death penalties of courts-martial had to be sent up to the President, as commander-in-chief, for his approval. When Judge Holt, the Judge-Advocate-General of the Army, laid the first case before the President, and explained it, he replied:

"Well, I will keep this a few days until I have more time to look up the testimony."

That seemed quite reasonable. When the Judge explained the next case, Mr. Lincoln said:

"I must put this by until I can settle in my mind whether this soldier can better serve the country dead than living."

To the third, he answered:

"The general commanding that brigade is to be here in a few days to consult with Stanton and myself about military matters; I will wait until then, and talk the matter over with him."

Finally there was a very flagrant case of a soldier, who, in a crisis of battle, demoralized his regiment by his cowardice, throwing down his gun and hiding behind a friendly stump. When tried for his cowardice there was no defense. The court-martial, in examining his antecedents, found that he had neither father nor mother living, nor wife nor child; that he was unfit to wear the loyal uniform, and that he was a thief who stole continually from his comrades.

"Here," said Judge Holt, "is a case which comes exactly within your requirements. He does not deny his guilt; he will better serve his country dead than living, as he has no relations to mourn for him, and he is not fit to be in the ranks of patriots, at any rate."

Mr. Lincoln's refuge of excuse was all swept away. Judge Holt expected, of course, that he would write "approved" on the paper; but the President, running his long fingers through his hair, as he so often used to do when in anxious thought, replied:

"Well, after all, Judge, I think I must put this with my leg cases."

"*Leg cases*," said Judge Holt, with a frown at this supposed levity of the President, in a case of life and death. "What do you mean by '*leg cases*,' sir?"

"Why, why!" replied Mr. Lincoln, "do you see those papers crowded into those pigeon-holes? They are the cases that you call by that long title, 'Cowardice in the face of the enemy,' but I call them, for short, my 'leg cases.' But I put it to you, and I leave it for you to decide for yourself: if Almighty God gives a man a cowardly pair of legs—how can he help their running away with him?"

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Schuyler Colfax. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 341.

"Got Generals Enough—Bring Us Some Hard-Tack"

Lincoln particularly liked a joke at the expense of the dignity of some high civil or military official. One day, not long before his second inauguration, he asked me if I had heard about Stanton's meeting a picket on Broad River, South Carolina, and then told this story:

"General Foster, then at Port Royal, escorted the Secretary up the river, taking a quartermaster's tug. Reaching the outer lines on the river, a picket roared from the bank, 'Who have you got on board that tug?' The severe and dignified answer was, 'The Secretary of War and Major-General Foster.' Instantly the picket roared back, 'We've got major-generals enough up here—why don't you bring us up some hard-tack?'"

The story tickled Lincoln mightily, and he told it until it was replaced by a new one.

Washington in Lincoln's Time, Noah Brooks, page 291.

"Butler or No Butler, Here Goes!"

A Congressman went up to the White House one morning on business, and saw in the anteroom, always crowded with people in those days, an old man crouched all alone in a corner, crying as if his heart would break. As such a sight was by no means uncommon, the Congressman passed into the President's room, transacted his business, and went away. The next morning he was obliged to go again to the White House, and he saw the same old man crying as before in the corner. He stopped and said to him:

"What's the matter?"

The old man told him the story of his son—a soldier in General Butler's army—that he had been convicted by a court-martial of an outrageous crime and sentenced to be shot next week, and his Congressman was so convinced of the man's guilt that he would not intervene.

"Well, ...I will take you in, after I have finished my business, and you can tell Mr. Lincoln all about it."

On being introduced into Mr. Lincoln's presence, he was accosted with:

"Well, my old friend, what can I do for you to-day?"

The old man then repeated his story to Mr. Lincoln. A cloud of sorrow came over the President's face as he said:

"I am sorry to say I can do nothing for you. Listen to this telegram received from General Butler yesterday:

" 'PRESIDENT LINCOLN: I pray you not to interfere with the courts-martial of the army. You will destroy all discipline among our soldiers.—B. F. BUTLER.' "

Every word of this dispatch seemed like the death knell of despair to the old man's newly awakened hopes. Mr. Lincoln watched his grief for a minute, and then exclaimed:

"*By jings, Butler or no Butler, here goes!*"—writing a few words and handing them to the old man:

"Job Smith is not to be shot until further orders from me.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

"Why," said the old man, "I thought it was to be a pardon; but you say 'not to be shot till further orders,' and you may order him shot next week."

Mr. Lincoln smiled at the old man's fears and replied:

"Well, my old friend, I see you are not very well acquainted with me. If your son never looks on death till further orders come from me to shoot him, he will live to be a great deal older than Methuselah."

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Schuyler Colfax. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 343.

Lincoln's Amnesty Proclamation

Congress met at the usual time, in the last month of 1863; and the President sent in his annual message, in which he offered another inducement to the Rebels to lay down their arms and return to their allegiance to the United States. This is called the Proclamation of Amnesty (or pardon), and you shall have the President's own words:

"I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do proclaim, declare, and make known to all persons who have directly or by implication participated in the existing Rebellion, except as hereinafter excepted, that a full pardon is hereby granted to them and each of them, with restoration of all rights of property, except as to slaves, and in property cases where rights of third parties shall

have intervened, and upon the condition that every such person shall take and subscribe an oath and thenceforward keep and maintain said oath inviolate,—an oath which shall be registered for permanent preservation, and shall be of the tenor and effect following, to wit:

" 'I, ———, do solemnly swear, in presence of Almighty God, that I will faithfully support, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States and the Union of the States thereunder, and that I will in like manner abide by and faithfully support all acts of Congress passed during the existing Rebellion with reference to slaves so long and so far as not repealed, modified, or held void, by Congress or the decision of the Supreme Court; and that I will in like manner abide by and faithfully support all proclamations of the President made during the existing Rebellion, having reference to slaves, so long and so far as not modified or declared void by decision of the Supreme Court. So help me God.' "

[Civil, military and naval officers under the so-called Confederate government, especially those who left positions of honor and trust to aid and abet the Rebellion were not included in the general terms of this proclamation.]

Thus, you see that although the enemies of the good President accused him of prolonging the War for his own purposes,—and some of them went so far as to declare that he might have had peace long before if he had desired it,—this was so far from being true that he was constantly planning every means he could think of to induce the Rebels to cease fighting before they were conquered and compelled to surrender.

I have told you of the various ways in which he tried to show the Southern people that they could gain nothing by the War, but in the end must lose everything, slaves and all. Now, as a last resort, he told them that if they would only take this oath of allegiance to the Government of the United States and keep it, he would pardon them. In other words, he would *forget* that they had ever been Rebels,—for *amnesty* comes from a Greek word which means *to forget*.

The Children's Life of Abraham Lincoln, M. Louise Putnam, page 242.

"Think of Going into Eternity with the Blood of That Poor Young Man on My Skirts"

A personal friend of President Lincoln is authority for this:

"I called on him one day. He had just written a pardon for a young man who had been sentenced to be shot for sleeping at his post. He remarked as he read it to me:

" 'I could not think of going into eternity with the blood of that poor young man on my skirts.' Then he added:

" 'It is not to be wondered at that a boy, raised on the farm, probably in the habit of going to bed at dark, should, when required to watch, fall asleep; and I cannot consent to shooting him for such an act.' "

"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 416.

Burning of the White House Stables and Loss of the Boys' Ponies

Wednesday night, February 10th (1864) was an exciting one at the White House, the stables belonging to the mansion being burned to the ground. The loss most severely felt was of the two ponies, one of which had belonged to Willie Lincoln, the President's second son, who died in 1862, and the other to Tad, the youngest, and pet of his father, who in his infancy nicknamed him "Tadpole," subsequently abbreviated to "Taddie," and then "Tad." His real name was Thomas, named for the father of Mr. Lincoln.

LEADING EVENTS IN 1863

Union victory at Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Dec. 31 to Jan. 2
Emancipation Proclamation	Jan. 1
Confederate victory at Chancellorsville, Va.,	May 2-3
Union victory at Gettysburg, Pa.	July 1-3
Grant captures Vicksburg, Miss.	July 4
Draft riots in New York	July 13-16
Confederate victory at Chickamauga, Ga.	Sept. 19-20
Union victory at Lookout Mountain, Tenn.	Nov. 24-25

Upon Tad's learning of the loss, he threw himself at full length upon the floor, and could not be comforted. The only allusion I ever heard the President make to Willie was on this occasion, in connection with the loss of his pony. John Hay, the assistant private secretary, told me that he was rarely known to speak of his lost son.

Six Months at the White House, F. B. Carpenter, page 44.

"I Will Be Far Happier Than I Have Ever Been Here"

In 1864, when one of my soldiers was unjustly sentenced and his gray-haired mother pleaded with me to use what influence I

would have with the President, I went to Washington and told the story to the President. He said he had heard something about it from Mr. Stanton, and he said he would investigate the matter, and he did afterward decide that the man should not be put to death.

At the close of that interview I said to the President:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Lincoln, but is it not a most exhausting thing to sit here hearing all these appeals and have all of this business on your hands?"

He laid his head on his hand, and, in a somewhat wearied manner, said, with a deep sigh:

"Yes, yes; no man ought to be ambitious to be President of the United States; and," said he, "when this war is over—and that won't be very long—I tell my Tad that we will go back to the farm, where I was happier as a boy when I dug potatoes at twenty-five cents a day than I am now; I tell him I will buy him a mule and a pony and he shall have a little cart and he shall make a little garden in a field all his own." And the President's face beamed as he arose from his chair in the delight of excitement as he said:

"Yes, I will be far happier than I have ever been here."

Personal Glimpses of Celebrated Men and Women, Russell H. Conwell, page 356.

"A Little More Light and a Little Less Noise"

Wednesday, March 2nd (1864), I had an unusually long and interesting sitting from the President. . . . . The news had been recently received of the disaster under General Seymour in Florida. Many newspapers openly charged the President with having sent the expedition with primary reference to restoring the State in season to secure its vote at the forthcoming Baltimore Convention. Mr. Lincoln was deeply wounded by these charges. . . . . A few days afterward an editorial appeared in the New York *Tribune*, which was known not to favor Lincoln's renomination, entirely exonerating him from blame. I took the article to him in his study, and he expressed much gratification at its candor. In connection with newspaper attacks he told, during the sitting, this story:

"A traveler on the frontier found himself out of his reckoning one night in a most inhospitable region. A terrific thunderstorm came up, to add to his trouble. He floundered along until at

length his horse gave out. The lightning afforded him the only clew to his way, but the peals of thunder were frightful. One bolt, which seemed to crush the earth beneath him, brought him to his knees. By no means a praying man, his petition was short and to the point:

" 'O Lord, if it's all the same to you, give us a little more light and a little less noise.'"

Six Months in the White House, F. B. Carpenter, page 48.

First Meeting of Lincoln and Grant

The first time the two men saw each other was about one o'clock on the 9th of March, 1864, when General Grant called upon the President at the White House to receive the commission constituting him Lieutenant-General of the armies. The General had arrived in Washington from the West the day before, and was on his way to establish his headquarters in Virginia. The interview took place in the Cabinet room. There were present, besides the members of the Cabinet, General Halleck, a member of Congress, two of General Grant's staff-officers, his eldest son, Frederick D. Grant, and the President's private secretary. Lincoln, in handing the General his commission, read with much feeling a few words which he had written for the occasion, ending with the remark.

"As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need add that, with what I here speak for the nation, goes my own hearty personal concurrence."

The General took the commission very much as a graduate steps up and takes his diploma from the president of his college. He had written a brief reply on a sheet of paper which he drew from his pocket and read. It closed as follows:

"I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving upon me; and I know that if they are met it will be due to those armies, and above all to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

Lincoln and Grant, Horace Porter, *The Century Magazine*, Vol. VIII, October, 1885, page 940.

The Military Situation and the Monkey with Too Much Tail

Just after receiving my commission as Lieutenant-General, the President called me aside to speak to me privately. After a brief reference to the military situation, he said he thought he could

illustrate what he wanted to say by a story, which he related as follows:

"At one time there was a great war among the animals, and one side had great difficulty in getting a commander who had sufficient confidence in himself. Finally, they found a monkey, by the name of Jocko, who said that he thought he could command their army if his tail could be made a little longer. So they got more tail and spliced it on to his caudal appendage. He looked at it admiringly, and then thought he ought to have a little more still. This was added, and again he called for more. The splicing process was repeated many times, until they had coiled Jocko's tail around the room, filling all the space. Still he called for more tail, there being no other place to coil it, they began wrapping it around his shoulders. He continued his call for more, and they kept on winding the additional tail about him until its weight broke him down."

I saw the point, and, rising from my chair, replied:

"Mr. President, I will not call for more assistance unless I find it impossible to do with what I already have."

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 1.



From *Abraham Lincoln: A History*, John G. Nicolay and John Hay.

GENERAL GRANT
From a War-time Photograph.

A Visit to City Point

On March 20, 1864, the General invited the President to visit him at City Point. The invitation was ac-

cepted the next day, and the President arrived at the headquarters of the armies on the 22nd, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and their youngest son, Tad. . . . . Upon the arrival of the steamboat [the *River Queen*] at the wharf at City Point, General Grant and several members of his staff went aboard to welcome the Presidential party. The President gave each one a hearty greeting, and in his frank and cordial way said many complimentary things about the hard work that had been done during the long winter's siege, and how fully the country appreciated it. When asked how he was, he said:

"I am not feeling very well. I got pretty badly shaken up on the bay coming down, and am not altogether over it yet."

"Let me send for a bottle of champagne for you, Mr. President" said a staff-officer; "that's the best remedy I know of for seasickness."

"No, no, my young friend," replied the President, "I've seen many a man in my time seasick ashore from drinking that very article."

That was the last time any one screwed up sufficient courage to offer him wine.

Lincoln and Grant, Horace Porter, *The Century Magazine*, Vol. VIII, October, 1885, page 942.

England and the Sangamon Barber

Upon the return to headquarters at City Point, he sat for awhile by the camp-fire; and as the smoke curled about his head during certain shiftings of the wind, and he brushed it away from time to time by waving his hand in front of his face, he entertained the General-in-chief and several members of his staff by talking in a most interesting manner about public affairs, and illustrating the subjects mentioned with his incomparable anecdotes.

At first his manner was grave and his language much more serious than usual. . . . After awhile he spoke in a less serious vein, and said:

"England will live to regret her inimical attitude toward us. After the collapse of the Rebellion, John Bull will find that he has injured himself much more seriously than us. His action reminds me of a barber in Sangamon County in my State. He had just gone to bed when a stranger came along and said he must be shaved; that he had a four days' beard on his face, and was going to take a

girl to a ball, and that beard must come off. Well, the barber got up reluctantly and dressed, and seated the man in a chair with a back so low that every time he bore down on him he came near dislocating the victim's neck. He began by lathering his face, including his nose, eyes and ears, stropped his razor on his boot, and then made a drive at the man's countenance as if he had practised mowing in a stubble-field. He cut a bold swath across the right cheek, carrying away the beard, a pimple, and two warts. The man in the chair ventured to remark:

"'You appear to make everything level as you go.'

"'Yes,' said the barber, 'and if this handle don't break, I guess I'll get away with most of what's there.'

"The man's cheeks were so hollow that the barber couldn't get down into the valleys with the razor, and the ingenious idea occurred to him to stick his fingers in the man's mouth and press out the cheeks. Finally he cut clear through the cheek and into his own fingers. He pulled the finger out of the man's mouth, snapped the blood off it, glared at him, and cried:

"'There, you lantern-jawed cuss, you've made me cut my finger!'

"And so England will discover that she has got the South into a pretty bad scrape by trying to administer to her, and in the end she will find that she has only cut her own finger."

Campaigning with Grant, Horace Porter, page 406.

"Mind, That Old Grudge Stands!"

After the laugh that followed this story had exhausted itself, General Grant asked:

"Mr. President, did you at any time doubt the final success of the cause?"

"Never for a moment," was the prompt and emphatic reply as Mr. Lincoln leaned forward in his camp-chair and enforced his words by a vigorous gesture of his right hand.

"Mr. Seward, when he visited me last summer, gave a very interesting account of the complications and embarrassments arising from the Mason and Slidell affair, when those commissioners were captured on board the English vessel *Trent*," remarked General Grant.

"Yes," said the President; "Seward studied up all the works ever written on international law, and came to Cabinet meetings

loaded to the muzzle with the subject. We gave due consideration to the case, but at that critical period of the War it was soon decided to deliver up the prisoners. It was a pretty bitter pill to swallow, but I contented myself with believing that England's triumph in the matter would be short-lived, and that after ending our War successfully we would be so powerful that we could call her to account for all the embarrassments she had inflicted upon us. I felt a good deal like the sick man in Illinois who was told he probably hadn't many days longer to live and he ought to make peace with any enemies he might have. He said the man he hated worst of all was a fellow named Brown, in the next village, and he guessed he had better begin on him. So Brown was sent for, and when he came the sick man began to say, in a voice as meek as Moses's, that he wanted to die at peace with all his fellow-creatures, and he hoped he and Brown could now shake hands and bury all their enmity. The scene was becoming altogether too pathetic for Brown, who had to get out his handkerchief and wipe the gathering tears from his eyes. It wasn't long before he melted and gave his hand to his neighbor, and they had a regular love-feast of forgiveness. After a parting that would have softened the heart of a grindstone, Brown had about reached the room door, when the sick man rose up on his elbow and called out to him:

"'But see here, Brown, if I should happen to get well, mind, that old grudge stands!'

"So I thought that if this nation should happen to get well we might want that old grudge against England to stand."

Campaigning with Grant, Horace Porter, page 406.

"I Will Make a Fizzle, Anyhow"

Upon one occasion, when the President was at my headquarters at City Point, I took him to see the work that had been done on the Dutch Gap Canal. After taking him around and showing him all the points of interest, explaining how, in blowing up one portion of the work that was being excavated, the explosion had thrown the material back into, and filled up, a part already completed, he turned to me and said:

"Grant, do you know what this reminds me of? Out in Springfield, Illinois, there was a blacksmith named Blank. One day,

when he did not have much to do, he took a piece of soft iron that had been in his shop for some time, and for which he had no special use, and, starting up his fire, began to heat it. When he got it hot he carried it to the anvil and began to hammer it, rather thinking he would weld it into an agricultural implement. He pounded away for some time until he got it fashioned into some shape, when he discovered that the iron would not hold out to complete the implement he had in mind.

"He then put it back into the forge, heated it up again, and recommenced hammering, with an ill-defined notion that he would make a claw-hammer, but after a time he came to the conclusion that there was more iron there than was needed to form a hammer. Again he heated it, and thought he would make an ax. After hammering and welding it into shape, knocking the oxidized iron off in flakes, he concluded there was not enough of the iron left to make an ax that would be of any use. He was now getting tired and a little disgusted at the results of his various essays. So he filled his forge full of coal, and after placing the iron in the center of the heap, he took the bellows and worked up a tremendous blast, bringing the iron to a white heat. Then with his tongs he lifted it from the bed of coals, and thrusting it into a tub of water near by, exclaimed with an oath,

" 'Well, if I can't make anything else of you, I will make a fizzle, anyhow.' "

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 2.

"Is This Bloody War Ever to End?"

The morning after the bloody battle of the Wilderness, I saw him walk up and down the Executive Chamber, his long arms behind his back, his dark features contracted still more with gloom; and as he looked up, I thought his face the saddest one I had ever seen. He exclaimed:

"Why do we suffer reverses after reverses! Could we have avoided this terrible, bloody war! Was it not forced upon us! Is it ever to end!"

But he quickly recovered, and told me the sad aggregate of those days of bloodshed. Of course it is perfectly well known that the battle of the Wilderness, then claimed as a drawn battle, was, on the contrary, a bloody reverse to our arms, our loss in killed and

wounded alone being fifteen thousand more than the Confederates'. Hope beamed on his face as he said:

"Grant will not fail us now; he says he 'will fight it out on that line,' and this is now the hope of our country."

An hour afterward, he was telling story after story to congressional visitors at the White House, to hide his saddened heart from their keen and anxious scrutiny.

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Schuyler Colfax. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 337.

"How Unfortunate! Those Mules Cost Us $200 Apiece

The generals of the army were not always pleased with his calling them so familiarly, "my generals," as I can illustrate by an incident.

Walking up Pennsylvania Avenue one evening with several other members (of Congress), on the road to the White House, a courier who had just dashed across the Long Bridge, hailed us, and told us the news he was taking to the War Department. It seems that in the gray of that very morning a Rebel raid in Falls Church, a little hamlet a dozen miles away, had surprised and captured a brigadier-general, and twelve army mules, and had got into the Rebel lines before they could be recaptured. As we were going to the Executive Chamber, we thought we would tell Mr. Lincoln the news in advance; but he said, instantly, on hearing it:

"How unfortunate! I can fill his place with one of my generals in five minutes, but those *mules* cost us $200 apiece."

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Schuyler Colfax. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 339.

"There Won't Be Any Fun till I Get There!"

I was designated by the Secretary of War as a sort of special escort to accompany the President from Washington to Gettysburg upon the occasion of the first anniversary of the battle at that place. At the appointed time I went to the White House, where I found the President's carriage at the door to take him to the station; but he was not ready. When he appeared it was rather late, and I remarked that he had no time to lose in going to the train.

"Well," said he, "I feel about that as the convict in one of our Illinois towns felt when he was going to the gallows. As he passed along the road in custody of the sheriff, the people, eager to see the

execution, kept crowding and pushing past him. At last he called out:

" 'Boys, you needn't be in such a hurry to get ahead, *there won't be any fun till I get there.*' "

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, James B. Fry. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 402.

The President's Narrow Escape

One night, when there were indications that an attack would be made, I was on guard at the War Department. At three o'clock in the morning, I heard loud cries in the street, sounding nearer and nearer to the department. My first impression was that Early's raiders had broken in and were coming to burn and pillage. . . . On opening the door upon the street, a large herd of beef cattle was seen wending its way to the commissary's *corral* and the herders were making the outcry. These cattle had been pastured some miles out in Maryland, and narrowly escaped being captured by Early. . .

There had been no stampede in Washington. People did not seem to think there was much danger of a catastrophe. The Confederates left some of the forts; and two or three houses under the guns of Fort Stevens, on the turnpike-road to Brookville, Maryland, were battered down, to dislodge some of the enemy's sharp-shooters who found shelter there while trying to pick off our gunners.

It was related of President Lincoln that he rode out to Fort Stevens while the skirmishing was going on, and, heedless of danger, mounted the parapet to get a good view. While standing there, his tall frame presenting a prominent target, a bullet passed between him and a young lady who was standing by his side. . . . .He was then induced to descend under cover.

Anecdotes of the Civil War, Brevet Major-General E. D. Townsend, page 109

"I Will Keep My Part of the Bargain"

Tad, as he was universally called, almost always accompanied his father upon the various excursions down the Potomac. . . . . Once on the way to Fortress Monroe, he became very troublesome. The President was much engaged in conversation with the party who accompanied him, and he at length said:

"Tad, if you will be a good boy, and not disturb me any more till we get to Fortress Monroe, I will give you a dollar."

The hope of reward was effectual for a while in securing silence, but, boy-like, Tad soon forgot his promise, and was as noisy as ever. Upon reaching their destination, however, he said very promptly:

"Father, I want my dollar."

Mr. Lincoln turned to him with the inquiry:

"Tad, do you think you have earned it?"

"Yes," was the sturdy reply.

Mr. Lincoln looked at him half reproachfully for an instant, and then taking from his pocket a dollar note, he said:

"Well, my son, at any rate I will keep *my* part of the bargain."

Six Months at the White House, F. B. Carpenter, page 93.

"Would to God This Dinner Were with Our Poor Prisoners in Andersonville!"

When we reached the left of the line we turned off toward the hospitals, which were quite extensive and kept in most admirable order by my medical director, Surgeon McCormack.

The President passed through all the wards, stopping and speaking very kindly to some of the poor fellows as they lay on their cots, and occasionally administered a few words of commendation to the ward master.

Sometimes when reaching a patient who showed much suffering the President's eyes would glisten with tears. The effect of his presence upon these sick men was wonderful, and his visit did great good, for there was no medicine which was equal to the cheerfulness which his visit so largely inspired.

I accompanied him to Fort Monroe, and afterward to Fort Wool, which is on the middle ground between the channels at Hampton Roads. As we sat at dinner, before we took the boat for Washington, his mind seemed to be preoccupied, and he hardly did justice to the best dinner our resources could provide for him. I said, "I hope you are not unwell; you do not eat, Mr. President." "I am well enough," was the reply, "but would to God this dinner or provisions like it were with our poor prisoners in Andersonville."

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Benjamin F. Butler. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 148.

"Brother Greeley" as Peace Commissioner

One of the cleverest minor political moves which Mr. Lincoln ever made was an appointment he once gave Horace Greeley. Mr. Greeley never approved of Mr. Lincoln's manner of conducting the

War, and he sometimes abused the President roundly for his deliberation. As the War went on, Greeley grew more and more irritable, because the Administration did not make peace on some terms. Finally, in July, 1864, he received a letter from a pretended agent of the Confederate authorities in Canada, saying:

"I am authorized to state to you for your use only, not the public, that two ambassadors of Davis and Company are now in Canada with full and complete powers for a peace, and Mr. Sanders requests that you come on immediately to me at Cataract House to have a private interview; or, if you will send the President's protection for him and two friends, they will come on and meet you. He says the whole matter can be consummated by me, them, and President Lincoln."

This letter was followed the next day by a telegram, saying: "Will you come here? Parties have full power."

Upon receiving this letter, Mr. Greeley wrote to President Lincoln, more or less in the strain of the articles that he had published in the *Tribune*. He complained bitterly of the way the business of the Government was managed in the great crisis, and told the President that now there was a way open to peace. . . . . Mr. Lincoln immediately responded by asking Mr. Greeley to be himself the representative and to go to Niagara Falls.

"If you can find any person anywhere," the President wrote, "professing to have any proposition of Jefferson Davis, in writing, for peace, embracing the restoration of the Union and abandonment of slavery, whatever else it embraces, say to him he may come to me with you, and that if he really brings such proposition he shall at the least have safe conduct with the paper (and without publicity, if he chooses) to the point where you shall have meet him. The same, if there be two or more persons."

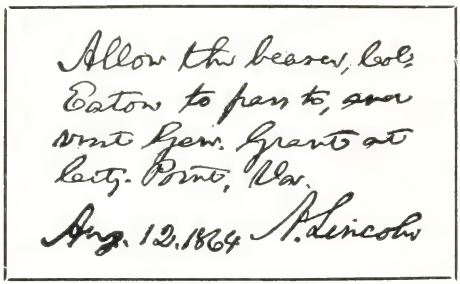
Mr. Greeley went to Niagara, but his mission ended in nothing except that the poor man, led astray by too great confidence, failed in his undertaking, and was almost universally laughed at. I saw the President not long after that, and he said, with a funny twinkle in his eye:

"I sent Brother Greeley a commission. I guess I am about even with him now."

Recollections of the Civil War, Charles A. Dana, page 178.

Lincoln's Sublime Confidence in Grant

Upon the whole, the summer of 1864 was the most discouraging period of the war. Battle had followed upon battle; our soldiers were laying down their lives in unnumbered thousands, and still resistance was strong. Vigorous leaders in the South were resolute, and their people responded to them with remarkable vigor and determination. Disaffection had grown in the North. Confederate agencies were at work on Canadian soil; Lincoln's own friends had begun to criticise him,—sometimes for being too slow, sometimes for being too fast. The disaffection began to organize. True, he had been renominated, but there was an effort making in some quarters to find some one else to run, as it was declared, to save the Union. Of all this the President spoke freely. . . . .


Allow the bearer, Col. Eaton to pass to, and visit Gen. Grant at City Point, Va.
Aug. 12. 1864 A. Lincoln

From *Grant, Lincoln and the Freedmen.*

FACSIMILE OF PASS BY LINCOLN

To me, as to others who have recorded the phrase, he remarked that he "thought it might be risky,—swapping horses in mid-stream." . . .

"Do you know," queried the President, "what General Grant thinks of the effort now making to nominate him [Grant] for the Presidency? Has he spoken of it to you?"

I answered that I knew nothing; that I had been so far away from Grant since the opening of the campaign that I had not heard what he thought.

"Well," said Lincoln, "the disaffected are trying to get him to run, but I don't think they can do it. If he is the great general we think he is, he must have some consciousness of it, and know that he cannot be satisfied with himself, and secure the credit due for his great generalship, if he does not finish his job. I do not believe," he repeated, "that they can get him to run." . . .

It was distinctly not the personal rivalry with Grant which Mr. Lincoln dreaded, but rather the loss which our cause would suffer if Grant could be induced to go into politics before the military situation was secure. This the President made unmistakably plain to me. His confidence in Grant was one of the finest things

I ever witnessed. The generals, he said, had failed him, one after the other, until Grant had come to the front.

"Before Grant took command of the Eastern forces," said the President, "we did not sleep at night here in Washington. We began to fear the Rebels would take the Capital, and once in possession of that, we feared that foreign countries might acknowledge the Confederacy. Nobody could foresee the evil that might come from the destruction of records and of property. But since Grant has assumed command on the Potomac, I have made up my mind that whatever it is possible to have done, Grant will do, and whatever he doesn't do, I don't believe is to be done. And now," he added with emphasis, "we sleep at night."

Grant, Lincoln and the Freedmen, John Eaton, Ph.D., LL.D., page 184.

The President in the Streets of the Capital

August 12th (1864). I see the President almost every day, as I happen to live where he passes to or from his lodgings out of town. He never sleeps at the White House during the hot season, but has quarters at a healthy location some three miles north of the city, the Soldiers' Home, a United States military establishment. I saw him this morning about 8.30 coming in to business, riding on Vermont Avenue, near L Street. He always has a company of twenty-five or thirty cavalry, with sabres drawn and held upright over their shoulders. They say this guard was against his personal wish, but he let his counselors have their way. The party makes no show in uniform or horses. Mr. Lincoln on the saddle generally rides a good-sized, easy-going gray horse, is dressed in plain black, somewhat rusty and dusty, wears a black stiff hat, and looks about as ordinary in attire, etc., as the commonest man. A lieutenant, with yellow stripes, rides at his left, and following behind, two by two, come the cavalry men, in their yellow-striped jackets. They are generally going at a slow trot, as that is the pace set them by the one they wait upon. The sabres and accoutrements clank, and the entirely unornamental *cortège*, as it trots towards Lafayette Square, arouses no sensation, only some curious stranger stops and gazes. I see very plainly ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S dark brown face, with the deep-cut lines, the eyes always look to me with a deep latent sadness in the expression. We have got so that we exchange bows, and very cordial ones. Sometimes the

President goes and comes in an open *barouche*. The cavalry always accompany him, with drawn sabres. Often I notice as he goes out evenings—and sometimes in the morning, when he returns early—he turns off and halts at the large and handsome residence of the Secretary of War, on K Street, and holds conference there. If in his *barouche*, I can see from my window he does not alight, but sits in his vehicle, and Mr. Stanton comes out to attend him. Sometimes one of his sons (Tad), a boy of ten or twelve, accompanies him, riding at his right on a pony. Earlier in the summer I occasionally saw the President and his wife, toward the latter part of the afternoon, out in a *barouche*, on a pleasure ride through the city. Mrs. Lincoln was dressed in complete black, with a long crape veil. The equipage is of the plainest kind, only two horses, and they nothing extra. They once passed me very close, and I saw the President in the face fully, as they were moving slowly, and his look, though abstracted, happened to be directed steadily in my eye. He bowed and smiled, but far beneath his smile I noticed well the expression I have alluded to. None of the artists or pictures have caught the deep, though subtle and indirect expression of this man's face. There is something else there. One of the great portrait painters of two or three centuries ago is needed.

Specimen Days, Walt Whitman, Complete Prose Works, page 43.

Lincoln's War Despatches

During the entire War, the files of the War Department telegraph office were punctuated with short, pithy despatches from Lincoln. For instance, on May 24, 1862, Mr. Lincoln sent ten or twelve telegrams to various generals; on May 25, as many more; and from one to a dozen on nearly every succeeding day for months. It is also worthy of remark that Lincoln's numerous telegrams, even those sent by him during his two weeks' visit to City Point in March and April, 1865, and the less than a half dozen he sent after his return to Washington, were almost without exception in his own handwriting, his copy being remarkably neat and legible, with seldom an erasure or correction.

While Mr. Lincoln was sometimes critical and even sarcastic when events moved slowly, or when unsatisfactory results that seemed to be demanded by the immediate conditions were lacking,

yet he never failed to commend when good news came, as in the following:

"August 17, 1864, 10.30 A.M.

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT, City Point, Va.:—I have seen your despatch expressing your unwillingness to break your hold where you are. Neither am I willing. Hold on with a bulldog grip and chew and choke as much as possible.

"A. LINCOLN."

Lincoln in the Telegraph Office, David Homer Bates, page 123.

Tad's Tantrum and How His Father Quieted It

The day after the review of Burnside's division, some photographers from Brady's gallery came up to the White House to make some stereoscopic studies for me of the President's office. They requested a dark closet in which to develop pictures; and without a thought that I was infringing upon anybody's rights, I took them to an unoccupied room of which little Tad had taken possession a few days before, and, with the aid of a couple of servants, had fitted up as a miniature theater, with stage, curtains, orchestra, stalls, parquet, and all. Knowing that the use required would interfere with none of his arrangements, I led the way to this apartment.

Everything went on well, and one or two pictures had been taken, when suddenly there was an uproar. The operator came back to the office, and said that Tad had taken great offense at the occupation of his room without his consent, and had locked the door, refusing all admission. The chemicals had been taken inside and there was no way of getting at them, he having carried off the key.

In the midst of this conversation Tad burst in in a fearful passion. He laid all the blame upon me,—said that I had no right to use his room, and that the men should not go in even to get their things. He had locked the door, and they should not go there again—"they had no business in his room!"

Mr. Lincoln had been sitting for a photograph, and was still in the chair. He said, very mildly:

"Tad, go and unlock the door."

Tad went off muttering into his mother's room, refusing to obey. I followed him into the passage, but no coaxing would

pacify him. Upon my return to the President, I found him still sitting patiently in the chair, from which he had not risen. He said:

"Has not the boy opened that door?"

I replied that we could do nothing with him—he had gone off in a great pet. Mr. Lincoln's lips came together firmly, and then, suddenly rising, he strode across the passage with the air of one bent on punishment, and disappeared in the domestic apartments. Directly he returned with the key to the theater, which he unlocked himself.

"There," said he, "go ahead; it is all right now."

He then went back to his office, followed by myself, and resumed his seat.

"Tad," said he, half apologetically, "is a peculiar child. He was violently excited when I went to him. I said, 'Tad, do you know you are making your father a great deal of trouble?' He burst into tears, instantly giving me up the key."

Six Months at the White House, F. B. Carpenter, page 91.

"The Madam Knew Nothing of Him Whatever"

The party consisted of a lady and two gentlemen. She had come to ask that her husband, who was a prisoner of war, might be permitted to take the oath and be released from confinement. To secure a degree of interest on the part of the President, one of the gentlemen claimed to be an acquaintance of Mrs. Lincoln. . . . . The President proceeded to ask what position the lady's husband held in the Rebel service.

"Oh," said she, "he was a captain."

"A *captain!*" rejoined Mr. Lincoln, "indeed!—rather too big a fish to set free simply upon his taking the oath. If he was an officer, it is proof positive that he has been a zealous Rebel; I cannot release him."

Here the lady's friend reiterated the assertion of his acquaintance with Mrs. Lincoln. Instantly the President's hand was upon the bell-rope. An usher answered the summons.

"Cornelius, take this man's name to Mrs. Lincoln, and ask her what she knows of him."

The boy promptly returned with the reply that "*the Madam*" (as she was called by the servants) knew nothing of him whatever. The man said it was very strange.

"Well, it is just as I expected," said the President. The party made one more attempt to enlist his sympathy, but without effect.

"It is of no use," was the reply; "I cannot release him." The trio withdrew, the lady in high displeasure.

Six Months at the White House, F. B. Carpenter, page 40.

A Whimsical Excuse for Granting a Pardon

As Lieutenant-Governor Ford, of Ohio, entered the White House his attention was attracted by a poorly-clad young woman who was violently sobbing. . . .

Her story was this: She and her brother were foreigners, and orphans. They had been in this country several years. Her brother enlisted in the army, but, through bad influences, was induced to desert. He was captured, tried, and sentenced to be shot—the old story. The poor girl had obtained the signatures of some persons who had formerly known him to a petition for a pardon, and, alone, had come to Washington to lay the case before the President. Thronged as the waiting-rooms always were, she had passed the long hours of two days trying in vain to get an audience, and had at length been ordered away by the servants.

Mr. Ford made the young woman accompany him into the President's office. When they were seated he said to her:

"When the President comes back he will sit down in that arm-chair. I shall get up to speak to him, and as I do so you must force yourself between us, and insist upon his examining your papers, telling him it is a case of life and death." . . .

These instructions were carried out to the letter. Mr. Lincoln was at first somewhat surprised at the apparent forwardness of the young woman, but, observing her distress, he ceased conversing with his friend, and commenced an examination of the document she had placed in his hands. Glancing from it to the face of the petitioner, whose tears had broken forth afresh, he studied its expression for a moment, and then his eye fell upon her scanty but neat dress. Instantly his face lighted up.

"My poor girl," said he, "you have come here with no Governor, or Senator, or member of Congress, to plead your cause. You seem honest and truthful,—I'll be whipped if I don't pardon your brother—for," he added with much emphasis, "*you don't wear hoops!*"

Six Months at the White House, F. B. Carpenter, page 295.

Mrs. Bixby Receives Her Three Sons Again as from the Dead

For this single sheet on which is written, in the great War President's familiar hand, a collector would gladly pay many hundreds of dollars. It will go down to posterity as one of the finest expressions of condolence and sympathy ever penned in our language. . . . . .

Yet, while recognizing the beauty of Lincoln's letter, the investigator of historical facts must find that, by a chain of curious circumstances, the letter was written under a misapprehension; that the woman to whom it was addressed had not lost five sons in the War, although she doubtless believed, at the time, that she had; and, although five Bixby brothers served their country in the great struggle, only two lost their lives in it. . . . .

On September 24, 1864, Adjutant-General William Schouler, in a report to Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, submitted the following suggestions regarding Mrs. Lydia Bixby of Boston:

"About ten days ago Mrs. Bixby came to my office and showed me five letters from five different company commanders, and each letter informed the poor woman of the death of one of her sons. Her last remaining son was recently killed in the fight on the Weldon railroad. . . . . Each of her sons, by his good conduct had been made a sergeant."

To this report Governor Andrew applied this indorsement:

. . . . . "This is a case so remarkable that I really wish a letter might be written her by the President of the United States, taking notice of so well deserved a noble mother of five dead heroes."

In accordance with this recommendation, President Lincoln. . . . . turned aside from the overwhelming cares and anxieties of his high place of responsibility and duty, and indited the now famous letter to Mrs. Bixby.

A Rare Lincoln Letter and Its Curious Story, Boston *Sunday Globe*, April 12, 1908.

[NOTE.—Through the confusing of two families of Bixbys, the error occurred. Mrs. Lydia Bixby, after receiving the treasured letter, had the unspeakable joy of receiving three of her sons back as from the grave. This beautiful letter is given in *facsimile* on the opposite page.—W. W.]

Executive Mansion
Washington, Nov 21. 1864

To Mrs Bixby. Boston. Mass.

Dear Madam.

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom

Yours very sincerely and respectfully

A. Lincoln

LINCOLN'S FAMOUS LETTER TO A BOSTON MOTHER

A copy of this letter hangs on the wall in Brasenose College, Oxford University, England, as a model of pure and exquisite diction which has never been excelled.

CHAPTER XXII

Renominated, Elected, Inaugurated

"When the Presidential 'Grub' Gets Inside of a Man!"

When he was a candidate for renomination he did not disguise his anxiety to remain in the White House for four years more, to finish, as he expressed it, the great job the people had given him to do.

It was not Frémont he feared, nor the Wade-Davis Manifesto, nor was he afraid of the numerous and powerful malcontents inside his own party, headed by Chase and Greeley. But he did fear, as he told me, that General Grant's name would be sprung upon the Baltimore convention. Indeed, such an effort was made, and Missouri did cast her solid vote for Grant for President, but Grant wisely and stubbornly refused to countenance this movement, and by telegraph forbade it. The President learned that one of Grant's staff was at Willard's Hotel. He sent his carriage. The officer was brought to the White House and ushered into the library. Lincoln said:

"Colonel, does Grant want to be President?"

"No, sir," quickly replied the staff officer.

"Do you know for certain?"

"Yes, I do. You know how close I have been to Grant for three years. That he has the last infirmity of noble minds, ambition, I cannot deny. There may be lurking in his mind thoughts of the Presidency in the dim future. But right well I know, Mr. Lincoln, that he is so loyal to you, to whom he owes so much, that there is no power on earth that can drag his name into this Presidential canvass. McClellan's career was a lesson to him. He said to me, within a week, 'I regard Abraham Lincoln as one of the world's greatest men, and he is without question the greatest man I ever met.' Grant's whole soul, Mr. Lincoln, is bent on your re-election, and his one fixed idea is under your lead as President, to conquer the Rebellion, and aid you in restoring and rebuilding the country and perpetuating the Union."

"Ah, Colonel," said Lincoln, "you have lifted an awful load from my mind. I was afraid of Grant, because we are all human; although I would rather be beaten by him than by any living man. When the Presidential grub gets inside of a man it hides itself and burrows deep. That basilisk is sure to kill."

Recollections of Lincoln, James M. Scovel. *Lippincott's Magazine*, Vol. LXIII, page 282.

How Secretary Chase Took Advantage of His Position

When Lincoln's supporters called his attention to the practices by which the man in the Treasury was advancing his political fortunes, at the expense of the Administration, he told them:

"I have determined so far as possible to shut my eyes to everything of the sort. Mr. Chase makes a good Secretary, and I shall keep him where he is. If he becomes President, all right. I hope we may never have a worse man."

Then, turning to the less pleasing aspect of the affair, he continued:

"I have observed with regret his plan of strengthening himself. Whenever he sees that an important matter is troubling me, if I am compelled to decide in a way to give offense to a man of some influence, he always ranges himself in opposition to me and persuades the victim that he has been hardly dealt with, and that he would have arranged it very differently. It was so with General Frémont, with General Hunter when I annulled his hasty proclamation, with General Butler when he was recalled from New Orleans, with these Missouri people when they called the other day. I am entirely indifferent as to his success or failure in these schemes, so long as he does his duty at the head of the Treasury Department."

These citations, furthermore, would be incomplete without one of those homely stories whereby the President was wont to point his remarks. He narrated it to Henry J. Raymond when the famous editor called his attention to the danger that might arise from Chase's candidacy.

"Raymond," said he, "you were brought up on a farm, were you not? Then you know what a 'chin fly' is. My brother and I were once plowing corn on a farm, I driving the horse, and he holding the plow. The horse was lazy, but on one occasion rushed across the field so that I with my long legs could scarcely keep pace

with him. On reaching the end of the furrow, I found an enormous 'chin fly' fastened upon the horse and I knocked it off. My brother asked me what I did that for. I told him I didn't want the old horse bitten in that way. 'Why,' said my brother, 'that's all that made him go!'

"Now, if Mr. Chase has a Presidential 'chin fly' biting him, I'm not going to knock it off, if it will only make his Department go."

Lincoln, Master of Men, Alonzo Rothschild, page 208.

[Secretary Chase tendered and withdrew his resignation once too often, for Lincoln finally surprised him and the whole country by accepting it one day in June, 1864. The President shortly nominated Chase for Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, an office which he filled with distinguished ability until his death in 1873.—W. W.]

"Never Get Between the Woman's Skillet and the Man's Ax-Helve"

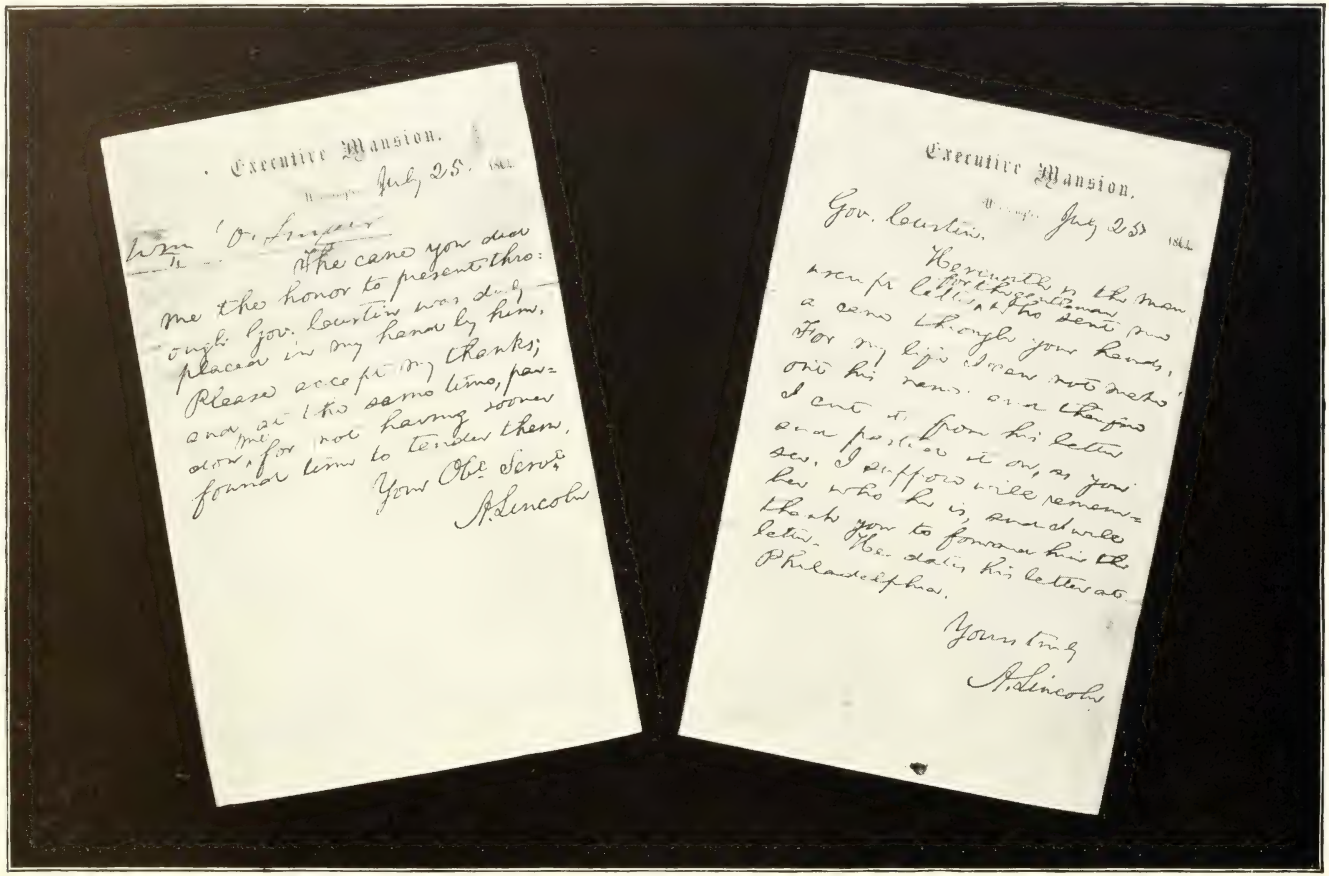
The strifes and jars in the Republican party at this time(1864) disturbed him more than anything else, but he avoided taking sides with any faction. . . . . I asked him why he did not take some pronounced position in one trying encounter between two very prominent Republicans.

"I learned," said he, "a great many years ago, that in a fight between man and wife, a third party should never get between the woman's skillet and the man's ax-helve."

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, David R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby"). Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 451.

"Easier Than to Raise Another Million Soldiers"

Lincoln was a supreme politician. He understood politics because he understood human nature. I had an illustration of this in the spring of 1864. The Administration had decided that the Constitution of the United States should be amended so that slavery should be prohibited. This was not only a change in our national policy, it was also a most important military measure. It was intended not merely as a means of abolishing slavery forever, but as a means of affecting the judgment and the feelings and the anticipations of those in rebellion. It was believed that



Executive Mansion.

Washington July 25. 1864

Wm. O. Snyder

The cane you did me the honor to present thro: Gov. Curtin was duly placed in my hand by him. Please accept my thanks; and at the same time, pardon for not having sooner found time to tender them.

Your Obt. Servt.

A. Lincoln

Executive Mansion.

Washington July 25 1864

Gov. Curtin.

Herewith is the man who sent me a cane through your hands, for my boys. I can not read his name, and position it on, as you see. I presume will remember who he is, and duly thank you to forward him the letter. Mr. Snider is a Philadelphian.

Yours truly

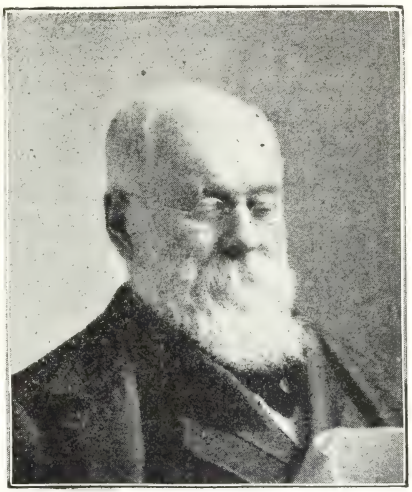
A. Lincoln

From originals in the collection of Major William H. Lambert.

FACSIMILES OF TWO LETTERS IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF A CANE

The President was unable to decipher the name of the sender (Wm. O. Snider), so he cut out the signature and pasted it at the top of his reply, and enclosed it to Governor Curtin for safe delivery.

such an amendment to the Constitution would be equivalent to new armies in the field, that it would be worth at least a million men, that it would be an intellectual army that would tend to paralyze the enemy and break the continuity of his ideas.



CHARLES A. DANA

Assistant Secretary of War under Lincoln and Stanton.

In order thus to amend the Constitution, it was necessary first to have the proposed amendment approved by three-fourths of the States. When that question came to be considered, the issue was seen to be so close that one State more was necessary. The State of Nevada was organized and admitted to the Union to answer that purpose. I have sometimes heard people complain of Nevada as superfluous and petty, not big enough to be a State; but when I hear that complaint, I always hear Abraham Lincoln saying:

"It is easier to admit Nevada than to raise another million soldiers."

Recollections of the Civil War, Charles A. Dana, page 174.

"I Suppose I Should Have Done the Same Fool Thing"

I was in Washington once more in 1864. . . . . My business was to secure a pardon for a young man from Ohio, who had deserted under rather peculiar circumstances. When he enlisted he was under engagement to a young girl, and went to the front very certain of her faithfulness, as a young man should be, and he made an excellent soldier. . . . . It is needless to say that the young girl had another lover whom she had rejected for the young volunteer. . . . . Taking advantage of the absence of the favored suitor, the discarded one renewed his suit with great vehemence, and rumors reached the young man at the front that his love had gone over to the enemy, and that he was in danger of losing her altogether.

He immediately applied for a furlough, which was refused him, and, half mad and reckless of consequences, deserted. He found the information he had received to be partially true, but he came in time. He married the girl, but was immediately arrested as a deserter, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot.

I stated the circumstances, giving the young fellow a good character, and the President at once signed a pardon.

"I want to punish the young man—probably in less than a year he will wish I had withheld the pardon. We can't tell, though. I suppose when I was a young man I should have done the same fool thing."

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, David R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby"). Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 449.

"Mr. Secretary, It Will Have to Be Done"

I will cite one instance in relation to Stanton:

After compulsory military service was resorted to, States and districts tried to fill their quotas, and save their own citizens from being drafted into the army, by voting bounties to buy men wherever they could be found. The agent appointed by a county in one of the Middle States, and supplied with bounty money, learned that some Confederate prisoners of war at Chicago were about to be released and enlisted in our army for service against the Indians in the Northwest. The thrifty thought occurred to the agent to pay these prisoners a bounty for what they were going to do without any pay at all, and in return for this payment have them credited as soldiers furnished by his county. Being an acquaintance of Lincoln, the agent obtained from him an order to have the men credited as desired. But the Secretary of War refused to have the credits allowed. Indignant and disappointed, the agent returned to the President, who reiterated the order, but without effect. Then Lincoln went in person to Stanton's office, and I was called there by the latter to state the facts in the case.

I reported to the two high officials, as I had previously done to the Secretary alone, that these men already belonged to the United States, being prisoners of war; that they could not be used against the Confederates; that they had no relation whatever to the county to which it was proposed they should be credited; that all that was necessary toward enlisting them in our army for Indian service was

the Government's release of them as prisoners of war; that to give them bounty and credit them to a county which owed some of its own men for service against the Confederates would waste money and deprive the army operating against a powerful enemy of that number of men, etc.

Stanton said:

"Now, Mr. President, those are the facts, and you must see that your order cannot be executed."

Lincoln sat upon a sofa, with his legs crossed, and did not say a word until the Secretary's last remark. Then he said in a somewhat positive tone:

"Mr. Secretary, I reckon you'll have to execute the order."

Stanton replied with asperity:

"Mr. President, I cannot do it. The order is an improper one, and I cannot execute it."

Lincoln fixed his eye upon Stanton, and in a firm voice, and with an accent that clearly showed his determination, he said:

"*Mr. Secretary, it will have to be done.*"

Stanton then realized that he was overmatched. He had made a square issue with the President and been defeated, notwithstanding the fact that he was in the right. Upon an intimation from him I withdrew and did not witness his surrender. A few minutes after I reached my office I received instructions from the Secretary to carry out the President's order. Stanton never mentioned the subject to me afterward, nor did I ever ascertain the special, and no doubt sufficient, reasons which the President had for his action in the case.

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, General James B. Fry. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 396.

The Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes

One of Lincoln's favorite poems was Holmes's "Last Leaf;" and one November day we were driving out to the Soldiers' Home, near Washington, when the aspect of the scene recalled the lines to his mind. He slowly and with excellent judgment recited the whole poem. Enlarging upon the pathos, wit and humor of Holmes, I found that the President had never seen a copy of the genial doctor's works, so far as he could remember, although he was not certain that he had not. I offered to lend him my copy of the poems, a little blue-and-gold book; and the next time I went to the

White House I took it with me. About a week after leaving the book with the President, I called at the house one evening, and finding him alone, we settled down for a quiet chat. He took from a drawer in his table the blue-and-gold Holmes, and went over the book with me with much *gusto*, reading or reciting several poems that had struck his fancy. He expressed his surprise at finding that some of the verses which he admired most had been drifting about in the newspapers without the name of the author attached to them; and it was in this way, he said, that he had found "The Last Leaf," although he did not know that Dr. Holmes was the author. Finally, he said that he liked "Lexington" as well as anything in the book, "The Last Leaf" alone excepted, and he began to read the poem; but when he came to the stanza beginning,

> "Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
> Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest,"

his voice faltered, and he gave me the book with the whispered request, "You read it; I can't." Months afterward, when several ladies were in the Red Parlor one evening, calling upon Mrs. Lincoln, he recited that poem without missing a word so far as I could remember it. And yet I do not believe he ever saw the text of "Lexington" except during the few busy days when he had my book.

Glimpses of Lincoln in War Time, Noah Brooks. *The Century Magazine*, Vol. XXVII, January, 1895, page 46.

Will the Negro Soldier Fight?

It had been represented to the President that the negro soldier would not fight. Quick as a flash Mr. Lincoln turned to the "doubting Thomas" and said:

"The Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, under Colonel Shaw, was at Fort Wagner. The fighting was hot, and the firing from the fort was very disastrous to our boys. The colors were shot away, and the colonel asked for a man who would bring back the flag. A black soldier came forward and agreed to return with the flag. He crawled on his hands and knees, and, wrapping the colors around his body, crawled back, riddled with bullets. And three cheers went up for the color-bearer of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts. Do you tell me," continued Mr. Lincoln, "that a black soldier won't fight?" The visitor was silenced.

He cited another instance,—thus: A colonel on the eve of battle gave his color-bearer the regimental flag, saying, "Defend it, protect it, die for it, if need be, but never surrender it." The black color-bearer replied, "Colonel, I will return this flag with honor, or *I will report to God the reason why.*" He died in defending the flag.

Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln, James M. Scovel. *Lippincott's Magazine*, Vol. XLIV, August, 1889, page 246.

"Medill, You Are Acting Like a Coward"

Joseph Medill, for many years editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, not long before his death, told the following story about the "talking to" President Lincoln gave himself (Medill) and two other Chicago gentlemen who went to Washington to see about reducing Chicago's *quota* of troops after the call for extra men was made by the President in 1864:

. . . . "When the call for extra troops came, Chicago revolted. She had already sent 22,000 up to that time, and was drained. When the new call came there were no young men to go. . . . . The citizens held a mass meeting and appointed three persons, of whom I was one, to go to Washington and ask Stanton to give Cook County a new enrolment.

"On reaching Washington, we went to Stanton with our statement. He refused entirely to give us the desired aid. Then we went to Lincoln.

" 'I cannot do it,' he said, 'but I will go with you to the War Department, and Stanton and I will hear both sides.'

"So we all went over to the War Department together. Stanton and General Fry were there, and they, of course, contended that the *quota* should not be changed. The argument went on for some time and was finally referred to Lincoln, who had been sitting silently listening.

"I shall never forget how he suddenly lifted his head and turned on us a black and frowning face.

" 'Gentlemen,' he said in a voice full of bitterness, 'after Boston, Chicago has been the chief instrument in bringing war on this country.' . . . . . .

" 'You called for war until we had it. You called for emancipation, and I have given it to you. Whatever you have asked, you have had. Now you come here begging to be let off from the call

for men, which I have made to carry out the war which you have demanded. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. I have a right to expect better things of you.'

"'Go home and raise your 6,000 extra men. And you, Medill, you are acting like a coward. You and your *Tribune* have had more influence than any other paper in the Northwest in making this war. You can influence great masses, and yet you cry to be spared at a moment when your cause is suffering. Go home and send us those men.'

"I couldn't say anything. It was the first time I ever was whipped, and I didn't have an answer. We all got up and went out, and when the door closed one of my colleagues said:

"'Well, gentlemen, the "old man" is right. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves. Let us never say anything about this, but go home and raise the men.'

"And we did—6,000 men—making 28,000 in the War from a city of 156,000. But there might have been crape on every door, almost in Chicago, for every family had lost a son or a husband. I lost two brothers. It was hard for the mothers."

"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 187.

The Enemy's Strength Overestimated

Towards the close of the great conflict, surmises upon the length of time to which the War might be protracted were based on estimates of the enemy's strength. On being asked, point-blank, how strong he deemed the Confederates to be, the President replied offhand:

"They have some 1,200,000 in the field."

"Is it possible! How did you find that out?"

"Why," said Lincoln, "every Union general I ever heard tell—when he was licked—says the Rebels outnumbered him three or four to one; now, we have at the present time about 400,000 men, and three times that number would be 1,200,000, wouldn't it?"

Lincolnics, Henry Llewellyn Williams, page 189.

"How Clean You Shave!"

His skill in parrying troublesome questions was wonderful. I was in Washington at a critical period of the War, when the late John Ganson, of Buffalo, one of the ablest lawyers in our State, and

who, though elected as a Democrat, supported all Mr. Lincoln's war measures, called on him for explanations.

Mr. Ganson was very bald, with a perfectly smooth face, and had a most direct and aggressive way of stating his views, or of demanding what he thought he was entitled to. He said:

"Mr. Lincoln, I have supported all your measures, and think I am entitled to your confidence. We are voting and acting in the dark in Congress, and I demand to know—I think I have a right to ask and to know—what is the present situation, and what are the prospects and conditions of the several campaigns and armies."

Mr. Lincoln looked at him quizzically for a moment, and then said:

"Ganson, how clean you shave!"

Most men would have been offended, but Ganson was too broad and intelligent a man not to see the point and retire at once from the field.

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Chauncey M. Depew. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 432.

Forty Falsehoods to One Fact

It has been well said by a profound critic of Shakespeare, and it occurs to me as very appropriate in this connection, that "the spirit which held the woe of Lear and the tragedy of Hamlet would have broken had it not also had the humor of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* or the merriment of a *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. This is as true of Mr. Lincoln as it was of Shakespeare. . . . . Mr. Beecher once observed to me . . . . that he "thought in figures," or, in other words, that an argument habitually took on that form in his mind. This was pre-eminently true of Mr. Lincoln. The "points" of his argument were driven home in this way as they could be in no other. In the social circle this had full play. I never knew him to sit down with a friend for a five minutes' chat without being "reminded" of one or more incidents about somebody alluded to in the course of the conversation.

In a corner of his desk he kept a copy of the latest humorous work; and it was frequently his habit, when greatly fatigued, annoyed, or depressed, to take this up and read a chapter, with great relief.

One Saturday evening I was with him from seven o'clock till nearly twelve. It had been one of his most trying days, . . and he was almost worn out. . . . Pushing everything aside, he said to one of the party:

"Have you seen the 'Nasby' papers?"

"No, I have not," was the reply, "who is Nasby?"

"There is a chap out in Ohio," returned the President, "who has been writing a series of letters in the newspapers over the signature of 'Petroleum V. Nasby.' Some one sent me a pamphlet collection of them the other day. I am going to write to 'Petroleum' to come down here, and I intend to tell him if he will communicate his talent to me, I will swap places with him!"

Thereupon he arose, went to a drawer in his desk, taking out the "Letters" sat down and read one to the company, finding in the enjoyment of it the temporary excitement and relief which another man would have found in a glass of wine. . . .

Just here I may say with propriety, and feel that it is due to Mr. Lincoln's memory to state, that during the entire period of my stay in Washington, after witnessing his intercourse with almost all classes of people, including governors, senators, members of Congress, officers of the army, and familiar friends, I cannot recollect to have heard him relate a circumstance to any of them that would have been out of place uttered in a lady's drawing-room! I am aware that a different impression prevails, founded, it may be, in some instances upon facts; but where there is one fact of the kind I am persuaded that there are forty falsehoods, at least. At any rate, what I have stated is voluntary testimony, from a standpoint, I submit, entitled to respectful consideration."

Reminiscences of Lincoln, Henry J. Raymond, page 228.

Glad of "the Chance to Finish the Big Job"

He was naturally a doubter. He had a "spirit touched to fine issues," and felt keenly and intensely the woes of others. During the spring following Curtin's re-election as governor of Pennsylvania, I found the President, fresh as a May morning, looking out of the east window of the White House, on the fragrant, opening bloom of the lilac bushes beneath his window. Only that day he had received the assurance that the spirit of nationality had proved

stronger than the power of fiction, and was fully informed that Chase, Ben Wade, and "Pathfinder" Frémont were all out of the Presidential race, and his nomination before the June convention to be held at Baltimore would be practically unanimous. As I entered the room, he rose and pushed a chair, with his feet, across the room, close to his own. There was a suspicious moisture in his eyes as he grasped both of my hands in both of his own (a habit of Mr. Lincoln's when greatly moved by joy or sorrow).

"God bless you, young man," he exclaimed. "How glad I am you came! This is the happiest day of my life; for I no longer doubt the practical unanimity of the people, who are willing I should have the chance to finish the big job I undertook nearly four years ago."

Personal Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, James M. Scovel. *Lippincott's Magazine*, Vol. XLIV, August, 1889, page 249.

Confederates, not "Rebels"

While guiding the President through the Washington hospitals, Dr. Jerome Walker, of Brooklyn, turned him from a ward containing prisoners, saying: "They are Rebels."

Whereupon Mr. Lincoln corrected him with:

"You mean 'they are Confederates.'"

Lincolnics, Henry Llewellyn Williams, page 199.

The Frémont Convention and the Cave of Adullam

There were others not so honest who, for personal reasons, disliked the President. To these it was impossible to stand quietly by and see Mr. Lincoln made his own successor without one last effort to prevent it. The result of informal consultations among them was the publication of a number of independent calls for a mass convention of the people to meet at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 31st of May, a week before the assembling of the Republican Convention at Baltimore. . . . . The object stated in their call was in order then and there to recommend the nomination of John C. Frémont for the Presidency of the United States and to assist in organizing for his election. They denounced "the imbecile and vacillating policy of the present Administration in the conduct of the War," etc., etc.

[Horace Greeley and Wendell Phillips were expected to be

present, but failed to appear. A few others, opposed to Lincoln on personal and other grounds, participated in the incoherent and rather absurd "deliberations" of this petty "mass meeting." W.W.]

The whole proceeding, though it excited some indignation among the friends of Mr. Lincoln, was regarded by the President himself only with amusement. On the morning after the Convention, a friend, giving him an account of it, said that, instead of the many thousands who had been expected, there were present at no time more than four hundred men.

The President, struck by the number mentioned, reached for the Bible which commonly lay on his desk, and after a moment's search, read these words:

"And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them; and there were with him about four hundred men." (I. Sam. xxii, 2.)

[NOTE.—This, it will be remembered, was several years in advance of the famous reference to the Cave of Adullam in the British Parliament.]

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. IX, pages 29 to 41.

"They Might Have Made a Botch of It by Trying to Swap"

These public letters [to Horace Greeley and James C. Conkling] are Lincoln's most remarkable state papers. . . . . By means of them he convinced the people of his own rigid mental honesty, put reasons for his actions into their mouths, gave them explanation, which were demonstrations. They believed in him because he had been frank with them, and because he tried to make matters so clear to them, used words which they could understand. . . . . Scarcely less important than these letters in convincing the people of the wisdom of his policy were Lincoln's stories and sayings. In February, 1864, just after the popular demand for his renomination began to develop, the New York *Evening Post* published some two columns of Lincoln's stories. The New York *Herald* jeered at the collection as the "first electioneering document" of the campaign, and reprinted them as a proof of the unfitness of Lincoln for the Presidency. But jeer as it would, the *Herald* could not hide from its readers the wit and philosophy of the jokes. Every one of them

had been used to explain a point or to settle a question, and under their laughter was concealed some of the man's soundest reasoning.

Indeed, at that very moment the *Herald* might have seen, if it had been more discerning, that it was a Lincoln saying going up and down the country that was serving as one of the strongest arguments for his renomination, the remark that it was never best to swap horses while crossing a stream. Lincoln had used it in speaking of the danger of changing Presidents in the middle of the War. He might have written a long message on the value of experience in a national crisis, and it would have been meaningless to the masses; but this homely figure of swapping horses in the middle of the stream appealed to their humor and their common sense. It was repeated over and over in the newspapers of the country. . . . .

The Union Convention was set for June. As the time approached, Lincoln enthusiasm grew. It was fed by Grant's steady beating back of Lee toward Richmond. The country, wild with joy, cried out that before July Grant would be in the Confederate capital and the War would be ended. . . . . The Union Convention met in June. That it would nominate Lincoln was a foregone conclusion. . . . . Thirty States and Territories were for him,—only one dissenting delegation, Missouri whose radical Union representatives gave twenty-two votes for Grant. On the second reading of the vote this ballot was changed, so that the final vote stood 506 for Lincoln. The President took his renomination calmly.

"I do not allow myself to suppose," he said to a delegation from the National Union League which came to congratulate him, "that . . . . they have concluded to decide that I am either the greatest or best man in America, but rather they have concluded that it is not best to swap horses while crossing a river, and have further concluded that I am not so poor a horse that they might not make a botch of it by trying to swap."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. II, page 192.

How the President Heard of His Renomination

The next evening, when I called on the President at home, I was astonished by his jokingly rallying me on my failure to send him word of his nomination. It appeared that nobody had apparently thought it worth while to telegraph him the result of the balloting for the Presidential nominee of the Convention. Probably

each of the many men who would have been glad to be the sender of pleasant tidings to the President, but had thought that some other man would surely anticipate him by a telegram of congratulation.

It turned out that the President, having business at the War Department, met Major Eckert, superintendent of the military bureau of telegraphs, who congratulated him on his nomination.

"What! Am I renominated?" asked the surprised chief. . . . Mr. Lincoln expressed his gratification, and asked Major Eckert if he would kindly send word over to the White House when the name of the candidate for Vice-President should have been agreed upon. Lincoln, later on, was informed by Major Eckert that Johnson had been nominated, and made an exclamation that emphatically indicated his disappointment thereat. . . . While we were talking over some of the curious details of the convention a band came to the White House, and a messenger brought up the information that the members of the Ohio delegation to the Baltimore Convention desired to pay their respects to the President, whereupon he went to the door, hat in hand, and when the cheering and music subsided, spoke as follows:

"GENTLEMEN: I am very much obliged to you for this compliment. I have just been saying, and as I have just said it, I will repeat it: The hardest of all speeches which I have to make is an answer to a serenade. I never know what to say on such occasions. I suppose that you have done me this kindness in connection with the action of the Baltimore Convention which has recently taken place and with which, of course, I am very well satisfied. [*Laughter and applause.*]

"What we want still more than Baltimore conventions or Presidential elections is success under General Grant. [*Cries of "Good," and applause.*] I propose that you constantly bear in mind that the support you owe to the brave officers and soldiers in the field is of the very first importance, and we should bend all our energies to that point.

"Now, without detaining you any longer, I propose that you help me to close up what I am now saying with three rousing cheers for General Grant and the officers and soldiers under his command."

The . . . "three rousing cheers" were given, Lincoln himself leading off and waving his hat as enthusiastically as anybody else.

Washington in Lincoln's Time, Noah Brooks, page 159.

"I'm the Longest, but McClellan's Better Looking"

One evening in September, 1864, I was invited by a few friends to go with them to a Democratic meeting, and listen to a distinguished orator who was to advocate the claims of McClellan. As I could not well refuse, I agreed to go for a few minutes only. To my surprise and annoyance, I was called on by the audience for a speech, and the calls were so persistent that I was placed in a most embarrassing position. Forced to say something, I contented myself with a brief expression of my high regard for McClellan as a soldier, and a statement of my intention to vote for him. I made no reference to Mr. Lincoln, and soon left the hall.

Next day an order came from Secretary Stanton directing me to be mustered out of the service. No reason was assigned, nor opportunity given for defense. As I was and had always been an unwavering Union man, as I had a brother and three sons in the military service of the Union, and as I had learned that my action at the meeting, when reported to Secretary Stanton, had made him very angry and caused him to utter severe threats against me, I determined to go to Washington to know the reason of this attempt to disgrace me. As no other pretext could be given for such action, I resolved to appeal to the President.

I gave my papers setting forth these facts into the hands of a personal friend, a Republican member of Congress, with the request that he would ask Mr. Lincoln whether the revocation of my commission was by his orders, knowledge, or consent. He did so.

The President immediately replied: "I know nothing about it. Of course Stanton does a thousand things in his official character which I can know nothing about, and which it is not necessary that I should know anything about."

Having heard the case, he then added:

"Well, that's no reason. Andrews has as good a right to hold on to his Democracy, if he chooses, as Stanton had to throw *his* overboard. If I should muster out all my generals who avow themselves Democrats there would be a sad thinning out of commanding officers in the army. No!" he continued, "when the *military* duties of a soldier are fully and faithfully performed, he can manage his politics in his own way; we've no more to do with *them* than with his religion. Tell this officer he can return to his post, and if there is

no other or better reason for the order of Stanton than the one he suspects, it shall do him no harm; the commission he holds will remain as good as new. Supporting General McClellan for the Presidency is no violation of army regulations, and as a question of taste in choosing between him and me, well, I'm the longest, but he's better looking!"

And so I resumed my service, and was never afterward molested by the Secretary of War.

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, E. W. Andrews. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 516.

"I've Lost my Apple Overboard!"

During a public reception, a farmer from one of the border counties of Virginia told the President that the Union soldiers, in passing his farm, had helped themselves, not only to hay, but his horse, and he hoped the President would urge the proper officer to consider his claim immediately.

Mr. Lincoln said this reminded him of an old acquaintance of his, Jack Chase, a lumberman on the Illinois, a steady, sober man, and the best raftsman on the river. It was quite a trick to take the logs over the rapids; but he was skilful with a raft, and always kept her straight in the channel. Finally a steamer was put on, and Jack was made captain of her. He always used to take the wheel going through the rapids. One day, when the boat was plunging and wallowing along in the boiling current, and Jack's utmost vigilance was being exercised to keep her in the narrow channel, a boy pulled his coat tail and hailed him with:

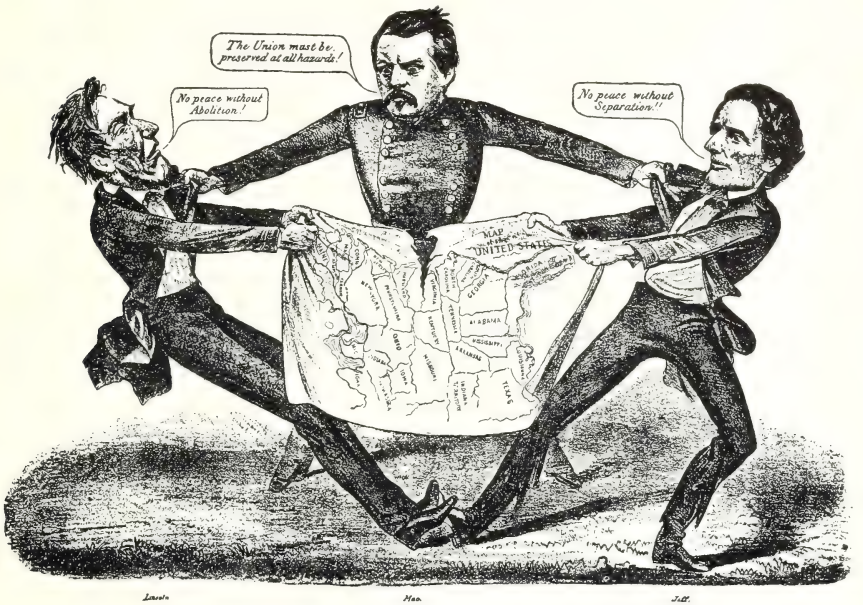
"Say, Mister Captain! I wish you would just stop your boat a minute—I've lost my apple overboard!"

"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 110.

"Free from Any Taint of Personal Triumph"

About midnight on the day of the election it was certain that Lincoln had been re-elected, and the few gentlemen left in the office congratulated him very warmly on the result. Lincoln took the matter very calmly, showing not the least elation or excitement, but said that he would admit that he was glad to be relieved of all suspense, and that he was grateful that the verdict of the people was likely to be so full, clear, and unmistakable that there could be no dispute.

About two o'clock in the morning a messenger came over to the War Office from the White House with the news that a crowd of Pennsylvanians were serenading his empty chamber, whereupon he went home; and, in answer to repeated calls, he made a happy little speech full of good feeling and cheerfulness. He wound up his remarks by saying:



A CAMPAIGN POSTER IN 1864

Representing McClellan, Lincoln's Democratic rival, struggling to keep Lincoln and Davis from rending the Union asunder.

"If I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph. I do not impugn the motives of any one opposed to me. It is no pleasure to me to triumph over any one, but I give thanks to the Almighty for this evidence of the people's resolution to stand by free government and the rights of humanity."

Washington in Lincoln's Time, Noah Brooks, page 218.

"I Believe We Can Manage It Together and Make Two Loyal Fathers Happy"

Attorney-General Bates, who was a Virginian by birth, . . . heard one day that a young Virginian, the son of an old friend, had



From *Harper's Weekly*, Nov. 26, 1864

"Long Abraham a little longer"

been captured across the Potomac, was a prisoner of war and was not in good health. Knowing the boy's father to be in his heart a Union man, Mr. Bates conceived the idea of having the son paroled and sent home, of course under promise not to return to the army. He went to see the President and said:

"I have a personal favor to ask. I want you to give me a prisoner."

And he told him of the case. The President said:

"Bates, I have an almost parallel case. The son of an old friend of mine in Illinois ran off and entered the Rebel army. The young fool has been captured, is a prisoner of war, and his broken-hearted father has asked me to send him home, promising of course to keep him there. I have not seen my way clear to do it, but if you and I unite our influence with this Administration, I believe we can manage it together and make two loyal fathers happy. Let us make them our prisoners."

And he did so.

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Titian J. Coffey. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 244.

"Long Abraham" Four Years Longer

Lincoln's second election was the reward of his courage and genius. General George B. McClellan, his opponent in 1864, upon the platform that "the War is a failure," carried but three States, New Jersey, Delaware and Kentucky. The States which did not think the War a failure were those in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, the Western Commonwealths, West Virginia, Tennessee, Louisiana, Arkansas,

and the new State of Nevada, admitted into the Union on October 31, 1864. President Lincoln's popular majority over McClellan, who never did much toward making the War a success, was more than four hundred thousand.

"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories. Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 161.

General Grant's Congratulations

As soon as the result of the Presidential election of 1864 was known, General Grant telegraphed from City Point his congratulations and added:

"The election, having passed off quietly, ... is a victory worth more to the country than a battle won.

"U. S. GRANT."

"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 292.

"A Pretty Mess You've Got Me Into!"

One day, a persevering office-seeker called on Mr. Lincoln, and, presuming on the activity he had shown in behalf of the party ticket, asserted as a reason why the office should be given him, that he had made Mr. Lincoln President.

"So you made me President, did you?" asked Mr. Lincoln with a twinkle in his eye.

"I think I did," said the applicant.

"Then a pretty mess you've got me into, that's all!" replied the President, and closed the discussion.

Winnowings for Lincoln's Birthday, Agnes Mawson, page 82.

President Lincoln's Attention to Children

It was not only in matters of life and death that Mr. Lincoln was merciful. He was kind at heart toward all the world. I never heard him say an unkind thing about anybody. Now and then he would laugh at something jocose or satirical that somebody had done or said, but it was always pleasant humor. He would never allow the wants of any man or woman to go unattended to if he could help it. I noticed his sweetness of nature particularly with his little son, a child at that time perhaps seven or nine years old, who used to roam the Departments and whom everybody called "Tad." He had a defective palate, and couldn't speak very plainly. Often I have sat by his father, reporting to him some

important matter that I had been ordered to inquire into, and he would have this boy on his knee. While he would perfectly understand the report, the striking thing about him was his affection for the child.

LEADING EVENTS IN 1864

Sherman destroys Meridian, Miss.	February
Grant made Lieutenant-General	March 3
Battle of the Wilderness, Va. (claimed by both sides)	May 5-7
Siege of Petersburg, Va., begun	June
The "Kearsarge" sinks the "Alabama"	June 19
Early burns Chambersburg, Pa.	July 30
Confederate success at the Petersburg Mine, Virginia	July 30
Farragut enters Mobile Bay	August 5
Sherman takes Atlanta, Ga.	September 2
Union victory at Winchester, Va.	September 9
Union victory at Cedar Creek, Va. ("Sheridan's Ride")	October 19
Sherman's march from Atlanta to Savannah	Nov. 12 to Dec. 21
Union victory, under Thomas, at Nashville, Tenn.	Dec. 15-16
Sherman takes Savannah, Ga.	Dec. 21

He was good to everybody. Once there was a great gathering at the White House on New Year's Day, and all the diplomats came in their uniforms, and all the officers of the Army and Navy in Washington were in full costume. A little girl of mine said, "Papa, couldn't you take me over to see that?" I said, "Yes;" so I took her over and put her in a corner, where she beheld this gorgeous show. When it was finished, I went up to Mr. Lincoln and said, "I have a little girl here who wants to shake hands with you." He went over to her, and took her up and kissed her and talked to her. She will never forget it if she lives to be a thousand years old.

Recollections of the Civil War, Charles A. Dana, page 184.

The "Man Down South" and Some Offenders

Once, at a reception in the White House, I joined the long *queue* of people, shook hands with the President, received the usual "Glad to see you, sir," and passed on. Later in the evening, meeting me, he declared that he had not seen me before, and explained his preoccupation of manner, while the people were shaking hands with him, by saying that he was "thinking of a man down South." It afterwards came out that the "man down South" was Sherman.

Once, when a visitor used profane language in his presence, he rose and said, "I thought Senator C. had sent me a gentleman. I was mistaken. There is the door, and I wish you good night."

At another time, a delegation from a distant State waited on him with a written protest against certain appointments. The paper contained some reflections upon the character of Senator



Reproduced from a steel engraving in the collection of John Brosnan.

RECEPTION IN THE EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE, IN 1865

General and Mrs. Grant are being presented to the President and Mrs. Lincoln. Vice-President Johnson, Admiral Farragut and Secretary Stanton are also in the central group. Other distinguished persons are to be seen, from left to right, as follows: Secretary Seward, General Burnside, General Sherman, General Hancock, General Halleck, General Butler, General Banks, Governor Curtin, General Meade, General Sheridan, Senator Sumner, and Secretary Welles.

Baker, Lincoln's old and beloved friend. With great dignity, the President said:

"This is my paper which you have given me?" Assured that it was, he added,

"To do with as I please?"

"Certainly, Mr. President."

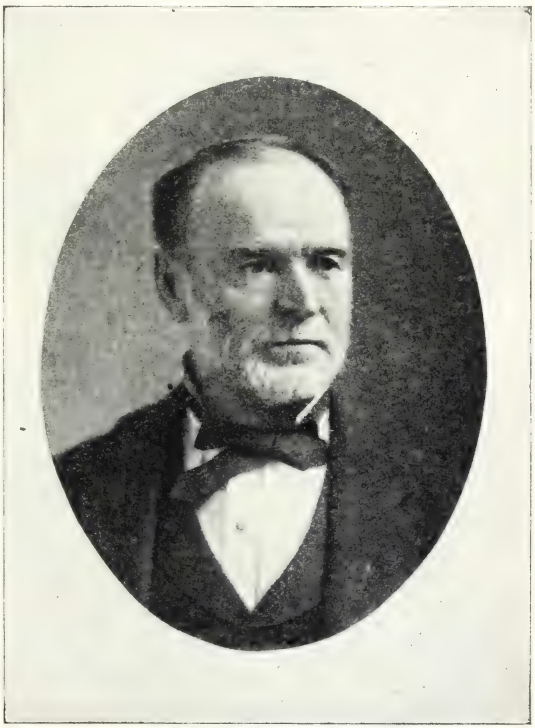
Lincoln stooped to the fire-place behind him, laid it on the burning coals, turned and said,

"Good day, gentlemen."

Personal Reminiscences of Lincoln, Noah Brooks. *Scribner's Monthly*, Vol. XV, March, 1878, page 608.

"Want to Know All About Sherman's Raid?"

Lincoln always composed slowly, and he often wrote and re-wrote his more elaborate productions several times. I happened to be with him often while he was composing his message to Congress, which was sent in while Sherman was on his march through Georgia. There was much speculation as to where Sherman had gone, and the secret was very well preserved. The President hoped, from day to day, that Sherman would be heard from, or that something would happen to enlighten "and possibly congratulate the country," as he put it. But December came and there were no tidings from Sher-



GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN

man, though everybody was hungry with expectation, and feverish with anxiety.

The President's message was first written with pencil on stiff sheets of white pasteboard, or box-board, a good supply of which he kept by him. These sheets, five or six inches wide, could be laid on the writer's knee, as he sat comfortably in his arm-chair, in his favorite position, with his legs crossed. One night, taking one of these slips out of his drawer, with a great affectation of confidential secrecy, he said:

"I expect you want to know all about Sherman's raid?"

Naturally I answered in the affirmative, when he said:

"Well, then, I'll read you this paragraph from my message."

The paragraph, however, was curiously non-committal, merely referring to "General Sherman's attempted march of three hundred miles directly through the insurgent region," and gave no indication whatever of the direction of the march, or of the point from which news from him was expected.

Laying the paper down and taking off his spectacles, the President laughed heartily at my disappointment, but added, kindly,

"Well, my dear fellow, that's all that Congress will know about it, anyhow."

He took a simple-hearted pleasure in considering some of his best "hits." Occasionally, he would tell his more intimate friends of a sharp saying that he had uttered during that day; and once he wrote out for publication an interview he had just had with two ladies. . . . He thought he "had got the best of the argument," he said, though he granted the petition of the ladies. In that writing, I remember, he did not use capital letters when he mentioned the days of the week; and he said that with him punctuation was a matter of feeling, not of education. But his punctuation was always good, and he was addicted to what the printers call "close punctuation."

Washington in Lincoln's Time, Noah Brooks, page 298.

"A Useful Little Chap"

During the early part of the winter of 1864–5 he sent for me "to hear a story." It was written on one of his pasteboard sheets, in pencil, and after I came into the room, he asked me to wait until he had finished it, as it was not quite all written . . . I give it, as follows:

"The President's Last, Shortest and Best Speech.

"On Thursday of last week two ladies from Tennessee came before the President asking the release of their husbands held as prisoners of war at Johnson's Island. They were put off till Friday, when they came again and were again put off till Saturday. At each of the interviews one of the ladies urged that her husband was a religious man. On Saturday the President ordered the release of the prisoners, and then said to the lady:

" 'You say your husband is a religious man; tell him when you meet him, that I say I am not much of a judge of religion, but that, in my opinion, the religion that sets men to rebel and fight against their government, because, as they think, that Government does not sufficiently help *some* men to eat their bread on the sweat of *other* men's faces, is not the sort of religion upon which people can get to heaven.'

"A. LINCOLN."

"Now!" said he, when he had read it. "It occurred to me that that was worth printing. What do you think? . . . . Don't wait and send it to California in your correspondence," he added. "I've a childish desire to see it in print right away."

Lincoln showed a surprising amount of gratification over this trifle and set his signature at the bottom of the page of manuscript, at my suggestion, in order to authenticate the autograph. . . . After the phrase, "You say your husband is a religious man," Lincoln inserted a semicolon, and calling my attention to it, he said, "Is that the correct punctuation mark, or should that sentence be set off by itself with a full stop?" Reassured on that point he added,

"With educated people, I suppose, punctuation is a matter of rule; with me it is a matter of feeling. But I must say that I have a great respect for the semicolon; it's a useful little chap."

Personal Reminiscences of Lincoln, Noah Brooks. *Scribner's Monthly*, Vol. XV, February, 1878, page 566.

Savannah, Sherman's "Christmas Gift" to the Country

Mr. Lincoln was the last man in the North to relax efforts. Although he had an army of nearly a million men enrolled at the time

of his re-election, he called, on December 19th, for 300,000 volunteers to serve for one, two or three years.

A week after this call Sherman "came out" and presented the country Savannah as a Christmas gift. The letter Lincoln wrote him is worthy to be placed beside the one he wrote to Grant after Vicksburg:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
"WASHINGTON, December 26, 1864.

"*My dear General Sherman:*

"Many, many thanks for your Christmas gift, the capture of Savannah.

"When you were about leaving Atlanta for the Atlantic coast, I was anxious, if not fearful; but feeling that you were the better judge, and remembering that 'nothing risked, nothing gained,' I did not interfere. Now, the undertaking being a success, the honor is all yours; for I believe none of us went further than to acquiesce.

"And taking the work of General Thomas into the count, as it should be taken, it is indeed a great success. Not only does it afford the obvious and immediate military advantages; but in showing to the world that your army could be divided, putting the stronger part in an important new service, and yet leaving enough to vanquish the old opposing force of the whole,—Hood's army,—it brings those who sat in darkness to see a great light. But what next?

"I suppose it will be safe if I leave General Grant and yourself to decide.

"Please make my grateful acknowledgments to your whole army—officers and men."

"Yours very truly,
"A. LINCOLN."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. II, page 208.

Lieutenant Tad and His Sentinels

Tad, having been sportively commissioned a lieutenant in the United States Army by Secretary Stanton, procured several muskets and drilled the men-servants of the house in the manual of arms without attracting the attention of his father. And one night he put them all on duty, relieving the regular sentries, who, seeing the



THE FAVORITE PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN AND "TAD"

They were looking at an album in the photograph gallery instead of Bible, as is sometimes stated.

lad in full uniform, or perhaps, appreciating the joke, gladly went to their quarters. His brother objected; but Tad insisted upon his rights as an officer. The President laughed but declined to interfere, but when the lad had lost his little authority in his boyish sleep, the Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the United States went down and personally discharged the sentries his son had put on the post.

"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 181



From the original photograph in the collection of Isaac Markens, Esq.

LIEUTENANT TAD LINCOLN

Lincoln and Three "Soldier Boys"

A story is told of his interview with William Scott, a boy from a Vermont farm, who, after marching forty-eight hours without sleep, volunteered to stand guard for a sick comrade. (See "The Sleeping Sentinel," pages 483–5.) Weariness overcame him, and he was found asleep at his post, within gunshot of the enemy. He was tried and sentenced to be shot. Mr. Lincoln heard of the case, and went himself to the tent where young Scott was kept under guard. He talked to him kindly, asking about his home, his schoolmates, and particularly about his mother. The lad took her picture from his pocket, and showed it to him without speaking. Mr. Lincoln was much affected. As he rose to leave he laid his hand on the prisoner's shoulder.

"My boy," he said, "you are not going to be shot to-morrow.

I believe you when you tell me that you could not keep awake. I am going to trust you and send you back to your regiment. Now, I want to know what you intend to pay for all this?"

The lad, overcome with gratitude, could hardly say a word, but, crowding down his emotions, managed to answer that he did not know. He and his people were poor; they would do what they could. There was his pay, and a little in the savings bank. They could borrow something by a mortgage on the farm. Perhaps his comrades would help. If Mr. Lincoln would wait until pay day possibly they might get together five or six hundred dollars. Would that be enough? The kindly President shook his head.

"My bill is a great deal more than that," he said. "It is a very large one. Your friends cannot pay it, nor your family, nor your farm. There is only one man in the world who can pay it, and his name is William Scott. If from this day he does his duty so that when he comes to die he can truly say, 'I have kept the promise I gave the President. I have done my duty as a soldier,' then the debt will be paid."

Young Scott went back to his regiment, and the debt was fully paid a few months later, for he fell in battle.

Mr. Lincoln's own son became a soldier after leaving college. The letter his father wrote to General Grant in his behalf shows how careful he was that neither his official position nor his desire to give his boy the experience he wanted, should work the least injustice to others.

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
"WASHINGTON, January 19, 1865.

"*Lieutenant-General Grant:*

"Please read and answer this letter as though I was not President, but only a friend. My son, now in his twenty-second year, having graduated at Harvard, wishes to see something of the War before it ends. I do not wish to put him in the ranks, nor yet to give him a commission to which those who have already served long are better entitled, and better qualified to hold. Could he, without embarrassment to you, or detriment to the service, go into your military family with some nominal rank, I, and not the public, furnishing the necessary means? If no, say so without the least

hesitation, because I am as anxious and as deeply interested that you shall not be encumbered as you can be yourself.

"Yours truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

His interest did not cease with the life of a young soldier. Among his most beautiful letters are those he wrote to sorrowing parents who had lost their sons in battle; and when his personal friend, young Ellsworth, one of the first and most gallant to fall, was killed at Alexandria, the President directed that his body be brought to the White House, where his funeral was held in the great East Room.

The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln, Helen Nicolay, page 216.

[NOTE.—Robert Lincoln became his widowed mother's reliance and comforter during the long years of her great bereavement and affliction, and superintended his young brother Tad's education. He was Secretary of War from 1881–85, and United States Minister to England, 1889–93.—W. W.]

The Hampton Roads Conference as Reported "Down South"

The Hampton Roads Conference, at which the North was represented by Lincoln and Seward and the South by Stephens, Campbell and Hunter, took place on February 3, 1865, in the saloon of the steamer which had brought the President of the United States to Fortress Monroe.

The discussion was preceded by friendly reminiscences of former acquaintance and association, Lincoln responding to Stephens's remarks in a "cheerful and cordial manner." It is even related that Lincoln was ready with his inevitable joke. Observing the slender Stephens removing his great coat and muffler, he remarked that the Georgian was the "smallest nubbin to come out of so much husk" that he ever beheld. Stephens does not mention this in his own account, but he refers to a characteristic anecdote told by Lincoln during the Conference.

When the evils of immediate emancipation were adverted to—in case that policy should be pressed—especially the sufferings of the women and children and the old and infirm slaves who would not be able to support themselves, Lincoln admitted the difficulty, but in order not to commit himself directly while yet suggesting

his individual view, he said that at the moment he felt at liberty only to tell the story of the Illinois farmer and his hogs.

The successful policy of this farmer, as the story revealed, was not to pen his hogs and provide food for them, but to turn them out and "let 'em root!"

This was precisely the policy that finally prevailed, although great numbers of idling negroes long waited in vain for the "forty acres and a mule" that had been promised them by irresponsible carpet-baggers.

Alexander H. Stephens, Louis Pendleton, page 332.

An Unfortunate Precedent to Cite

Jefferson Davis insisted on being recognized as President of the Confederacy in negotiating with the United States Government at the Hampton Roads Conference.

Mr. Hunter, one of the Confederate commissioners, referred to the correspondence between Charles the First and his Parliament as a precedent for this negotiation between a constitutional ruler and rebels.

Mr. Lincoln's face wore that indescribable expression which generally preceded his hardest hits, and he remarked:

"Upon questions of history I must refer you to Mr. Seward, for he is posted in such things, and I don't profess to be; but my only distinct recollection of the matter is, that *Charles lost his head.*"

"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 120.

Lincoln Still Willing to Buy All the Slaves

It is said that after the Hampton Roads Conference, Lincoln took Alexander H. Stephens aside, and, showing him a sheet of paper, he said:

"Stephens, let me write 'Union' at the top of that page, and you may write below it whatever else you please."

Mr. Lincoln took with him to Hampton Roads two documents that are still shown in his own handwriting; one of them a joint resolution to be passed by the two Houses of Congress appropriating the four hundred millions, the other a proclamation to be issued by himself, as President, when the joint resolution should have been passed.

Mr. Lincoln next day, after returning to Washington, submitted these two documents to the members of his Cabinet. All but Mr. Seward were against him. So he said:

"Gentlemen, how long is the War going to last? It will not end in less than a hundred days, will it? It costs now four millions a day. That will be four hundred millions, over and above the loss of life and property. But you seem to be against it, so I will not urge this matter further."

From a Report at the time.

"It Was the Baby That Did It"

"Late one afternoon the President was going through the passage to his private room to get a cup of tea. On the way he heard a baby cry. He instantly went back to his office and rang the bell.

" 'Daniel,' said he, 'is there a woman with a baby in the anteroom?'

"I said there was, . . . and it was a case of life and death. Said he:

" 'Send her to me at once.'

"She went in, told her story, and the President pardoned her husband. As the woman came out from his presence, the tears streaming down her cheeks, and her lips moving in prayer, I went up to her, and, pulling her shawl, said:

" 'Madam, it was the baby that did it.' "

Related by a White House messenger to F. B. Carpenter, *Six Months at the White House* page 132.

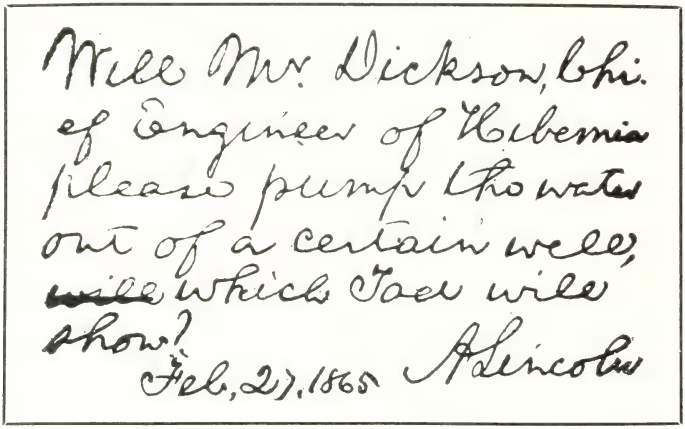
Orders a Well Pumped out to Recover a Lost Plaything for Tad

The fire-engine, *Hibernia*, and some of its company went from Philadelphia to Washington during the War and remained at the Capital for some time to be in readiness for any emergency.

Tad Lincoln, in playing around the White House, lost his ball, or some other toy, down a well. The President, with his customary indulgence, wrote the accompanying note to the chief engineer of the *Hibernia* to come and pump out the well and restore to the "child of the nation" his lost plaything. This was attended to

with cheerful alacrity. This characteristic request was written only six weeks before the fatal fourteenth of April.

W. W.


Will Mr. Dickson, Chief of Engineer of Hibernia please pump the water out of a certain well, with which Tad will show?
Feb. 27. 1865 A. Lincoln

From original in possession of Judd Stewart, Esq.

THE PRESIDENT'S CARD TO THE ENGINEER OF THE FIRE-ENGINE "HIBERNIA"

The Second Inaugural

At the horizon of that applauding multitude were arrayed those battalions which Grant had summoned for the campaign about to open, and among them several negro companies. Between these lines of men and the columns which upheld the platform, the eye met a compact mass, the aspect of which was rough and energetic; in its midst stood a multitude of negroes but yesterday freed, and for the first time admitted to take part in a national solemnity.

When the hurrahs had ceased, Mr. Lincoln began reading his address, and hardly had he read the first sentence, when none could question its immense success.

The utterance, in almost a religious manner, of his thought, seemed to speak out the very sentiments of all his listeners, and the condemnation of slavery which he was pronouncing, intermitted here and there with Biblical quotations, seemed tinged with something of the eloquence of the prophets.

"Fondly do we hope," he concluded, "fervently do we pray,

that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and that every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

As Mr. Lincoln was thus invoking the aid of the Almighty on behalf of the holy cause he was defending, little did he know how near his eloquent prayer was being granted.

Personal Recollections of Mr. Lincoln, The Marquis de Chambrun. *Scribner's Magazine*, Vol. XIII, January, 1893, page 26.

A Sunburst when Lincoln Took the Oath of Office

While the ceremonies of the second Inauguration were in progress, just as Lincoln stepped forward to take the oath of office, the sun, which had been obscured by rain-clouds, burst forth in splendor.

Reminiscences, Noah Brooks in *Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln*, page 165.

Chase Holds the Book as Douglas Held Lincoln's Hat Four Years before

Three months after the appointment [of Chase to the Chief-Justiceship of the Supreme Court] Lincoln entered the Eastern Portico of the Capitol for his second Inauguration. If his thoughts, as he stepped upon the platform, reverted to the incidents of that other ceremony which had taken place on the same spot, just four years before, he may have missed the defeated rival, who then came forward to hold the President's hat while he took the oath of office. Douglas, indeed, had closed his last earthly canvass; but another proud opponent of the victorious Magistrate stood beside him, as if to take the "Little Giant's" place. It was Salmon P. Chase. By virtue of his new office, he administered the oath and held the book for Abraham Lincoln to kiss.

Lincoln, Master of Men, Alonzo Rothschild, page 221.

CHAPTER XXIII

The End of the War

After the Inaugural Ceremonies

March 4 (1865), the President very quietly rode down to the Capitol in his own carriage, by himself, on a sharp trot, about noon, either because he wished to be on hand to sign bills or to get rid of marching in line with the absurd procession, the muslin temple of liberty, and pasteboard monitor. I saw him on his return, at three o'clock, after the performance was over. He was in his plain two-horse *barouche*, and looked very much worn and tired; the lines, indeed, of vast responsibilities, intricate questions, and demands of life and death, cut deeper than ever upon his dark brown face; yet all the old goodness, tenderness, sadness, and canny shrewdness, underneath the furrows. (I never see that man without feeling that he is one to be attached to, for his combination of purest, heartiest tenderness, and native Western form of manliness.) By his side sat his little boy of ten years. There were no soldiers, only a lot of civilians on horseback, with huge yellow scarfs over their shoulders, riding around the carriage. (At the inauguration four years ago, he rode down and back again surrounded by a dense mass of armed cavalrymen, eight deep, with drawn sabres; and there were sharp-shooters stationed at every corner along the route.) I ought to make mention of the closing *levée* of Saturday night last. Never before was such a compact jam in front of the White House; all the grounds filled, and away out to the spacious sidewalks. I was there, as I took a notion to go—was in the rush inside with the crowd—surged along the passage-ways, the Blue and other rooms, and through the great East Room. Crowds of country people, some very funny. Fine music from the Marine Band. Off in a side place I saw Mr. Lincoln, dressed in black, with white gloves and a claw-hammer coat, receiving, as in duty bound, shaking hands, looking very disconsolate, and as if he would give anything to be somewhere else.

Specimen Days, Walt Whitman. Complete Prose Works, page 63.

Anna Dickinson and the Sunbeam

In conversation the next day, the President asked:

"Did you notice that sunburst?" [As Lincoln was about to take the oath.] "It made my heart jump."



ANNA DICKINSON

Later in the month, Miss Anna Dickinson, in a lecture delivered in the hall of the House of Representatives, eloquently alluded to the sunburst as a happy omen. The President sat directly in front of the speaker, and from the reporters' gallery behind her I had caught his eye soon after he sat down. When Miss Dickinson referred to the sunbeam, he looked up to me, involuntarily, and I thought his eyes were suffused with moisture. Perhaps they were; but the next day he said:

"I wonder if Miss Dickinson saw me wink at you?"

Reminiscences, Noah Brooks, as quoted in *Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln* Paul Selby, page 166.

Sewing a Button on His Trousers

One of the President's life-guard who was on duty early in 1865, saw much of Mr. Lincoln, day and night, for several months.

Early one morning he tapped on the President's bed-room door. To his surprise he found the President of the United States, in dishabille and carpet slippers, sewing a button on his trousers. With a twinkle, Mr. Lincoln exclaimed:

"All right. Just wait a minute while I repair damages."

W. W.

"There Was Such a Charm about His Expression"

The relations between Mr. Lincoln and the members of his Cabinet were always friendly and sincere on his part. He treated every one of them with unvarying candor, respect, and kindness; but, though several of them were men of extraordinary force and self-assertion—this was true especially of Mr. Seward, Mr. Chase,

and Mr. Stanton—and though there was nothing of selfhood or domination in his manner toward them, it was always plain that he was the master and they the subordinates. They constantly had to yield to his will in questions where responsibility fell upon him. If he ever yielded to theirs, it was because they convinced him that the course they advised was judicious and appropriate. I fancied during the whole time of my intimate intercourse with him and with them that he was always prepared to receive the resignation of any one of them. . . . . He was calm, equable, uncomplaining. In the discussion of important questions, whatever he said showed the profoundest thought, even when he was joking. He seemed to see every side of every question. He was never impatient, he never was in a hurry, and he never tried to hurry anybody else. To every one he was pleasant and cordial. Yet they all felt it was his word that went at last; that every case was open until he gave his decision.

This impression of authority, of reserve force, Mr. Lincoln always gave to those about him. Even physically he was impressive. According to the record measurements, he was six feet four inches in height. That is, he was at least four inches taller than the tall, ordinary man. When he rode out on horseback to review an army, as I have frequently seen him do, he wore usually a high hat, and then he looked like a giant. There was no waste or excess of material about his frame; nevertheless, he was very strong and muscular. . . . .

Mr. Lincoln's face was thin, and his features were large. His hair was black, his eyebrows heavy, his forehead square and well developed. His complexion was dark and quite sallow. His smile was something most lovely. I have never seen a woman's smile that approached it in its engaging quality; nor have I ever seen another face which would light up as Mr. Lincoln's did when something touched his heart or amused him. I have heard it said that he was ungainly, that his step was awkward. He never impressed me as being awkward. In the first place, there was such a charm and beauty about his expression, such good humor and friendly spirit looking from his eyes, that when you were near him you never thought whether he was awkward or graceful; you thought of nothing except: What a kindly character this man has! Then, too, there was such shrewdness in his kindly features that one

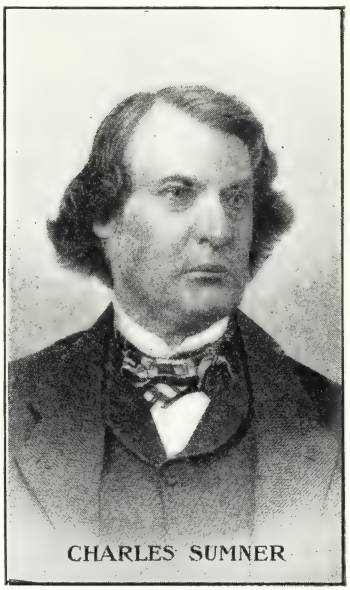
did not care to criticise him. His manner was always dignified, and even if he had done an awkward thing the dignity of his character would have made it seem graceful and becoming. . . .

The great quality of his appearance was benevolence and benignity; the wish to do somebody some good if he could; and yet there was no flabby philanthropy about Abraham Lincoln. He was all solid, hard, keen intelligence combined with goodness. Indeed, the expression of his face and of his bearing which impressed one most, after his benevolence and benignity, was his intelligent understanding. You felt that here was a man who saw through things, who understood, and you respected him accordingly.

Recollections of the Civil War, Charles A. Dana, page 171.

Senator Sumner Tells of Lincoln's Love for "Nasby's Letters"

I had occasion to see President Lincoln very late in the evening of March 17, 1865. The interview was in the familiar room known as his office, and also used for Cabinet meetings. I did not take leave of him until some time after midnight, and the business was not entirely finished. As I rose, he said:



CHARLES SUMNER

"Come to me when I open shop in the morning; I will have the order written, and you shall see it."

"When do you open shop?" said I.

"At nine o'clock," he replied.

At the hour named I was in the same room that I had so recently left. Very soon the President entered, stepping quickly with the promised order in his hand, which he at once read to me. It was to disapprove and annul the judgment and sentence of a court-martial in a case that had excited much feeling. While I was making an abstract of the order for communication by telegraph to the anxious parties, he broke into a quotation from Nasby. Finding me less at home than himself with his favorite humorist, he said

pleasantly, "I must initiate you," and then repeated with enthusiasm the message he had sent to the author:

"For the genius to write these things I would gladly give up my office."

Rising from his seat, he opened a desk behind, and, taking from it a pamphlet collection of the ("Nasby") "Letters" already published, proceeded to read from it with infinite zest while his melancholy features grew bright. It was a delight to see him surrender so completely to the fascination. Finding that I listened, he read for more than twenty minutes, and was still proceeding, when it occurred to me that there must be many at the door waiting to see him on graver matters. Taking advantage of a pause, I rose, and, thanking him for the lesson of the morning, went away. Some thirty persons, including senators and representatives, were in the antechamber as I passed out.

Introduction to *The Struggles of Petroleum V. Nasby*, Charles Sumner, page 14.

A Great Wrong to Lincoln's Memory

Dr. Holland, in his "Life of Abraham Lincoln," I regret to observe, has thought it worth while to notice the reports, which in one way and another have obtained circulation, that the President habitually indulged, in ordinary conversation, in a class of objectionable stories. The biographer, it is true, attempts to palliate this, on the ground that it was no innate love of impurity which prompted such relations, but a keen relish for wit, in any form, the lack of refining influence in early life, and his experience as a lawyer, which necessarily induced professional familiarity with the foulest phases of human nature. . . . . .

Mr. Lincoln, I am convinced, has been greatly wronged in this respect. Every foul-mouthed man in the country gave currency to the slime and filth of his own imagination by attributing it to the President. It is but simple justice to his memory that I should state that, during the entire period of my stay in Washington, after witnessing his intercourse with nearly all classes of men, embracing governors, senators, members of Congress, officers of the army, and intimate friends, I cannot recollect to have heard him relate a circumstance to any of them which would have been out of place uttered in a ladies' drawing-room. And this testimony is not unsupported by that of others, well entitled to consideration. Dr.

Stone, his family physician, came in one day to see my studies. Sitting in front of that of the President,—with whom he did not sympathize politically,—he remarked, with much feeling:

"It is the province of a physician to probe deeply the interior lives of men; and I affirm that Mr. Lincoln is the purest hearted man with whom I ever came in contact."

Secretary Seward, who of the Cabinet officers was most intimate with the President, expressed the same sentiment in still stronger language. He once said to the Rev. Dr. Bellows:

"Mr. Lincoln is the best man I ever knew!"

Six Months at the White House, F. B. Carpenter, page 79.

Advises Stanton about a Wrathful Letter

One day Secretary Stanton came to him with a wrathful letter written to a Major-General who had accused him of favoritism. While Stanton was reading the letter, which was full of sharp retorts, Lincoln interrupted him with favorable comments such as:

"That's right; give it to him, Stanton!"—"Just what he deserves!"—"Prick him hard!"—"Score him!"—"That's first rate!"—"Good for you!"—and so on.

While Stanton, much gratified, was folding up the letter and putting it into its envelope, the President asked him:

"What are you going to do with it now?"

"Why, send it, of course," replied Stanton, looking blank.

"Don't do it," said Lincoln, laughing.

"But you said it was just what he deserved," demurred the Secretary.

"Yes, I believe he does deserve it, but you don't want to send such a letter as that. *Put in it the stove!* That's the way I do when I have written a letter while I am mad. It *is* a good letter, and you have had a good time writing it, and you feel better, don't you? It has done you good and answered its purpose. *Now burn it!*"

W. W.

"God Bless the Women of America!"

A fair for the benefit of the soldiers, held at the Patent Office, Washington, called out Mr. Lincoln as an interested visitor; and he was not permitted to retire without giving a word to those in attendance.

"In this extraordinary War," said he, "extraordinary developments have manifested themselves, such as have not been seen in former wars; and among these manifestations nothing has been more remarkable than these fairs for the relief of suffering soldiers and their families. And the chief agents in these fairs are the women of America.

"I am not accustomed to use the language of eulogy; I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women; but I must say that if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world, in praise of women, were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during the War. I will close by saying:

"God bless the women of America!"

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Paul Selby, page 172.

"Nothing Like Getting Used to Things"

A recent number of the New York *Tribune* contained an account, from a correspondent within the Rebel lines, of an elaborate conspiracy, matured in Richmond, to abduct or assassinate—if the former were found impracticable—the person of the President. A secret organization, composed, it was stated, of 500 or 1,000 men, had solemnly sworn to accomplish the deed.

Mr. Lincoln had not seen or heard of this account, so at his request I gave him the details. Upon the conclusion, he smiled incredulously and said:

"Well, even if true, I do not see what the Rebels would gain by killing or getting possession of me. I am but a single individual, and it would not help their cause or make the least difference in the progress of the War. Everything would go right on just the same.

"Soon after I was nominated at Chicago, I began to receive letters threatening my life. The first one or two made me a little uncomfortable, but I came at length to look for a regular instalment of this kind of correspondence in every week's mail, and up to Inauguration Day I was in constant receipt of such letters. It is uncommon thing to receive them now; but they have ceased to give me any apprehension."

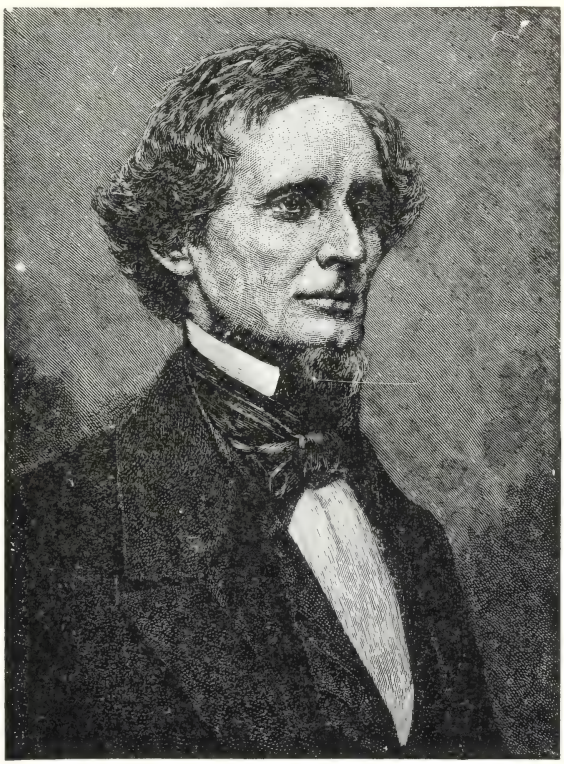
I expressed some surprise at this, but he replied in his peculiar way:

"Oh, there is nothing like getting *used* to things."

Six Months at the White House, F. B. Carpenter, page 62.

Grant Captures Richmond and Intercepts Lee's Army

Jefferson Davis had issued a last appeal to "fire the Southern heart," but the situation at Richmond was becoming desperate. Flour cost a thousand dollars a barrel in Confederate money, and neither the flour nor the money was sufficient for their needs. Squads of guards were sent into the streets with directions to arrest every able-bodied man they met, and force him to work in defense of the town. It is said that the medical boards were ordered to excuse no one from military service who was well enough to bear arms for even ten days. Human nature will not endure a strain like this, and desertion grew too common to punish.



JEFFERSON DAVIS AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR

Nevertheless the city kept up its defense until April 3. . . . The Rebel Government hurried away toward the South, and Lee bent all his energies to saving his army and taking it to join General Johnston, who still held out against Sherman. Grant pursued him with such energy that he did not even allow himself the pleasure of entering the captured Rebel capital. The chase continued six days. On the evening of April 8 the Union army succeeded in planting itself squarely across Lee's line of retreat; and the marching and fighting of his army were over forever. . . . .

Fire and destruction attended the flight of the Confederates from Richmond. Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet, carrying with them their more important state papers, left the doomed city on one of the crowded and overloaded railroad trains on the night of April 2, beginning a southward flight that ended only with Mr. Davis's capture about a month later.

The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln, Helen Nicolay, page 271.

"I Am Troubled about the Negroes"

Being then in Washington, the President sent for the writer, and said:

"General Butler, I am troubled about the negroes. We are soon to have peace. We have got some one hundred and odd thousand negroes who have been trained to arms. When peace shall come I fear lest these colored men shall organize themselves in the South, especially in the States where the negroes are in preponderance in numbers, into guerrilla parties, and we shall have down there a warfare between the whites and the negroes. In the course of reconstruction of the Government it will become a question of how the negro is to be disposed of. Would it not be possible to export them to some place, say Liberia, or South America, and organize them into communities to support themselves? Now, General, I wish you would examine the practicability of such exportation. . . . . Will you give this your attention, and, at as early a day as possible, report to me your views upon the subject?"

I replied, "Willingly," and bowed and retired.

After some few days . . . . I repaired to the President's office in the morning and said to him,

"I have come to report to you on the question you have submitted to me, Mr. President." . . . .

He exhibited great interest, and said, "Well, what do you think of it?"

I said, "Mr. President, I assume that if the negro is to be sent away on shipboard you do not propose to enact the horrors of the middle passage, but would give the negroes the air-space that the law provides for emigrants?"

He said, "Certainly."

"Well, then, here are some calculations which will show you

that if you undertake to export all of the negroes—and I do not see how you can take one portion differently from another—negro children will be born faster than your whole naval and merchant vessels, if substantially all of them were devoted to that use, can carry them from the country." . . . .

He examined my tables carefully for some considerable time, and then looked up sadly and said:

"Your deductions seem to be correct, General. But what can we do?"

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Benjamin F. Butler. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 150.

A Strange Triumphal Entry into a Conquered Capital

. . . There was a small house on the landing, and behind it were some twelve negroes digging with spades. Their leader was an old man. . . . . He raised himself to an upright position as we landed and put his hands up to his eyes. Then he dropped his spade and sprang forward.

"Bress de Lord," he said, "dere is de great Messiah! I knowed him as soon as I seed him. He's been in my heart fo' long yeahs, an' he's cum at las' to free his chillun from deir bondage—Glory, Hallelujah!" And he fell on his knees before the President and kissed his feet. The others followed his example, and in a minute Mr. Lincoln was surrounded by these people, who had treasured up the recollection of him caught from a photograph, and had looked up to him for four years as the one who was to lead them out of captivity. . . . . .

Mr. Lincoln looked down at the poor creatures at his feet; he was much embarrassed at his position.

"Don't kneel to me," he said. "That is not right. You must kneel to God only, and thank Him for the liberty you will hereafter enjoy." . . . . . .

His face was lit up with a divine look as he said these words. . . . . In his enthusiasm he seemed the personification of manly beauty, and that sad face of his looked down in kindness upon these ignorant blacks. . . . . He really seemed of another world. . . .

It was a minute or two before I could get the negroes to rise and leave the President. . . . . .

"Yes, Massa," said the old man. . . . . "'Scuse us, sir. We means no disrespec' to Mass' Lincoln; we means all love and grati-

tude." And then joining hands together in a ring, they sang a hymn, beginning, "O, all ye people, clap your hands!"

The President and all of us listened respectfully. Four



LINCOLN ENTERING RICHMOND, LEADING TAD

minutes at most had passed away since we first landed, when the streets were entirely deserted. . . . Now the streets seemed to be suddenly alive with the colored race. They seemed to spring from

the earth. They came tumbling and shouting from over the hill and from the water-side, where no one was seen as we had passed.

The crowd immediately became very oppressive. We needed the marines to keep them off. I ordered twelve of the boat's crew to *fix bayonets* to their rifles and to surround the President, all of which was quickly done; but the crowd poured in so fearfully that I thought we all stood a chance of being crushed to death.

I now realized the imprudence of landing without a large body of marines; and yet, this seemed to me, after all, the fittest way for Mr. Lincoln to come among the people he had redeemed from bondage.

What an ovation he had, to be sure! . . . . . They all had their souls in their eyes, and I don't think I ever looked upon a scene where there were so many passionately happy faces. . . . .

At length the President spoke. He could not move for the mass of people—he had to do something.

"My poor friends," he said. "You are free—free as air. You can cast off the name of slave and trample upon it; it will come to you no more. Liberty is your birthright. God gave it to you as He gave it to others, and it is a sin that you have been deprived of it for so many years. But you must try to deserve this priceless boon. Let the world see that you merit it, and are able to maintain it by your good works. Don't let your joy carry you into excesses. Learn the laws and obey them; obey God's commandments and thank Him for giving you liberty, for to Him you owe all things. There, now, let me pass on. I have but little time to spare. I want to see the Capitol, and must return at once to Washington to secure you that liberty which you seem to prize so highly."

Incidents and Anecdotes of the Civil War, Admiral Porter, page 295.

At the "White House of the Confederacy"

The procession reached Weitzel's headquarters—the mansion from which Jefferson Davis had taken his quick departure the previous Sunday.

President Lincoln wearily ascended the steps and by chance dropped into the very chair usually occupied by Mr. Davis when at his writing table.

Such was the entrance of the Chief of the Republic into the Capital of the late Confederacy. There was no sign of exultation



From *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.*

LEAVING THE DAVIS MANSION

"The White House of the Confederacy," after the taking of Richmond.

no elation of spirit, but, on the contrary, a look of unutterable weariness, as if his spirit, energy and animating force were wholly exhausted. . . . .

Later in the afternoon I saw President Lincoln riding through the streets, taking a hasty glance at the scene of desolation and woe. There was no smile upon his face. Paler than ever his countenance, deeper than ever before the lines upon his forehead. The driver turned his horses towards the landing. The visit to the Capital of the Confederacy was ended.

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Charles Carleton Coffin. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 183.

"The End Has Almost Come!"

The next time I met Mr. Lincoln was early on the morning of April 7, 1865, in the log cabin now standing in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, and then known as "Grant's Headquarters at City Point." I was in search of a pass to get through the lines to the army, to see my brother, and, as I hoped, to witness the last fight of the Army of the Potomac. As I entered the room, a voice from behind the open door called my name, and as I turned, Mr. Lincoln rose from a desk and pleasantly made a few inquiries about myself. He then said, "Oh! let me give you the latest news," and picking up a paper which lay on his table, he read to me Sheridan's telegram to General Grant, repeated word for word by the latter to the President, in which the capture of seven thousand men and five generals, including Ewell and Custis Lee, was reported. This was the famous dispatch in which Sheridan said that if the thing was pushed, he thought Lee would surrender, to which Lincoln, in his characteristic style, laconically replied, "Let the thing be pushed."

Mr. Lincoln was, of course, intensely delighted with the success of the Army of the Potomac in hemming in Lee's army, and, rubbing his hands together in satisfaction, he remarked with a smile upon his dear face such as I had never before seen,

"The end has almost come!"

Personal Notes and Reminiscences of Lincoln, H. S. Huidekoper, page 19.

Returning from City Point

Evening came on quickly. Passing before Mount Vernon, I remember saying to him: "Mount Vernon and Springfield, the

memories of Washington and your own, those of the Revolutionary and Civil Wars; these are the spots and names America shall one day equally honor." This remark appeared to call him to himself. "Springfield!" answered he. "How happy, four years hence, will I be to return there in peace and tranquillity!"

Arrived at the Potomac wharf, our party was forced to disperse. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, Senator Sumner and myself drove home in the same carriage. We were nearing Washington when Mrs. Lincoln, who had hitherto remained silently looking at the town a short distance off, said to me:

"That city is filled with our enemies."

On hearing this the President raised his arm and somewhat impatiently retorted, "Enemies! We must never speak of that."

This was on the evening of April 9th.

Personal Recollections of Mr. Lincoln, The Marquis de Chambrun. *Scribner's Magazine*, Vol. XIII, January, 1893, page 34.

How Lincoln and His Cabinet Received the News of Lee's Surrender

On the day the news of General Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court-House was received, so an intimate friend of President Lincoln relates, the Cabinet meeting was held an hour earlier than usual. Neither the President nor any member of the Cabinet was able, for a time, to give utterance to his feelings.

At the suggestion of Mr. Lincoln, they all dropped on their knees and offered, in silence and in tears, their humble and heart-felt acknowledgments to the Almighty for the triumph He had granted to the national cause.

"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 419.

"The President's Life-Preserver"

Mr. Lincoln's laugh stood by itself. The neigh of a wild horse on his native prairie is not more undisguised and hearty. A group of gentlemen, among whom was his old friend and associate, Isaac N. Arnold, were one day conversing in the passage near his office, while awaiting admission. A congressional delegation had preceded them and presently an unmistakable voice was heard through the partition, in a burst of mirth. Mr. Arnold remarked, as the sound died away:

"That laugh has been the President's life-preserver!"

Six Months at the White House, F. B. Carpenter, page 150.

Behind the Scenes at a White House Serenade

The same care which Lincoln bestowed on his messages and letters was given to his speeches, though it is not likely that any one of these was elaborated as much as the Gettysburg Address. He was afraid, it seemed to me, of being betrayed into using undignified expressions when called out without due preparation. Once, being notified that he was to be serenaded, just after some notable military or political event, he asked me to come to dinner, "so as to be on hand and see the fun afterwards," as he said.

He excused himself as soon as we had dined, and, while the bands were playing, the crowds cheering and the rockets bursting outside the house, he made his re-appearance in the parlor, with a roll of manuscript in his hand. Perhaps noticing a look of surprise on my face, he said, "I know what you are thinking about. You think it mighty queer that an old stump-speaker like myself should not be able to address a crowd like this outside without a written speech. But you must remember I am, in a certain sense, talking to the country, and I have to be mighty careful. Now, the last time I made an off-hand speech, in answer to a serenade, I used the phrase, as applied to the Rebels, 'turned tail and ran.' Some very nice Boston folks, I am grieved to hear, were very much outraged by that phrase, which they thought improper. So I resolved to make no more impromptu speeches if I could help it."

Hearing that speech from the inside of the White House was like seeing a play from behind the scenes. The immense concourse in front of the house was illuminated with fireworks. The air was rent with the noise of cheers, music and exploding rockets and bombs. Just as we went upstairs, an unusual yell, mingled with laughter and cheers, caused the President to pause and ask what that might be. Little Tad, then about eleven years old, delirious with excitement, had seized a captured Rebel flag which had been given him, and leaning as far out of the window as possible, was waving it with might and main, to the wonderment and delight of the crowd beneath. At that moment old Edward, the faithful doorkeeper, in great consternation, seized the lad by the ampler portion of his small trousers, and plucked him from the window-sill. Howling with anger, he fled to his father, who had scarcely composed his laughing features when he advanced to the large open

window over the main entrance. When Lincoln began to read his speech, he held a candle in his left hand and the manuscript in the right hand, but, speedily becoming embarrassed by the difficulty of managing the candle and the speech, he made a comical motion with his left foot and elbow, which I construed to mean that I should hold the candle for him, which I did. As he read, he dropped the slips of manuscript on the floor, and Tad, scurrying about, gathered them up as they drifted about, like big butterflies, from the President's hand. After the speech was over, and the crowds were cheering tremendously, the President, who continued to stand at the window-sill, addressing his candle-bearer, said,

"That was a pretty fair speech, I think, but you threw some light on it."

Personal Reminiscences of Lincoln, Noah Brooks. *Scribner's Monthly*, Vol. XV, February, 1878, page 567.

From Lincoln's Last Speech

This carefully worded, wise and memorable production was delivered Tuesday evening, April 11, 1865, in response to a serenade at the White House:

"FELLOW CITIZENS: We meet this evening not in sorrow, but in gladness of heart. The evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond, and the surrender of the principal insurgent army, give hope of a righteous and speedy peace whose joyous expression cannot be restrained. In the midst of this, however, He from whom all blessings flow must not be forgotten. A call for a national thanksgiving is being prepared and will be duly promulgated. Nor must those whose harder part gives us the cause of rejoicing be overlooked. Their honors must not be parceled out with the others. I myself was near the front, and had the high pleasure of transmitting much of the good news to you; but no part of the honor, for plan or execution, is mine. To General Grant, his skilful officers and brave men, all belongs. The gallant navy stood ready, but was not in reach to take active part.

"By these recent successes, the re-inauguration of national authority, reconstruction, which has had a large share of thought from the first, is pressed much more closely upon our attention. It is fraught with great difficulty. Unlike the case of a war between independent nations, there is no authorized organ for us to treat

with. No man has authority to give up the Rebellion for any other man. We simply must begin with and mold from disorganized and discordant elements. Nor is it a small additional embarrassment that we, the loyal people, differ among ourselves as to the mode, the manner and means of reconstruction. . . . . .

"In the present situation, as the phrase goes, it may be my duty to make some new announcement to the people of the South. I am considering, and shall not fail to act, when satisfied that action will be proper."

[During the reading of this speech Tad had recovered from his wrath over his recent humiliation and caught the sheets of his father's speech as Lincoln let them drop, sometimes tugging impatiently at his father's coat-tails, with, "Give me *another* paper, Papa!"

The President, before retiring from before the crowd, called on the serenading band to play "Dixie," saying joyously: "We have a right to that tune now." When he turned back into the White House Mrs. Lincoln called his attention to the fact that he might easily have been shot while speaking, and begged him not to expose himself so recklessly again. This was Tuesday night, April 11th. —W. W.]

Lincoln's Last Telegram

Mr. Lincoln's last telegram was one transmitted to Major-General Weitzel, in command at Richmond, on the 12th of April, in which he ordered that "the gentlemen who had acted as the Legislature of Virginia in the support of the Rebellion be not allowed to assemble even in their individual capacity." The following is the dispatch:

"I have just seen Judge Campbell's letter to you of the 7th. He assumes, as it appears to me, that I have called the insurgent Legislature of Virginia together, as the rightful Legislature of the State, to settle all differences with the United States. I have done no such thing. I spoke of them not as a Legislature but as 'the gentlemen who have acted as the Legislature of Virginia in the support of the Rebellion.' I did this on purpose to exclude the assumption that I was recognizing them as a rightful body. I dealt with them as men having power *de facto* to do a specific thing, to

wit: "to withdraw the Virginia troops and other support from resistance to the general Government," for which, in the paper handed to Judge Campbell, I promised a special equivalent, to wit: a remission to the people of the State except in certain cases, of the confiscation of their property. I meant this and no more. Inasmuch, however, as Judge Campbell misconstrues this and is still pressing for an armistice, contrary to the explicit statement of the paper I gave him, and particularly as General Grant has since captured the Virginia troops, so that giving a consideration for their withdrawal is no longer applicable, let my letter to you and the paper to Judge Campbell both be withdrawn or countermanded and he be notified of it. Do not allow them to assemble, but if any have come, allow them safe return to their homes."

Life and Public Services of Edwin M. Stanton, George C. Gorham, Vol. II, page 242.

Secretary Stoddard Takes His Last Leave of President Lincoln

"The President is waiting to see you, sir. He is in the room beyond the library. I'll shake hands with you now, sir. I'm going out and I'll not be at the door."

"All right, Edward, I'll go in and see him."

I shook hands with Old Edward and walked slowly on through the shadowy hall to the room where I was to say good-bye to Abraham Lincoln. It was just the place for a quiet, farewell talk.

"Yes, Mr. Lincoln," I said, "all my arrangements are made, and I'm off to-night."

"Take these things with you, then,"—passes, letters, orders for transportation he put in my hand—"and now there's just one thing I want to say. The War is . . over. . . . Now, what I want you to do is this: Do all you can, in any and every way you can, to get the ballot into the hands of the freedmen. . . . Will you?"

He spoke of the Southern people in the friendliest and most hopeful manner. They had no better friend than he, nor wiser. . . . . The parting grasp of his iron hand all but crushed mine, while those deep, mournful eyes beamed down upon me warmly, full of good-will.

"Good-bye;" the White House days have become as a dream of the night, when it is ended—and I never saw his face again.

Inside the White House in War Times, William O. Stoddard, page 243.

CHAPTER XXIV

Lincoln's Last Day

The Morning of That Fateful Day

"The War is over." Throughout the breadth of the North this was the jubilant cry with which people greeted one another on the morning of April 14, 1865. For ten days reports of victories had been coming to them; Petersburg evacuated, Richmond fallen, Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet fled, Lee surrendered, Mobile captured. Nothing of the Confederacy, in short, remained but Johnston's army, and it was generally believed that its surrender to Sherman was but a matter of hours. How completely the conflict was at an end, however, the people of the North had not realized until they read in their newspapers, on that Good Friday morning, the order of the Secretary of War suspending the draft, stopping the purchase of military supplies and removing military restrictions from trade. The War was over indeed. . . . .

One man before all others in the nation felt and showed his gladness that day—the President, Abraham Lincoln. . . . There was a marked change in his appearance. All through 1863 and 1864 his thin face had day by day grown more haggard, its lines had deepened, its pallor had become a more ghastly gray. His eye, always sad when he was in thought, had a look of unutterable grief. Through all these months Lincoln was, in fact, consumed by sorrow.

"I think I shall never be glad again," he said once to a friend. But as one by one the weights lifted, a change came over him; his form straightened, his face cleared, the lines became less accentuated.

"His whole appearance, poise, and bearing had marvellously changed," says the Hon. James Harlan. "He was, in fact, transfigured. That indescribable sadness which had previously seemed to be an adamantine element of his very being, had been suddenly changed for an equally indescribable expression of serene joy, as if conscious that the great purpose of his life had been achieved."

Never since he had become convinced that the end of the War

was near had Mr. Lincoln seemed to his friends more glad, more serene, than on the 14th of April. The morning was soft and sunny in Washington, and as the spring was early in 1865, the Judas trees and the dogwood were blossoming on the hillsides, the willows were green along the Potomac, and in the parks and gardens the lilacs bloomed—a day of promise and joy to which the whole town responded. . . . The suspension of the draft and the presence of Grant in town—come this time not to plan new campaigns, but to talk of peace and reconstruction—seemed to furnish special reason for celebrating.

At the White House the family party which met at breakfast was unusually happy. Captain Robert Lincoln, the President's oldest son, then an *aide-de-camp* on Grant's staff, had arrived that morning, and the closing scenes of Grant's campaign were discussed with the deepest interest by father and son. . . . .

Later in the morning the Cabinet met, Friday being its regular day. General Grant was invited to remain to its session. There was the greatest interest at the moment in General Sherman's movements, and Grant was plied with questions by the Cabinet. The President was least anxious of all. The news would soon come, he said, and it would be favorable. He had no doubt of this, for the night before he had had a dream which had preceded nearly every important event of the war.

"He said it was in my Department, it related to the water," Secretary Welles afterward wrote: "that he seemed to be in a singular and indescribable vessel, but always the same, and that he was moving with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore; that he had had this singular dream preceding the firing on Sumter, the battles of Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, Vicksburg, Wilmington, etc. . . . Victory did not always follow his dream, but the event and results were important. He had no doubt that a battle had taken place, or was about being fought, 'and Johnston will be beaten, for I had this strange dream again last night. It must relate to Sherman; my thoughts are in that direction, and *I know of no other very important event which is likely just now to occur.*' "

The greater part of the meeting was taken up with a discussion of the policy of reconstruction. . . . The President warned them

emphatically, Mr. Welles says, that he did not sympathize with and would not participate in any feelings of hate and vindictiveness.

"He hoped there would be no persecution, no bloody work, after the War was over. None need expect he would take any part in hanging or killing these men, even the worst of them. Frighten them out of the country, let down the bars, scare them off, said he, throwing up his hands as if scaring sheep. Enough lives have been sacrificed. We must extinguish our resentment if we expect harmony and union. There was too much desire on the part of our very good friends to be masters, to interfere with and dictate to those States, to treat the people not as fellow-citizens; there was too little respect for their rights. He didn't sympathize in these feelings."

The impression he made on all the Cabinet that day was expressed twenty-four hours later by Secretary Stanton:

"He was more cheerful and happy than I had ever seen him, rejoiced at the near prospect of a firm and durable peace at home and abroad, manifested in marked degree the kindness and humanity of his disposition, and the tender and forgiving spirit that so eminently distinguished him."

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. II, pages 230 to 235.

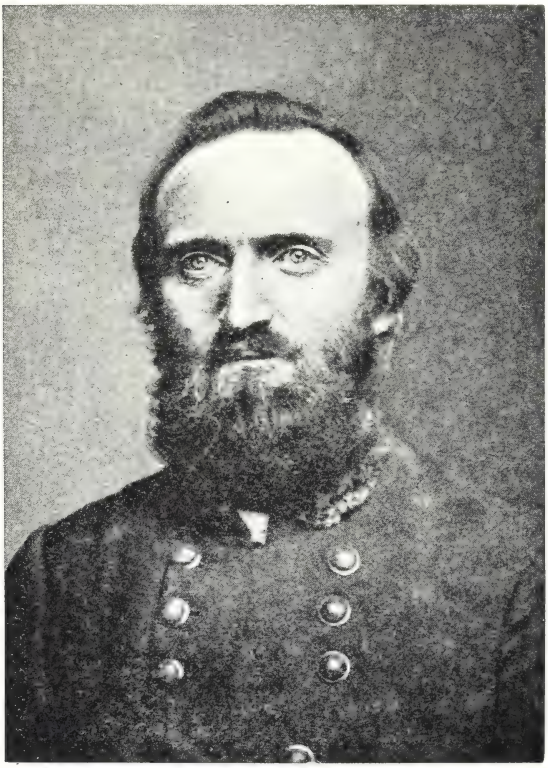
"What a Pity We Have to Fight Such a Gallant Fellow!"

Mr. Lincoln was generous by nature, and though his whole heart was in the War, he could not but respect the valor of those opposed to him. His soul was too great for narrow, selfish views or partisanship. Brave by nature himself, he honored bravery in others, even his foes. Time and again I have heard him speak in the highest terms of the soldierly qualities of such brave Confederate Generals as Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson and Joseph E. Johnston. Jackson was his ideal soldier.

"He is a brave, honest, Presbyterian soldier," were the President's words. "What a pity that we should have to fight such a gallant fellow! If we only had such a man to lead the armies of the North, the country would not be appalled with so many disasters." . . . . .

The very morning of the day on which he was assassinated, his son, Captain Robert Lincoln, came into the room with a portrait of General [Robert E.] Lee in his hand. The President took the

picture, laid it on the table before him, scanned the face thoughtfully, and said:



"STONEWALL" JACKSON, CONFEDERATE GENERAL

"A brave, honest, Presbyterian soldier."

"It is a good face; it is the face of a noble, noble, brave man. I am glad that the War is over at last." Looking up at Robert, he continued:

"Well, my son, you have returned safely from the front. The War is now closed, and we soon will live at peace with the brave men that have been fighting against us. I trust that the era of good feeling has returned with the end of the War, and that henceforth we shall live in peace. Now, listen to me, Robert: You must lay aside your uniform and return to college. I wish you to read law for three years, and at the end of that time I hope we shall be able to tell whether you will make a lawyer or not."

His face was more cheerful than I had seen it for a long while, and he seemed to be in a generous, forgiving mood.

Behind the Scenes, Elizabeth Keckley, page 36.

Dickens's Story of Lincoln's Last Cabinet Meeting

Charles Dickens, writing from Washington to John Foster, in 1868, mentioned having dined with Senator Sumner, the only other guest being Secretary Stanton, from whom he had this "curious little story" about the last Cabinet meeting of President Lincoln:

"Mr. Stanton, on leaving the council with the Attorney-General, said to him:

" 'That is the most satisfactory Cabinet meeting I have attended for many a long day. What an extraordinary change in Mr. Lincoln!'

"The Attorney-General replied:

" 'We all saw it before you came in. While we were waiting for you he sat with his chin down on his breast:'

"'Gentlemen, something very extraordinary is going to happen, and that very soon.'

"To which the Attorney-General had observed:

" 'Something very good, sir, I hope?' when the President answered very gravely:



" 'I don't know—I don't know. But it will happen, and shortly too.'

"As they were all impressed by his manner, the Attorney-General took him up again.

" 'Have you received any information, sir, not yet disclosed to us?'

" 'No,' answered the President, 'but I have had a dream. And I have had the same dream three times: once the night preceding the battle of Bull Run, once on the night preceding such another' (naming a battle also not favorable to the North).

"His chin sank on his breast again, and he sat reflecting.

" 'Might one ask the nature of this dream, sir?' said the Attorney-General.

" 'Well,' replied the President, without lifting his head or changing his attitude, 'I am on a great, broad, rolling river—and I am in a boat—and I drift—and I drift—but this is not business,' suddenly raising his voice and looking around the table as Mr. Stanton entered:

" 'Let us proceed to business, gentlemen.'

"Mr. Stanton and the Attorney-General said, as they walked on together, it would be curious to notice whether anything ensued on this, and they agreed to notice."

Of those who met at this council, one of the latest survivors was the Hon. James Speed, of Louisville, then Attorney-General. His attention having been called to this account from Dickens, its verity was confirmed in a letter . . . in which Mr. Speed said:

"I cannot attempt to give in better words than Mr. Dickens an account of that Cabinet meeting, although it made an indelible impression upon my memory. Even after the lapse of so many years the picture can be recalled to my mind's eye as clearly as though the circumstances occurred but yesterday; and I fondly cling to the memory of Mr. Lincoln's personal appearance as I saw him that day, with cleanly shaved face, well brushed clothing, and neatly combed hair and whiskers. In fact, the contrast was so great as to cause each member of the Cabinet to remark it. I well remember that Mr. Stanton said to me as we went down the stairs together,

"Didn't our chief look *grand* to-day?"

Abraham Lincoln and His Presidency, Joseph H. Barrett, LL.D., Vol. II, page 355.

"Well Done, Good and Faithful Servants!"

In April, 1865, I was sent with the Government excursion from Washington to Charleston to take part in the ceremony of raising over Fort Sumter the flag that had been lowered there in April, 1861. When I reported to Stanton upon my return, he gave me a detailed account of the awful tragedy which had been enacted in the national Capital during our absence. He said that he had never felt so sensible of his deep affection for Lincoln as he did during their final interview. At last they could see the end of bloody fratricidal war. Peace was dawning upon their beloved country. '*Well done, good and faithful servants!*" was upon the lips of the nation. As they exchanged congratulations, Lincoln, from his greater height, dropped his long arm upon Stanton's shoulders, and a hearty embrace terminated their rejoicings over the close of the mighty struggle. Stanton went home happy.

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, James B. Fry. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 403.

The Afternoon Drive with Mrs. Lincoln

After the Cabinet meeting he went to drive with Mrs. Lincoln, expressing a wish that no one should accompany them, and evidently desiring to converse alone with her.

"Mary," said he, "we have had a hard time of it since we came to Washington, but the War is over, and with God's blessing we may hope for four years of peace and happiness, and then we will go back to Illinois and pass the rest of our lives in quiet."

He spoke of his old Springfield home, and recollections of his early days, his little brown cottage, the law office, the court-room, the green bag for his briefs and law papers, his adventures when riding on the circuit, came thronging back to him. The tension under which he had so long been kept was removed and he was like a boy out of school.

"We have laid by," said he to his wife, "some money, and during this term we will try and save up more, but shall not have enough to support us. We will go back to Illinois, and I will open a law-office at Springfield or Chicago, and practise law, and at least do enough to help give us a livelihood."

Such were the dreams, the day-dreams of Lincoln, the last day of his life. In imagination he was again in his prairie home, among his law-books, and in the courts with his old friends.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Isaac N. Arnold, page 429.

Mrs. Lincoln noticed that the President, during their afternoon drive . . . was in unusually good spirits, and remarked to him that he was in a like mood just before the fatal illness of their son Willie. But no kindly premonition warned her of the particular danger to be avoided. . . . In the joyous excitement of the time even the *devotée* seemed to forget the wonted associations of Good Friday.

Abraham Lincoln and His Presidency, Joseph H. Barrett, LL.D., Vol. II, page 357.

Lincoln's Last Official Acts of Mercy

During the afternoon the President signed a pardon for a soldier sentenced to be shot for desertion, remarking as he did so:

"Well, I think the boy can do us more good above ground than under ground."

He also approved an application for the discharge, on taking the oath of allegiance, of a Rebel prisoner, on whose petition he wrote:

"*Let it be done.*"

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Paul Selby, page 218.

"It's Best to Let Him Run"

On the afternoon of the 14th of April—it was Good Friday—I got a telegram from the Provost Marshal in Portland, Me., saying: "I have positive information that Jacob Thompson will pass through Portland to-night, in order to take a steamer for England. What are your orders?"

Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, had been Secretary of the Interior in President Buchanan's administration. He was a conspicuous secessionist, and for some time had been employed in Canada as a semi-diplomatic agent of the Confederate Government. He had been organizing all sorts of trouble and getting up raids, of which the notorious attack on St. Albans, Vt., was a specimen. I took the telegram and went down and read it to Mr. Stanton. His order was prompt: "Arrest him!" But as I was going out of the door he called to me and said: "No, wait; better go over and see the President."

At the White House all the work of the day was over, and I went into the President's business room without meeting any one. Opening the door, there seemed to be no one there, but, as I was turning to go out, Mr. Lincoln called to me from a little side room, where he was washing his hands:

"Hallo, Dana!" said he. "What is it? What's up?"

Then I read him the telegram from Portland.

"What does Stanton say?" he asked.

"He says arrest him, but that I should refer the question to you."

"Well," said the President slowly, wiping his hands, "no, I rather think not. When you've got an elephant by the hind leg, and he's trying to run away, it's best to let him run."

Recollections of the Civil War, Charles A. Dana, page 273.

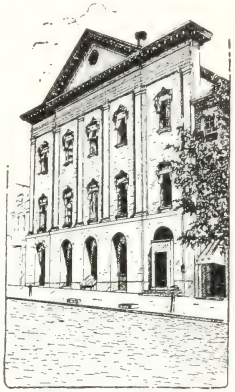
Lincoln Goes to the Theater in Order Not to Disappoint People

It was late in the afternoon when he returned from his drive, and as he left the carriage he saw going across the lawn toward the Treasury a group of friends, among them Richard Oglesby, then Governor of Illinois.

"Come back, boys, come back," he shouted.

The party turned, joined the President on the portico, and went up to his office with him.

"How long we remained there I do not remember," says Governor Oglesby. "Lincoln got to reading some humorous book; I think it was by 'John Phœnix.' They kept sending for him to come to dinner. He promised each time to go, but would continue reading the book. Finally he got a sort of peremptory order that he must come to dinner at once. It was explained to me by the old man at the door that they were going to have dinner and then go to the theater."



FORD'S THEATER

A theater party had been made up by Mrs. Lincoln for that evening—General and Mrs. Grant being her guests—to see Laura Keene, at Ford's Theater, in "Our American Cousin." Miss Keene was ending her season in Washington that night with a benefit. The box had been ordered in the morning, and unusual preparations had been made to receive the Presidential party. The partition between the two upper *proscenium* boxes at the left of the stage had been removed, comfortable upholstered chairs had been put in, and the front of the box had been draped with flags. The manager, of course, took care to announce in the afternoon papers that the "President and his lady," and the "Hero of Appomattox" would attend Miss Keene's benefit that evening.

By eight o'clock the house was filled with the half-idle, half-curious crowd of a holiday night. Many had come simply to see General Grant, whose face was then unfamiliar in Washington. Others, strolling down the street, had dropped in because they had nothing better to do. The play began promptly, the house following its nonsensical fun with friendly eyes and generous applause, one eye on the President's box.

The Presidential party was late. Indeed it had not left the house until after eight o'clock, and then it was made up differently from what Mrs. Lincoln had expected, for in the afternoon she had received word that General and Mrs. Grant had decided to go north that night. It was suggested then that the party be given up, but

the fear that the public would be disappointed decided the President to keep the engagement. Two young friends, the daughter of Senator Ira Harris and his stepson, Major H. R. Rathbone, had been invited to take the place of General and Mrs. Grant.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. II, page 235.

Lincoln's Last Story and His Last Writing

The last story told by Mr. Lincoln was drawn out by a circumstance which occurred just before the interview with Messrs. Colfax and Ashmun. . . . Marshal Lamon of Washington had called upon him with an application for the pardon of a soldier. After a brief hearing the President took the application, and when about to write his name upon the back of it, he looked up and said:

"Lamon, have you ever heard how the Patagonians eat oysters? They open them and throw the shells out of the window until the pile gets higher than the house, and then they move," adding:

"I feel to-day like commencing a new pile of pardons, and I may as well begin it just here."

At the subsequent interview with Messrs. Colfax and Ashmun, Mr. Lincoln was in high spirits. The uneasiness felt by his friends during his visit to Richmond was dwelt upon, when he sportively replied that he supposed he should have been uneasy also, had any other man been President and gone there; but as it was, he felt no apprehension of danger whatever."

Turning to Speaker Colfax, he said:

"Sumner has the gavel of the Confederate Congress, which he got at Richmond, and intended to give to the Secretary of War, but I insisted he must give it to you, and you tell him from me to hand it over."

Mr. Ashmun, who was the presiding officer of the Chicago Convention in 1860, alluded to the gavel used on that occasion, saying he had preserved it as a valuable memento. Mr. Ashmun then referred to a matter of business connected with a cotton claim preferred by a client of his, and said that he desired to have a commission appointed to examine and decide upon the merits of the case.

Mr. Lincoln replied with considerable warmth of manner,

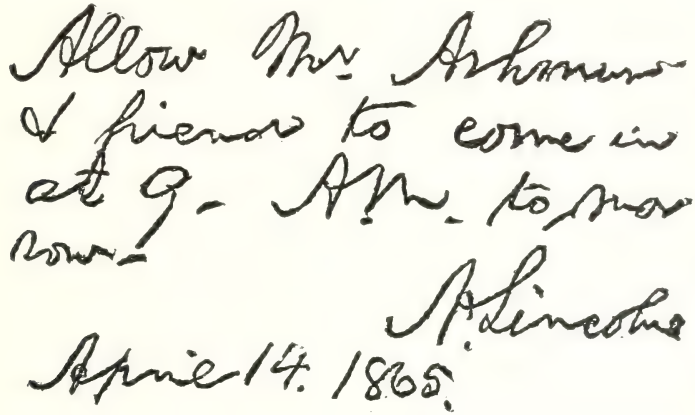
"I have done with commissions. I believe they are con-

trivances to *cheat* the Government out of every pound of cotton they can lay their hands on."

Mr. Ashmun's face flushed, and he replied that he hoped the President meant no personal imputation. Mr. Lincoln saw that he had wounded his friend, and he instantly replied:

"You did not understand me, Ashmun. I did not mean what you inferred. I take it all back. . . . I apologize to you, Ashmun."

He then engaged to see Mr. Ashmun early the next morning, and taking a card, he wrote:



These were his last written words. Turning to Mr. Colfax he said:

"You will accompany Mrs. Lincoln and me to the theater, I hope?"

Mr. Colfax pleaded other engagements,—expecting to start on his Pacific trip the next morning. The party passed out on the portico together, the President saying at the very last:

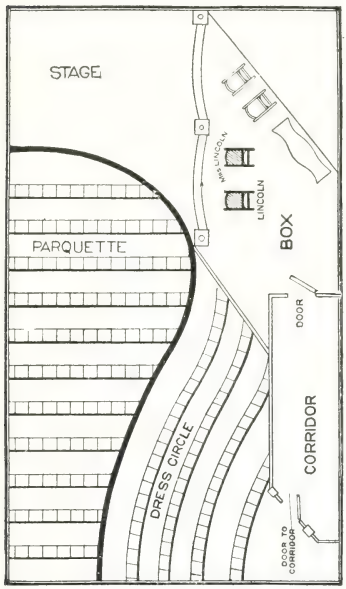
"Colfax, don't forget to tell the people of the mining regions what I told you this morning about the development when peace comes;" then shaking hands with both gentlemen, he followed Mrs. Lincoln into the carriage, leaning forward, at the last moment, to say as they were driven off:

"I will telegraph you, Colfax, at San Francisco."

Six Months at the White House, F. B. Carpenter, page 284.

The Tragedy Described by an Eye-Witness

About the middle of the first act the President and party arrived, and were received with loud and hearty applause. The band played "Hail to the Chief!" which stopped the performance for a few minutes while they were proceeding to their seats. On reaching the box the President took a large arm-chair in front and to the left as they entered; Mrs. Lincoln took a chair in front to the right, and Miss Harris one near Mrs. Lincoln, but not quite as far forward. Major Rathbone was seated farther back than the ladies, on an old-fashioned sofa that ran along the wall on the extreme right.



Arrangement of the double box where Lincoln was shot.

About the middle of the third act a shot was heard, and immediately thereupon rang out John Wilkes Booth's cry, "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" —not after he reached the stage, as has been stated in some accounts; neither did he jump from the box full height, with arms outspread and upstretched, as we often see him in illustrations. On the contrary, he placed both hands upon the rail of the box and swung himself over in that manner, thereby lessening the fall by the distance of his own height. One of his spurs caught in the American colors with which the box was draped, and he probably landed his whole weight on one foot. On striking the stage he pitched forward on all fours, and I then saw the blade of a long *stiletto* or dagger glisten in the footlights, as his hand lay on the floor. He quickly rose to his feet and took one or two uncertain steps, then, turning his face to the audience, made a grand flourish with the dagger, and was off the stage in a flash.

Next came the piercing and horrifying shriek of Mrs. Lincoln, and then arose a fearful commotion. Directly efforts were made

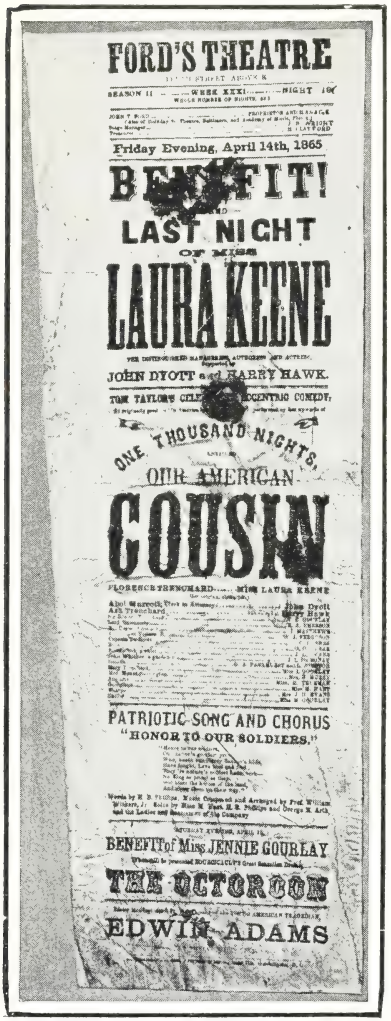
by some parties to get into the box from the outside, but the door was barred from the inside. I next noticed a military officer standing on the shoulders of another man and endeavoring to climb up to the box from the stage.

Meantime the President had remained sitting in his chair with his head bent forward, but I distinctly saw him rise once to his feet and in a dazed sort of way attempt to take a step or two. He was not upright, but half erect. Just then Major Rathbone came to his assistance, and, supported by the latter, he sank back into the chair. About this time I noticed Miss Laura Keene, who had reached the box from the private way back of the stage, and who was said to have brought a glass of water which might refresh the President. The bar against the door having been removed, from the inside, several people went into the box from the dress circle, and little more could be distinguished thereafter.

Strangely enough, an assassination plot seemed to have been understood at once, for word was passed around that the place would be blown up. There was a general rush to vacate the theater, and from our position we were necessarily about the last ones that could possibly leave the place. On nearing the door-way we saw men approaching from the passage-way back of the box with the form of the President, carried on an improvised stretcher—as it now seems to me a window shutter or something of that nature—and we stopped to let them pass. They were hastening from the building as well as they could, and the President's head was thrown back and hanging somewhat down. He was quite unconscious, seemed perfectly limp, and was bleeding slightly from the wound in his head. Just as they passed by I glanced on the floor, and, seeing a crimson blotch on a piece of paper, I picked it up. That the marks thereon are the life-blood of Abraham Lincoln is as certain as that he was shot on the date and in the place mentioned.

As the place remained brilliantly lighted and there seemed to be no immediate danger, we went back to the President's box, where almost the first thing that attracted the notice of my companion and myself was the pistol which Booth had used, lying on the floor only about three or four feet back of the chair in which Mr. Lincoln sat. I recall the weapon as a single-barreled percussion-cap affair, of the Derringer type, shorter and more compact than

the dueling pistols so much in favor among gentlemen of the old school in those days.


FORD'S THEATRE

Friday Evening, April 14th, 1865

BENEFIT!

AND

LAST NIGHT

OF MISS

LAURA KEENE

JOHN DYOTT and HARRY HAWK.

ONE THOUSAND NIGHTS.

OUR AMERICAN

COUSIN

FLORENCE TRENCHARD..... MISS LAURA KEENE

PATRIOTIC SONG AND CHORUS

"HONOR TO OUR SOLDIERS."

BENEFIT of Miss JENNIE GOURLAY

THE OCTOROON

EDWIN ADAMS

Leslie's Weekly, March 26, 1908.

LINCOLN'S PLAY-BILL

"That the marks thereon are the life-blood of Abraham Lincoln is certain."

As we started to leave the theater we met, at the head of the stairway, a policeman, who inquired if we were present at the time of the shooting, etc., and said we had better give our names and addresses, as it might be necessary to call us as witnesses. I drew the pistol out of my pocket and gave it to the policeman to take charge of against the chance of its being called for as evidence. . . .

Within an hour's time a continuous line of pickets from one fortification to another was thrown around Washington, or at least such was stated to have been the case. Orders were issued forbidding any one to leave the city, and all precautions possible were taken to prevent escape; but Wilkes Booth had within a half hour's time crossed the eastern branch of the Potomac, dashed on past the military asylum, and thence into Maryland. At the bridge the sentry demanded the password, but Booth replied with a plausible explanation and immediately gave spurs to his horse. He had ridden this horse repeatedly over the same ground during several preceding weeks, as a sort of rehearsal of his flight.

A New Story of the Assassination of Lincoln, W. H. Taylor. *Leslie's Weekly*, Vol. CVI, March 26, 1908, page 302.

How the Awful Crime Was Committed

It was at the close of the second act that (John Wilkes) Booth and his two fellow-conspirators appeared at the door. Booth said, "I think he will come down now," and they aligned themselves to await his coming. Their communications with each other were in whispered tones. Finding that the President would remain until the close of the play, they then began to prepare to assassinate him in the theater. The neatly dressed man called the time three times in succession at short intervals, each time a little louder than before. Booth now entered the saloon, took a drink of whiskey, and then went at once into the theater. He passed quickly along next to the wall behind the chairs, and having reached a point near the door that led to the passage behind the box, he stopped, took a small pack of visiting cards from his pocket, selected one and replaced the others; stood a second with it in his hand, and then showed it to the President's messenger, who was sitting just below him, and, then, without waiting, passed through the door from the lobby into the passage, closing and barring it after him. Taking a hasty, but careful, look through the hole which he had had made in the door for the purpose of assuring himself of the President's position, cocking his pistol and with his finger on the trigger, he pulled open the door, and stealthily entered the box, where he stood right behind and within three feet of the President. The play had advanced to the second scene of the third act, and whilst the audience was intensely interested, Booth fired the fatal shot—the ball penetrating the skull on the back of the left side of the head, inflicting a wound in the brain. . . . . .

As soon as Booth had fired his pistol, and was satisfied that his end was accomplished, he cried out, "Revenge for the South!" and throwing his pistol down, he took his dagger in his right hand, and placed his left on the balustrade preparatory to his leap of twelve feet to the stage. Just at this moment Major Rathbone sprang forward and tried to catch him. In this he failed, but received a severe cut on his arm from a back-handed thrust of Booth's dagger. Time was everything now to the assassin. He must make good his escape whilst the audience stood dazed, and before it had time to comprehend clearly what had happened. With his left hand on the railing, he boldly leaped from the box to the stage. The front of

the box had been draped for the occasion with the American flag, which was stretched across its front, and reached down nearly or quite to the floor. In the descent Booth's spur caught in the flag, tearing out a piece which he dragged nearly half way across the stage. The flag, however, was avenged for the double insult which he had put upon it; for by this entanglement his descent was deflected, causing him to strike the stage obliquely, and partially to fall, thus fracturing the fibula of his left leg, on account of which injury his flight was impeded, and his permanent escape made impossible. As he recovered himself from his partial fall and started to run across the stage with his dagger brandished aloft, he . . . . quickly passed out at a little back door opening into the alley where he had left his horse, and, though closely pursued, succeeded in mounting, and rode rapidly away.

The Assassination of Lincoln, General T. M. Harris, page 38.

Pandemonium in the Theater

On the evening of the 14th of April, 1865, a few minutes after ten o'clock, I was in company with a friend walking on Pennsylvania Avenue, when a man running down Tenth Street approached us, wildly exclaiming: "My God, the President is killed at Ford's Theater!" Calling to my friend to follow me I ran to the theater, two blocks away, perceiving, as I neared it, increasing evidences of the wildest excitement, which reached its climax in the auditorium. How it was that I worked my way through the shouting crowd that filled the house, and found myself over the footlights on the stage, I am unable to describe.

The first person to whom I addressed a rational word was a detective, now one of the oldest in the city. I asked him who had done the shooting, When he mentioned the name of Wilkes Booth I scouted the idea; but others insisted that Booth had been recognized in the man who had leaped from the President's box, and rushed across the stage. Excited crowds during the War were nothing new to me, but I had never witnessed such a scene as was now presented. The seats, aisles, galleries, and stage were filled with shouting, frenzied men and women, many running aimlessly over one another; a chaos of disorder beyond control, had any visible authority attempted its exercise. The spot upon which the

eyes of all would turn was the fatal upper stage box, opposite to which I now stood. Access to it was guarded, but presently a man in the uniform of an army surgeon was assisted by numerous arms and shoulders to climb into the box to join the medical men already there.

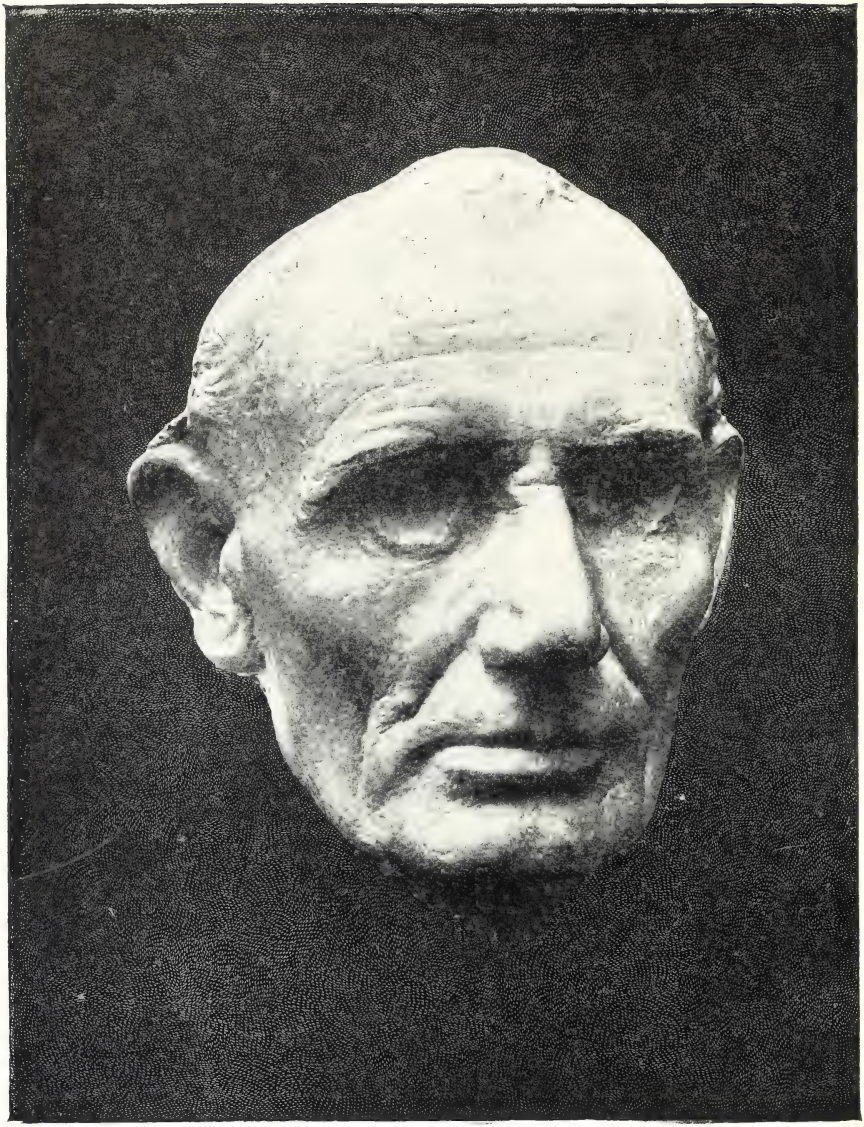
I was told that Laura Keene, immediately after the shot was fired, had left the stage and gone to the assistance of Mrs. Lincoln, and I soon caught a glimpse of that unhappy lady who had apparently arisen from her husband's side. She stood in view for a moment, then throwing up her arms, with a mournful cry, she disappeared from sight of the stage. I now made my way toward the box *exit* to await the descent of Miss Keene, hoping to learn from her the President's condition. I met her at the foot of the staircase leading from the box, and alone. Making a motion to arrest her progress, I begged her to tell me if Mr. Lincoln was still alive.

"God only knows!" she gasped, stopping for a moment's rest. The memory of that apparition will never leave me. Attired, as I had so often seen her, in the costume of her part in "Our American Cousin," her hair and dress were in disorder, and not only was her gown soaked in Lincoln's blood, but her hands, and even her cheeks where her fingers had strayed, were bedaubed with the sorry stains! But lately the central figure in the scene of comedy, she now appeared the incarnation of tragedy. Preparations were now made to remove the President to a neighboring house, . . . and the theater was soon cleared and left in possession of the troops which had arrived.

Recollections of Lincoln's Assassination, Seaton Munroe. *North American Review*, Vol. CLXII, April, 1898, page 424.

"They Have Killed Papa Dead!"

Probably about twenty minutes before eleven o'clock, I stepped up to the door in answer to another ring at the bell. Who should be there but Isaac Newton, the Commissioner of Agriculture. . . . . I admitted him inside the door, and at once closed it. . . . He said to me, "They have shot the President. And the bullet," he said, "has entered the left side of his head." I immediately hurried upstairs . . . to Captain Robert Lincoln's room. He had just come from the front that morning, where he had been doing duty on the staff of General Grant. . . . I simply said, "Captain,



From *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, Ida M. Tarbell.

LIFE MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Made by Leonard W. Volk, the sculptor, of Chicago.

there has something happened to the President; you had better go down to the theater and see what it is."

He said to me, "Go and call Major Hay." I went, and said to him, "Major, Captain Lincoln wants to see you at once. The President has been shot." He was a handsome young man with a bloom on his cheeks just like that of a beautiful young lady. When I told him the news, he turned deathly pale, the color entirely leaving his cheeks. He said to me, "Don't allow anybody to enter the house." I said, "Very good, Major. Nobody shall come in." They took their departure immediately for the theater. They had been gone probably half an hour, when poor little Tad returned from the National Theatre and entered through the east door of the basement of the White House. He came up the stairway and ran to me, while I was in the main vestibule, standing at the window, and before he got to me he burst out crying, "O Tom Pen! Tom Pen! they have killed Papa dead, they've killed Papa dead!" and burst out crying again. . . . .

At nearly twelve o'clock that night I got Tad somewhat pacified, and took him into the President's room, which is in the southwest portion of the building. I turned down the cover of his little bed, and he undressed and got in. I covered him up and lay down beside him, put my arm around him, and talked to him until he fell into a sound sleep.

Ah! that was a sad night for the nation, and to me it was simply awful, for I loved Mr. Lincoln probably better than I loved any one else in the world.

Thirty-six Years in the White House, Thomas F. Pendel, Doorkeeper, page 42.

The Flickering Light Goes Out

The first floor of the house where Mr. Lincoln had just been carried was composed of three rooms, opening on the same corridor. It was in the third, a small room, that the dying man lay.

His face, lighted by a gas-jet, under which the bed had been moved, was pale and livid. His body had already the rigidity of death. At intervals only the still audible sound of his breathing could be faintly heard, and at intervals again it would be lost entirely. The surgeons did not entertain hope that he might recover a moment's consciousness. Judge William T. Otto, a thirty years' friend of Mr. Lincoln's, was standing at the bedside

holding his hand; around the bed stood also the Attorney-General, Mr. Speed, and the Rev. Mr. Gurney, pastor of the church Mr. Lincoln usually attended.

Leaning against the wall stood Mr. Stanton, who gazed now and then at the dying man's face, and who seemed overwhelmed with emotion. From time to time he wrote telegrams or gave orders which, in the midst of the crisis, assured the preservation of peace. The remaining members of the Cabinet and several senators were pacing up and down the corridor. Thus the night passed on. At last, toward seven o'clock in the morning, the surgeon announced that death was at hand, and at twenty minutes after seven the pulse ceased beating.

LEADING EVENTS TO APRIL, 1865

Union capture of Ft. Fisher, N. C.	Jan. 15
Union capture of Charleston, S. C. ...	Feb. 18
Sheridan's raid on Lynchburg, Va. ...	March
Union victory at Five Forks, Va.	April 1
Union capture of Petersburg, Va.....	April 2
Grant takes Richmond, Va.	April 3
Lee surrenders to Grant (Appomattox)	April 9
General Anderson raises Union flag over Ft. Sumter	April 14
Assassination of President Lincoln....	April 14

Every one present seemed then to emerge from the stupor in which the hours of the night had been spent. Mr. Stanton approached the bed, closed Mr. Lincoln's eyes, and drawing the sheet over the dead man's head, uttered these words in a very low voice:

"He is the man for the ages."

Personal Recollections of Mr. Lincoln, The Marquis de Chambrun. *Scribner's Magazine*, Vol. XIII, January, 1893, page 37.

CHAPTER XXV

The World in Mourning

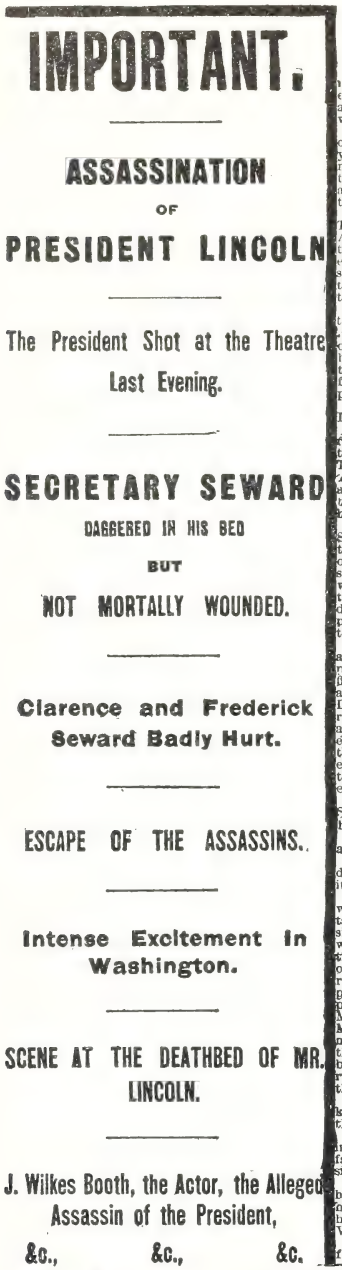
O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! My Captain! Our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! My Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

Memories of President Lincoln, Walt Whitman 1865. *Leaves of Grass*, page 262.



IMPORTANT.

ASSASSINATION
OF
PRESIDENT LINCOLN

The President Shot at the Theatre Last Evening.

SECRETARY SEWARD
DAGGERED IN HIS BED
BUT
NOT MORTALLY WOUNDED.

Clarence and Frederick Seward Badly Hurt.

ESCAPE OF THE ASSASSINS.

Intense Excitement in Washington.

SCENE AT THE DEATHBED OF MR. LINCOLN.

J. Wilkes Booth, the Actor, the Alleged Assassin of the President,

&c., &c., &c.

From the N. Y. *Herald*, April 15, 1865.

"Don't Cry So, Mamma—You Will Break My Heart!"

Returning to Mrs. Lincoln's room I found her in a new paroxysm of grief. Robert was bending over his mother with tender affection, and little Tad was crouched at the foot of the bed with a world of agony in his young face. I shall never forget the scene—the wails of a broken heart, the unearthly shrieks, the terrible convulsions, the wild tempestuous outbursts of grief from the soul. I bathed Mrs. Lincoln's head with cold water, and soothed the terrible tornado as best I could. Tad's grief at his father's death was as great as the grief of his mother, but her terrible outburst awed the boy into silence. Sometimes he would throw his arms around her neck and exclaim, between his sobs:

"Don't cry so, Mamma, don't cry, or you will make me cry too! You will break my heart!"

Mrs. Lincoln could not bear to hear Tad cry, and when he would plead with her not to break his heart she would calm herself with a great effort and clasp her child in her arms.

Behind the Scenes, Elizabeth Keckley, page 191.

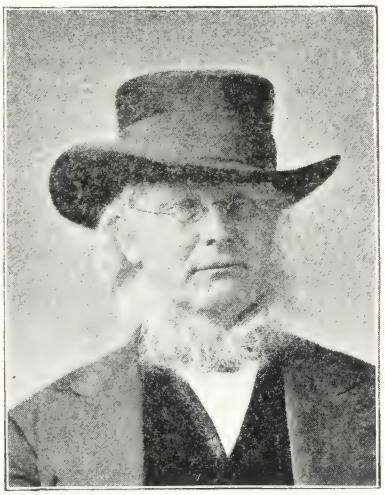
How Greeley Was Saved from a Brutal Attack on the Dying President

I have never seen in print this story of that fearful night when Lincoln was killed. But one hears it freely repeated in conversation and I see no reason why it should not be printed now.

With the news of the murder of Lincoln, there came to New York every other terrible message. The office of the (New York) *Tribune*, of course, received echoes from all the dispatches which showed the alarm at Washington. There were orders for the arrest of this man, there were suspicions of the loyalty of that man. No one knew what the morrow might bring.

In the midst of the anxieties of such hours, to Mr. [Sydney Howard] Gay, the acting editor of that paper, there entered the foreman of the typesetting room. He brought with him the proof of Mr. Greeley's leading article, as he had left it before leaving the city for the day. It was a brutal, bitter, sarcastic, personal attack on President Lincoln,—the man who, when Gay read the article, was dying in Washington.

Gay read the article, and asked the foreman if he had any private place where he could lock up the type, to which no one but himself had access. The foreman said he had. Gay bade him tie up the type, lock the galley with this article in his cupboard, and tell no one what he had told him. Of course no such article appeared in the *Tribune* the next morning.



HORACE GREELEY

But when Gay arrived on the next day at the office, he was met with the news that "the old man" wanted him, with the intimation that "the old man" was very angry. Gay waited upon Greeley.

"Are you there, Mr. Gay? I have been looking for you. They tell me that you ordered my leader out of this morning's paper. Is it your paper or mine? I should like to know if I cannot print what I choose in my own newspaper." This in great rage.

"The paper is yours, Mr. Greeley. The article is in type upstairs, and you can use it when you choose. Only this, Mr. Greeley: I know New York, and I hope and believe, before God, that there is so much virtue in New York that if I had let that article go into this morning's paper, there would not be one brick left upon another

in the *Tribune* office now. Certainly I should be sorry if there were."

Mr. Greeley was cowed. He said not a word, nor ever alluded to the subject again.

James Russell Lowell and His Friends, Edward Everett Hale, page 178.

Richmond Receives News of the Assassination

During this period of waiting came the news of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. Perhaps I ought to chronicle that the announcement was received with demonstrations of sorrow. If I did, I should be lying for sentiment's sake. Among the higher officers and the most intelligent and conservative men, the assassination caused a shudder of horror at the heinousness of the act, and at the thought of its possible consequences; but among the thoughtless, the desperate and the ignorant, it was hailed as a sort of retributive justice. In maturer years I have been ashamed of what I felt and said when I heard of that awful calamity. However, men ought to be judged for their feelings and their speech by the circumstances of their surroundings. For four years we had been fighting. In that struggle, all we loved had been lost. Lincoln incarnated to us the idea of oppression and conquest. We had seen his face over the coffins of our brothers and relatives and friends, in the flames of Richmond, in the disaster at Appomattox. In blood and flame and torture the temples of our lives were tumbling about our heads. We were desperate and vindictive, and whosoever denies it forgets or is false. We greeted his death in a spirit of reckless hate, and hailed it as bringing agony and bitterness to those who were the cause of our own agony and bitterness. To us, Lincoln was an inhuman monster, Grant a butcher, and Sherman a fiend.

Time taught us that Lincoln was a man of marvelous humanity, Appomattox and what followed revealed Grant in his matchless magnanimity, and the bitterness toward Sherman was softened in subsequent years. But, with our feelings then, if the news had come that all three of these had been engulfed in a common disaster with ourselves, we should have felt satisfaction in the fact, and should not have questioned too closely how it had been brought about. We were poor, starved, conquered, despairing; and to expect men to have no malice and no vindictiveness at such a time

is to look for angels in human form. Thank God, such feelings do not last long, at least in their fiercest intensity.

The End of an Era, John S. Wise, page 454.

"He Never Was Happy after He Came Here"

Little Tad's frantic grief after his father had been shot was alluded to in the Washington correspondence of the time. For twenty-four hours the little fellow was absolutely inconsolable. Sunday morning, however, the sun rose in unclouded splendor, and in his simplicity he looked upon this as a token that his father was happy.

"Do you think my father has gone to heaven?" he asked of a gentleman who had called upon Mrs. Lincoln.

"I have not a doubt of it," was the reply.

"Then," he exclaimed in his broken way, "I am glad he has gone there, for he never was happy after he came here. This was not a good place for him!"

Six Months at the White House, F. B. Carpenter, page 293.

I Thought It Strange the Stars Could Shine

The War was over!

My father and mother talked of it across the table, and the men talked of it at the store, and earth, sky and water called to each other in glad relief, "The War is over!"

But there came a morning when my father walked up from the railroad station very fast, and looking very serious. He pushed right past me as I sat in the door-way. I followed him into the kitchen where my mother was washing dishes, and heard him say:

"They have killed Lincoln!" and then he burst into tears.

I had never seen my father shed tears—in fact, I had never seen a man cry. There is something terrible in the grief of a man.

Soon the church-bell across the road began to toll. It tolled all that day. Three men—I can give you their names—rang the bell all day long, tolling, slowly tolling, tolling, tolling until night came and the stars came out. I thought it a little curious that the stars should come out, for Lincoln was dead; but they did, for I saw them as I trotted by my father's side down to the post-office.

Little Journeys to the Homes of American Statesmen, Elbert Hubbard, page 428.

"Wilkes Booth's Morbid Craving for Notoriety"

Although the conspiracy was of considerable magnitude, it was not more than sufficient to satisfy Wilkes Booth's morbid craving for notoriety. He had signally failed as an actor and was known to be a man of moody disposition, suffering from the pangs of disappointed ambition, and for some reason embittered against authority of any kind. He had a little following of kindred spirits, who revolved around him as a central figure and to whom he posed as a kind of oracle on the occasion of their pot-house assemblages. A friend of mine named Christie, who was doorkeeper of the House of Representatives for many years, knew one of this band very well, and he used to tell Christie some of the wise utterances of Wilkes Booth, one of which was:

"The fame of the youth who fired the Ephesian dome will outlive that of the pious fools who reared it."

At the time of Booth's capture he was found to have kept, in his flight, a diary, in which his egotism was greatly in evidence. It was rather a disjointed affair, full of wild and ardent expressions. He had seen newspaper comments and was surprised and deeply grieved at not finding himself glorified in the affair. The following just as written by him, gives a good idea of the matter:

"A colonel was at his side. I shouted '*Sic semper*' before I fired. In jumping broke my leg. Passed all the pickets," and so on. Toward the last he wrote:

"After being hunted like a dog through swamps, etc., etc., I am here in despair, and why? For doing what Brutus was honored for,—what made Tell a hero." Farther on he says:

"I am abandoned with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, that one blow would have made me great."

The *personnel* of this organization under Wilkes Booth as a guiding spirit was what might have been expected. Payne and Atzerodt were just ordinary thugs without a vestige of character. Herold was a young, foppish sort of fellow, none too well established as *compos mentis*. Sam Arnold and Miles O'Laughlin were Confederate common soldiers and ready enough to take orders from Booth, but when it came to facing the issue they were found wanting. Altogether, they were a wretched lot until we consider John H. Surratt and his mother, who were of decent family, and ought to have known better than to be found in such associations.

Dr. Mudd was accessory after the fact and not before it, if he had any guilty knowledge of the conspiracy. Where his sympathies really were, however, was readily conjectured, for he harbored Booth and afforded him every surgical and friendly assistance in his power. Spangler was a scene shifter at the theatre, and no one had the remotest idea that he was connected with the assassination understandingly.

One thing that made Booth's act seem perfidious and dastardly beyond expression was the fact that about three weeks before that time he was at the White House and specially introduced. The President greeted him very cordially, and taking him by the hand said:

"Mr. Booth, I am proud to meet you as a son of the elder Booth."

A New Story of the Assassination of Lincoln, W. H. Taylor, *Leslie's Weekly*, Vol. CVI, March 26, 1908, page 302.

The Funeral in Washington and the Long, Sad Journey

(Over 25,000,000 people attended Lincoln services that sad Wednesday.)

On Wednesday, April 19th, the funeral of the dead President took place at the White House, in the midst of an assemblage of the chief men of the nation. From the mansion in which the beloved Lincoln had suffered and toiled so much for the good of the people, his form was carried to the Capitol, ... in the Rotunda of which he lay in state for one day, guarded by a company of high officers of the army and navy. . . . . Thousands of men, women and children passed through the great building, to take their last look upon the face of Lincoln, white in his coffin. . . . . .

The funeral train left Washington on the 21st of April, and traversed nearly the same route that had been passed over by the train that bore him, as President-elect, from Springfield to Washington, four years before. It was a funeral *unique*, wonderful. Nearly two thousand miles were traversed; the people lined the entire distance, almost without interval, standing with uncovered heads, mute with grief, as the somber *cortège* swept by. Even night and falling showers did not keep them away from the line of the sad procession. Watch-fires blazed along the route in the darkness, and by day every device that could lend picturesqueness to the mournful scene and express the woe of the people was employed.

In some of the larger cities the coffin of the illustrious dead

was lifted from the funeral train and carried through from one end to the other, attended by mighty processions of citizens, forming a funeral pageant of proportions so magnificent and imposing that the world has never since seen the like.

Thus honored in his funeral, guarded to his grave by famed and battle-scarred generals of the army, Lincoln's body was laid to rest at last near his old home.

Abraham Lincoln and the Downfall of Slavery, Noah Brooks, page 458.

"Massa Sam's Dead! O Lord!"

A Southern correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, the week following the assassination, wrote:

"I never saw such sad faces, or heard such heavy heart-beatings as here in Charleston (South Carolina) the day the news came. The colored people were like children bereaved of a parent. I saw one old woman going up the streets, wringing her hands, and saying aloud as she walked, looking straight before her, so absorbed in her grief that she noticed no one:

" 'O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! Massa Sam's dead! Massa Sam's dead!'

" 'Who's dead, Aunty?'

" 'Massa Sam's dead!' she said, not looking at me.

" 'Who's Massa Sam?' said I.

" 'Uncle Sam,' she said. 'O Lord! O Lord!'

"Not quite sure that she meant the President, I spoke again:

" 'Who's Massa Sam, Aunty?'

" 'Mr. Lincum,' she said, and resumed wringing her hands, mourning in utter hopelessness of sorrow."

Men of Our Times, Harriet Beecher Stowe, page 95.

Rewards Offered for Apprehension of the President's Assassins

"War Department, Washington, April 20, 1865.

"Maj. Gen. John A. Dix, New York:

"The murderer of our late beloved President, Abraham Lincoln, is still at large. Fifty thousand dollars reward will be paid by this Department for his apprehension in addition to any reward offered by municipal authorities or State Executives.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars reward will be paid for the apprehension of G. W. Atzerodt, sometimes called 'Port Tobacco,'

one of Booth's accomplices. Twenty-five thousand dollars reward will be paid for the apprehension of David C. Herold, another of Booth's accomplices.

"All persons harboring or secreting said persons, or either of them, or aiding or assisting their concealment or escape, will be treated as accomplices in the murder of the President and the attempted assassination of the Secretary of State, and shall be subject to trial before a military commissioner, and the punishment of death.

"Let the stain of innocent blood be removed from the land by the arrest and punishment of the murderers.

"All good citizens are exhorted to aid public justice on this occasion. Every man should consider his own conscience charged with this solemn duty, and rest neither night nor day until it be accomplished.

"EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War."

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Paul Selby, page 244.

Bryant's Funeral Ode

(Written for the Funeral Services held in New York City.)

O, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who in the fear of God didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust.

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that husheth all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bonds are free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Has placed thee with the Sons of Light
Among the noble hearts of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.

Abraham Lincoln, William Cullen Bryant. *Winnowings for Lincoln's Birthday*, Agnes Mawson page 60.

Booth Shot in a Burning Barn—What Became of His Body?

Booth, with David C. Herold, a fellow-conspirator, made his way into Maryland, where, eleven days after the assassination, the two were discovered in a barn on Garrett's farm near Port Royal on the Rappahannock. The barn was surrounded by a squad of cavalrymen, who called upon the assassins to surrender. Herold gave himself up and was roundly cursed and abused by Booth, who declared that he never would be taken alive.

The cavalrymen then set fire to the barn and as the flames leaped up the figure of the assassin could be plainly seen. Colonel Conger saw him standing upright upon a crutch with a carbine in his hands. When the fire first blazed up, Booth crept on his hands and knees to the spot, evidently for the purpose of shooting the man who had applied the torch, but the blaze prevented him from seeing any one. . . . . .

His eyes shone with the light of fever, but he was pale as death and his general appearance was haggard and unkempt. He had shaved off his mustache and his hair was closely cropped. Both he and Herold wore the uniforms of Confederate soldiers.

The last orders given to the squad pursuing Booth were:

"Don't shoot Booth, but take him alive."

Just as Booth started to the door of the barn this order was disobeyed by a sergeant named Boston Corbett, who fired through a crevice and shot Booth in the neck. The wounded man was carried out of the barn and died four hours afterward where they had laid him. Before he died he whispered to Lieutenant Baker, "Tell mother I died for my country; I thought I did for the best."

What became of Booth's body has always been and probably always will be a mystery. Many different stories are told concerning its final resting-place, but all that is known positively is that the body was first taken to Washington and a *post-mortem* examination of it held on the monitor *Montauk*. On the night of April 27th it was turned over to two men, who took it in a rowboat and disposed of it secretly. How they disposed of it none but themselves know, and they have never told.

The Story of Lincoln's Life, in *"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories*, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 507.

The Burial at Springfield

It was on May 4th, fifteen days after the funeral in Washington, that Abraham Lincoln's remains finally rested in Oakland Cemetery, a shaded and beautiful spot, two miles from Springfield. Here, at the foot of a woody knoll, a vault had been prepared; and thither attended by a great concourse of military and civic dignitaries, by governors of States, members of Congress, officers of the army and navy, delegations from orders, from cities, from churches, by the friends of his youth, his young manhood, his maturer years, was Lincoln carried and laid, by his side his little son [Willie, whose casket had been removed from Washington with that of his father]. The solemn rite was followed by dirge and prayer, by the reading of his last Inaugural Address, and by a noble funeral oration by Bishop Simpson.

Then, as the beautiful day drew toward evening, the vault was closed, and the great multitudes slowly returned to their duties.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. II, page 260.

Tributes to His Greatness

The funeral pageant was at an end, but the mourning was not silenced. From every corner of the earth came to the family and to the Government tributes to the greatness of the character and life of the murdered man. Medals were cast, tablets engraved, parchments engrossed. At the end of the year, when the State Department came to publish the diplomatic correspondence of 1865, there was a volume of over 700 pages, containing nothing but expressions of condolence and sympathy on Lincoln's death. Nor did the mourning and the honor end there. From the day of his death until now the world has gone on rearing monuments to Abraham Lincoln.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell, Vol. II, page 260.

The Astonishing Contrast

There is an astonishing contrast between the perfect sweetness and kindness of Mr. Lincoln's sentiments and utterances, whether private or public, individual or official, in reference to the Rebels and the Rebellion, and theirs about him. Doubtless no loyal citizen of the United States was so uniformly kind in feeling and decorous and even courteous in expression about the Rebels; and doubtless

no such citizen was so odiously bespattered with the most hateful and vulgar and ferocious insult and abuse, both public and private. To give the quotations to prove the point would be simply disgusting. They were sprinkled through the newspapers and the public documents of the Rebellion from beginning to end of it.

A compend and a proof at once of the whole of them was that private bundle of letters threatening death, and marked in Mr. Lincoln's own handwriting,

"ASSASSINATION,"

and kept in his private cabinet. And the assassination itself and the circumstances connected with it, constituted another proof and specimen, still more overwhelming.

Never since the times of the Christian martyrs has history recorded a contrast more humiliating to humanity, between his kind words and kind intentions on the one hand, and infamous abusiveness and deliberate bloodthirsty ferocity in those who slew the best and kindest friend they had in the world.

Men of Our Times, Harriet Beecher Stowe, page 97.

Tragic Fate of the Five in the Box That Night

No one, not even the comedian on the stage, could ever remember the last words of the piece that were uttered that night—the last Abraham Lincoln heard upon earth. The whole performance remains in the memory of those who heard it a vague *phantasmagoria*, the actors the thinnest of specters. The awful tragedy in the box makes everything else seem pale and unreal. Here were five human beings in a narrow space—the greatest man of his time, in the glory of the most stupendous success in our history, the idolized chief of a nation already mighty, with illimitable vistas of grandeur to come; his beloved wife, proud and happy; a pair of betrothed lovers, with all the promise of felicity that youth, social position, and wealth could give them; and this young actor, handsome as Endymion upon Latmos, the pet of his little world. The glitter of fame, happiness and ease was upon the entire group, but in an instant everything was changed with the blinding swiftness of enchantment. Quick death was to come to the central figure of that company—the central figure, we believe, of the great and good men of the century. Over all the rest the blackest fates hovered

menacingly—fates from which a mother might pray that kindly death would save her children in infancy. One was to wander with the stain of murder on his soul, with the curses of a world upon his name, with a price set upon his head, in frightful physical pain, till he died a dog's death in a burning barn; the stricken wife was to pass the rest of her days in melancholy and madness; of those two young lovers, one was to slay the other, and then end his life a raving maniac.

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. X, page 294.

Fate of the Assassins and Others

The conspiracy to assassinate the President involved, altogether, twenty-five people. Among the number captured and tried were: David C. Herold, G. W. Atzerodt, Louis Payne, Edward Spangler, Michael O'Loughlin, Samuel Arnold, Mrs. Surratt, and Dr. Samuel Mudd, the physician who set Booth's leg, which was broken by his fall from the stage box. Of these, Herold, Atzerodt, Payne and Mrs. Surratt were hanged. Dr. Mudd was deported to the Dry Tortugas. While there, an epidemic of yellow fever broke out and he rendered such good service that he was granted a pardon. He died a number of years ago in Maryland.

John Surratt, the son of the woman who was hanged, made his escape to Italy, where he became one of the Papal Guard in the Vatican, at Rome. His presence there was discovered by Archbishop Hughes, and, although there were no extradition laws to cover his case, the Italian Government gave him up to the United States authorities. He had two trials. At the first the jury disagreed; the long delay before the second trial allowed him to escape by pleading the statute of limitation. Spangler and O'Laughlin were sent to the Dry Tortugas and served their time.

Ford, the owner of the theater in which the President was assassinated, was a Southern sympathizer, and when he attempted to reopen his theater after the great national tragedy Secretary Stanton refused to allow it. The Government afterward bought the theater and turned it into a national museum.

The Story of Lincoln's Life, in *"Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories*, Edited by Col. Alex. K. McClure, page 508.

"The Most Christlike Mortal That Ever Wielded Power"

The narratives of these events must give place to the brief record of a story so sad that in its presence all other sorrows seemed light,—a tragedy which overtopped all other horrors of the war.

. . . . . While the hearts of all the patriotic people throughout the land were rejoicing in the triumph of the Union cause, and while the nation's stage was being cleared of the drama of the Rebellion, the bullet of an assassin pierced the brain of Abraham Lincoln, and in a few hours the hand that had written the sublime words of the Inaugural of 1861, the Emancipation Proclamation, and the Address at Gettysburg, was pulseless, and the great heart that had prompted them had ceased to beat.

The world was appalled. Grief and rage contended for the mastery in the minds of the people. Amid the sobs of the nation the remains of the noble dead—the gentlest and most Christlike mortal that ever wielded power in all the tide of time—were borne to his Western home.

Mr. Lincoln died shortly after seven o'clock on the morning of the 15th of April, and at eleven o'clock of that day the oath of office was administered by Chief Justice Chase to Vice-President Johnson, upon whom the powers and duties of the Presidential office devolved under the Constitution.

Life and Public Services of Edwin M. Stanton, George C. Gorham, Vol. II, page 168.

Real Sorrow in the South over Lincoln's Death

Northerners take a very narrow-minded view who suppose that Lincoln is not appreciated in the South. As a matter of fact, he was esteemed by thousands of liberal-minded supporters during the days of the bloody conflict as the best friend the Southern people had in the North. His assassination was almost universally deprecated, and his death was deeply regretted by intelligent Southerners everywhere.

My earliest recollections are coupled with the Civil War. I had six half-brothers in the Confederate army, every one of whom except one received "Yankee lead" in his body. Some of them were wounded several times; one was killed at Vicksburg; another died of his wounds in camp; and two others went to premature graves, without doubt, as a result of their wounds, several years

after the War. The earliest event that I remember was when the family all dressed up and went to town and I saw three of my brothers march away from Eldorado, Arkansas, to join the Confederate army at the front. My next recollection was hearing the boom of the cannon on a still evening at the bombarding of Vicksburg, which must have been sixty or seventy miles away. The sad face of my mother as she sat with tear-filled eyes in the twilight on that occasion and pressed me to her bosom is indelibly stamped on my memory. Perhaps this incident is emphasized by the fact that, a few days later, came the news that one of my brothers, who was only seventeen years of age, had been cut in two by a cannon-ball while carrying the colors of his company.

I am sure that all of my six brothers were among the most ardent supporters of the "Lost Cause;" and I am equally sure that they all regarded Lincoln very much as the North regarded General Lee, as a good, honest and true man, but on the wrong side. When the news of his assassination came a gloom was cast over our household, and I remember hearing my stepfather say, with great seriousness, to my mother: "This is the most terrible thing that could have happened to the South. They will accuse our people of having killed him, though we all know that he is the best friend the South ever had in the North."

Correspondence of Thomas Sheppard Meek.

End of Mrs. Lincoln's Broken Life

Mrs. Lincoln died at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, in Springfield (Illinois), July 16, 1882. Her physician during her last illness says of her:

"In the late years of her life certain mental peculiarities were developed which finally culminated in a slight apoplexy, producing paralysis, of which she died. Among the peculiarities alluded to, one of the most singular was the habit she had during the last year or so of her life of immuring herself in a perfectly dark room and, for light, using a small candle-light, even when the sun was shining bright out-of-doors. No urging would induce her to go out into the fresh air.

"Another peculiarity was the accumulation of large quantities of silks and dress goods in trunks and by the cart-load, which she

never used and accumulated until it was really feared that the floor of the store-room would give way.

"She was bright and sparkling in conversation, and her memory remained singularly good up to the close of her life. Her face was animated and pleasing; and to me she was always an interesting woman; and while the world was finding fault with her temper and disposition, it was clear to me that the trouble was really a cerebral disease."

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. II, page 144.

Popular Sympathy and Mourning in Canada

The long and terrible Civil War in the United States was now drawing to a close. The immense military strength of the North at length fairly crushed out the Southern revolt. General Lee, with his war-worn army, surrendered; Jefferson Davis, the ill-starred president of the Confederacy, was captured; and slavery was dead. Generals Grant and Sherman were hailed as the saviours of the republic.

But this hour of the nation's triumph was dashed with horror and grief by the cowardly and cruel murder of its civic head—the simple, honest, magnanimous Abraham Lincoln. All Christendom shuddered with abhorrence at the foul assassination. The heart of Canada was deeply stirred. Crowded meetings for the expression of the national sympathy were held, and the utmost detestation of the crime was avowed. Amid tolling bells, flags at half-mast, and mourning emblems, the obsequies of the martyred president were celebrated throughout the land. And much of the growing estrangement of recent years between the two nations was overcome by this exhibition of popular sympathy and good-will.

A Popular History of the Dominion of Canada, William H. Withrow, D.D., F. R. S. C., page 467.

What the English People Thought of Lincoln

It was like this: I was born in Burnley, Lancashire, England, during the Civil War in America. My native town and all the large towns around it were dependent on American cotton for their existence. Lancashire was the cotton-weaving county. When the War began, cotton stopped coming from the States, and what you know as the Civil War was known to my people as "The Cotton

Famine." And what a famine that was no one will ever know except those who took part in it. . . . The story seems almost too horrible to relate. . . . My father said that when I was born there was but half a loaf in the house, and many of his neighbors had gone south to beg their bread from door to door. . . . First the news came that the War could not last and that Lincoln would settle it quickly. The mills were put on short time, three days a week. Then came two days; then they closed altogether. . . . Hundreds of half-famished men and women gathered around the one or two daily newspapers, hoping against hope and expecting every morning that the Federals had taken Richmond, but it was long delayed. Mills closed, stores closed, mines closed. . . . The question in every home, on every street corner, on every pallid lip, from the old man to the child that could not understand it all, was,

"Has Lee surrendered yet?"

Do you want to know which side they were on? Let me tell you. It was in Glosup, near Manchester, that a cotton broker got up and made a speech in one of the relief meetings. He hoped "that the South would smash Lincoln and the North into cocked hats." He never finished that speech. I have met him on the cotton exchange many a time, and he bears a mark on his face that even the children call "the Lincoln mark."

It was of no use for an aristocrat to attempt to argue with these hungry, desperate men. They had been too long already under the power of lord and landlord, which is a synonym for oppression in that country. They had worked too long at poorhouse wages not to feel a thrill of pride and fellowship that they were counted worthy to suffer with you for liberty's sake. . . . There were 2,300,000 people in that county dependent on the results of that long-drawn-out war.

Abraham Lincoln's proclamation of liberty to the slaves is the best known foreign document to the cotton operatives of Lancashire. Many a boy and girl can repeat it off-hand. I remember the Government inspector of schools addressing our school of twelve hundred scholars once, and he asked the question: "Whom do you regard as the greatest man outside of England?" and a hundred voices shouted in chorus, "Abraham Lincoln," as if "Old Abe" were still living. The second question was: "Who do you think

was the greatest man that this country of ours has produced?" Here a medley arose, amid which John Bright, W. E. Gladstone, and Tom Brown were prominent. One little fellow said:

"My dad says Lincoln's bigger'n 'm all." . . . . . .

In one corner of the great Cotton Exchange in Manchester is a little stand, and under a glass globe is a miniature bale of raw cotton, and behind it the legend in gilt lettering:

> PART OF THE FIRST BALE OF FREE COTTON
> Was shipped from West Virginia, U. S., to Liverpool, 1865.
> Free Cotton is King. But what did it cost?

The story of that bale of cotton is soon told. People from all the towns "footed it" to Liverpool and got a "lurry" (flat wagon), and trimmed it with flowers and bunting, and placed the bale of cotton in the center of the wagon, and the flag that you know so well newly vindicated in liberty, and the flag under which I was born, and which, in spite of all its mistakes and blunders of the 1770's, is a glorious flag, and between them the picture that you love, that my father loved, that you suffered for, that my folks suffered for, the plain picture that appeals to plain people in all the world—

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

My Story of Abraham Lincoln, James E. Holden. *The Outlook*, Vol. LXX, March 22, 1899, page 718.

Tributes in High Places

A Russian of high rank said of Lincoln: "That is the only living ruler whom I sincerely reverence. . . . . He is a patriot, a statesman, a great-hearted, honest man."

Disraeli said in the English House of Commons: "In the character of the victim, and in the very accessories of his almost latest moments, there is something so homely and so innocent that it takes the subject, as it were, out of the pomp of history, and out of the ceremonial of diplomacy. It touches the heart of nations, and appeals to the domestic sentiments of mankind." Mr. John Stuart Mill, the distinguished English philosopher . . . . termed Mr. Lincoln "the great citizen who afforded so noble an example of the qualities befitting the first magistrate of a free people, and who, in

the most trying circumstances, had gradually won not only the admiration, but almost the personal affection of all who love freedom or appreciate simplicity or uprightness."

Dr. Merle d' Aubigné, the historian of the Reformation, wrote: "Who can say that the President did not lay down his life by the firmness of his devotion to a great duty? The name of Lincoln will be one of the greatest that history has to inscribe on its annals."

The French historian, Henri Martin, wrote of Lincoln: "This man will stand out, in the traditions of his country and the world, as an incarnation of the people."

The author of "Abraham Lincoln" concludes her chapter about him in these simple words: "He listened to all, heard all, weighed all, and in his own time acted by his own honest convictions in the fear of God, and thus simply and purely he did the greatest work that has been done in modern times."

Men of Our Times, Harriet Beecher Stowe, page 98.

"Seeking to Conquer, Not Persons, but Prejudices"

Strange mingling of mirth and tears, of the tragic and grotesque, of cap and crown, of Socrates and Rabelais, of Æsop and Marcus Aurelius, of all that is gentle and just, humorous and honest, merciful, wise, laughable, lovable and divine, and all consecrated to the use of man; while through all, and over all, an overwhelming sense of obligation, of chivalric loyalty to truth, and upon all the shadow of the tragic end. . . . .

Nothing discloses real character like the use of power. It is easy for the weak to be gentle. Most people can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power. This is the supreme test. It is the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it, except on the side of mercy.

Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe this divine, this loving man. He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer, not persons but prejudices—he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope, and the nobility of a nation. He spoke, not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction. He longed to pardon. He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death.

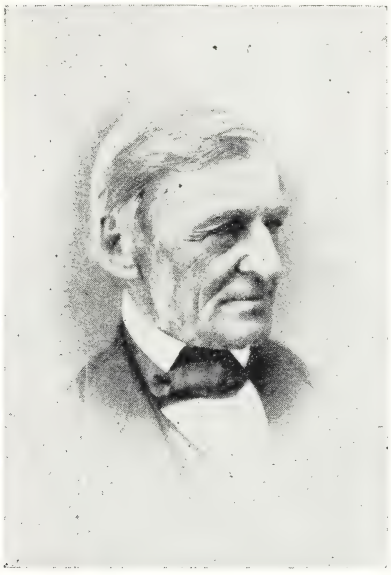
Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest Civil War. He is the gentlest memory of our world.

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Robert G. Ingersoll. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, page 307.

Emerson's Review of Lincoln's Career

The President stood before us as a man of the people. He was thoroughly American, ... Kentuckian born, working on a farm, a flatboatman, a captain in the Black Hawk War, a country lawyer, a Representative in the rural Legislature of Illinois;—on such modest foundations the broad structure of his fame was laid. .

A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune attended him. He offered no shining qualities at the first encounter; he did not offend by superiority. He had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed good will. He was a man without vices. He had a strong sense of duty which it was very easy for him to obey. . .



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Then he had a vast good nature, which made him tolerant and accessible to all; fair-minded, leaning to the claim of the petitioner. . . . . And how this good nature became a noble humanity, in many a tragic case which the events of the War brought to him, every one will remember; and with what increasing tenderness he dealt when a whole race was thrown on his compassion. The poor negro said of him on an impressive occasion, "Massa Linkum am eberywhere."

Then this broad good humor, running easily into jocular talk, in which he delighted and in which he excelled, was a rich gift to this wise man. It enabled him to keep his secret; to meet every kind of man and every rank in society; to take off the edge of the

severest decisions; to mask his own purpose and sound his companion; and to catch with true instinct the temper of every company he addressed. And more than all, it is to a man of severe labor, in anxious and exhausting *crises*, the natural restorative, good as sleep, and is the protection of the overdriven brain against rancor and insanity.

He is the author of a multitude of good sayings, so disguised as pleasantries that it is certain they had no reputation at first but as jests; and only later, by the very acceptance and adoption they find in the mouths of millions, turn out to be the wisdom of the hour. . . .

His occupying the chair of state was a triumph of the good sense of mankind, and of the public conscience. . . . If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule. The times have allowed no state secrets; the nation has been in such ferment, such multitudes had to be trusted, that no secret could be kept Every door was ajar, and we know all that befell.

Then, what an occasion was the whirlwind of the War. . . In four years—four years of battle-days—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. . . He is the true history of the American people of his time. Step by step he walked before them; slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs, the true representative of this continent; an entirely public man; father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by this tongue. . . Only Washington can compare with him in fortune.

From the Remarks at the Funeral Services held in Concord (Massachusetts), April 19th, 1865, Ralph Waldo Emerson. *Abraham Lincoln*, in the Riverside Literature Series, page 77.

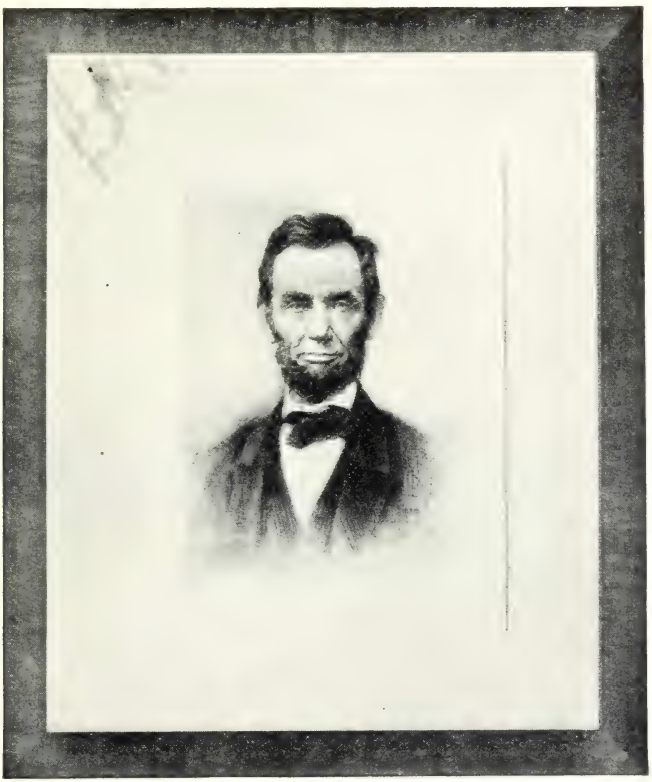
Abraham Lincoln—"The First American"

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars. . . . .
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time.
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.

Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame.
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration. The Complete Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell, page 344.



SHORT SAYINGS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"Work, work, work!"

"One war at a time."

"Give the boys a chance."

"We cannot escape history."

"Hold on with a bull-dog grip."

"All in that one word, *Thorough*."

"I can bear censure, but not insult!"

"Never regret what you don't write."

"Better hatch the egg than smash it."

"More pegs than holes to put them in."

"I'm nothing, but truth is everything."

"Let none falter who thinks he is right."

"Lord Lyons, go thou and do likewise."

"Freedom is the last, best hope of earth."

"Don't swap horses in crossing a stream."

"This nation should be on the Lord's side."

"We are indeed the treasury of the world."

"Let us have faith that right makes might."

"I'm glad of the chance to finish this big job."

"Public opinion in this country is everything."

"Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time."

"I am free from any taint of personal triumph."

"Calling a sheep's tail a leg doesn't make it so."

"Wealth is a superfluity of what we don't need."

"If slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong."

"With malice toward none, with charity for all."

"Like a seven-foot whistle on a five-foot boiler."

"The gentleman smelt no royalty in our carriage."

"Many have got into a *habit* of being dissatisfied."

"Let them laugh, as long as the thing works well."

"I know I am right because I know Liberty is right."

"Disenthrall ourselves, then we shall save ourselves."

"I will hold McClellan's horse if he will win a battle!"

"Is a man to blame for having a pair of cowardly legs?"

"I count for *something* and there will be no more fighting."

"When you can't remove an obstacle, *plough around it!*"

"Honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve."

"That some are rich shows that others may become rich."

"Being elected has not pleased me so much as I expected."

"If you have made a bad bargain, hug it all the tighter!"

"I call these weekly receptions my 'public opinion baths.' "

"Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend and foe."

"Discourage litigation. There will still be business enough."

"My politics are short and sweet, like an old woman's dance."

"If elected I shall be thankful, if not it will be all the same."

"With firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right."

"God bless my mother! All I am or hope to be I owe to her."

"You haven't a stray post-office in your pocket, have you?"

"We might just as well take the people into our confidence."

"My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union."

"Be sure you put your feet in the right place, then stand firm."

"What use to me would be a second term if I had no country?"

"With a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you!"

"Faith in God is indispensable to successful statesmanship."

"In the corner there's a rat-hole that will bear looking into."

"When you have written a wrathful letter—*put it in the stove!*"

"There is no grievance that is a fit object of redress by mob law."

"Suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation."

"If ever I get a chance to hit that thing (slavery), I'll hit it hard!"

"Never get between the woman's skillet and the man's axhelve."

"These men will find that they have not read their Bibles aright."

"Shakespeare was the best judge of human nature that ever wrote."

"It is unnecessary to remind your lordship that this means 'War.' "

"It is better only sometimes to be right than at all times to be wrong."

"My boy, never *try* to be President! If you do, you never will be."

"The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present."

"A private soldier has as much right to justice as a major-general."

"I am slow to learn and slow to forget that which I have learned."

"I authorize no bargains for the Presidency, and will be bound by none."

"This government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free."

"Sending men to that army is like shoveling fleas across a barnyard."

"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it."

"If men never began to drink they would never become drunkards."

"Don't shoot too high—aim low and the common people will understand."

"I have great respect for the semicolon; it is a mighty handy little fellow."

"For those who like this kind of book, this is the kind of book they will like."

"For thirty years I have been a temperance man, and am too old to change."

"I do not think much of a man who is not wiser to-day than he was yesterday."

"Gold is good in its place; but loving, brave patriotic men are better than gold."

"The Lord must love the common people—that's why he made so many of them."

"Better give your path to a dog—even killing the dog would not cure the bite."

"Now, sonny, keep that (temperance) pledge and it will be the best act of your life."

"No man is good enough to govern another man without that other man's consent."

"He can compress the most words into the smallest ideas of any man I ever met."

"Would you undertake to disprove a proposition in Euclid by calling Euclid a liar?"

"It will be some time before the front door sets up housekeeping on its own account!"

"It is the same spirit that says: 'You work and toil and earn bread and I will eat it.' "

"If Minnehaha means 'Laughing Water,' 'Weeping Water' must be 'Minne*boohoo!*' "

"I am like the boy that stumped his toe: hurt too much to laugh and too big to cry."

"Meet face to face and converse together—the best way to efface unpleasant feeling."

"Trusted in Providence till the britchin broke, and then didn't know what on *airth* to do!"

"As our troops can neither crawl under Maryland, nor fly over it, they must come across it."

"I feel like a man letting lodgings at one end of the house while the other end is on fire."

"I believe I have made some mark which will tell for the cause of liberty long after I am gone."

"Until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another, drawn with the sword."

"Slavery is founded in the selfishness of man's nature—opposition to it, in the love of justice."

"Familiarize yourself with the chains of bondage and you prepare your own limbs to wear them."

"I'm making generals now. In a few days I'll be making quartermasters, and then I'll fix you."

"That government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

To several "weighty" men from the upper part of Delaware: "Didn't the State tip up when you got off?"

"I want it said of me that I plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow."

"Let not him who is homeless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently to build one for himself."

"Take all of the Bible upon reason that you can, and the balance on faith, and you will live and die a better man."

"A man has no time to spend in quarrels. If any man ceases to attack me I never remember the past against him."

"There are already too many weeping widows in the United States. For God's sake don't ask me to make any more!"

"Like the pair of pantaloons the Yankee peddler offered for sale, 'Large enough for any man—small enough for any boy.'"

"Nobody has ever expected *me* to be President. In my poor, lean, lank face, nobody has ever seen that any cabbages are sprouting out."

"You may fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

"If this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it."

"Repeal the Missouri Compromise; repeal all compromises; repeal the Declaration of Independence; repeal all past history; you cannot repeal human nature."

"If all that has been said in praise of woman were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war. God bless the women of America!"

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